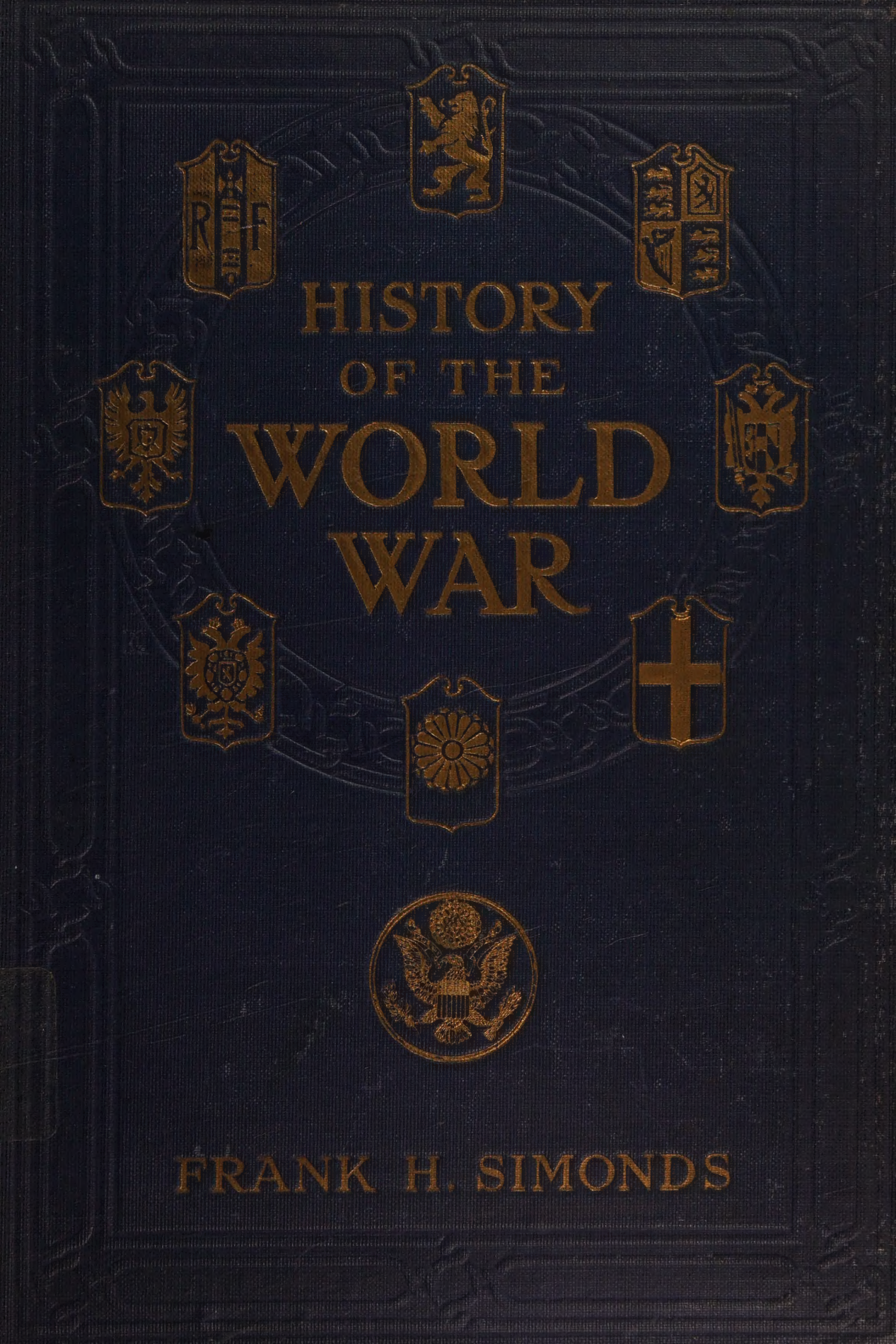
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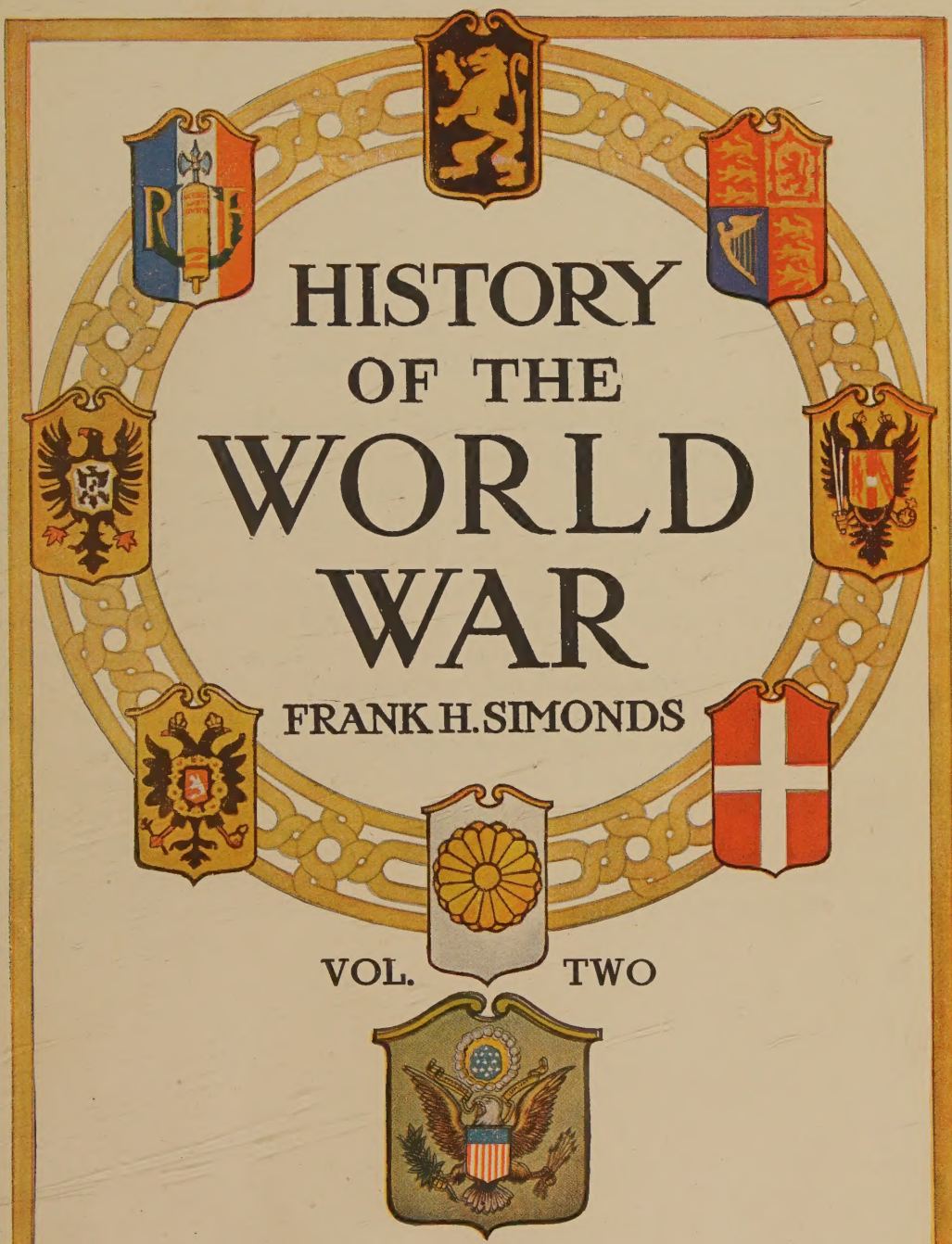
HISTORY OF THE WORLD WAR

THE DECISIVE FACTOR?

Admiral Von Tirpitz long clung to the belief that the German submarine would be the decisive factor in the war, but was reported to have abandoned this opinion toward the close of the year 1917. In many quarters there is growing conviction that the war will be decided in the air.



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FRANK H. SIMONDS

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PART ONE
HISTORY OF THE WORLD WAR
BY
FRANK H. SIMONDS

CHAPTER ONE

THE NEW PHASE

I

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT

From August, 1914, to the closing days of April, 1915, the history of the World War is the history of the German attack upon France and of the consequence of the failure of this attack in that great battle of arrest, the struggle at the Marne. The gigantic conflicts in France, in Belgium, the struggles in Poland, East Prussia, Galicia, these were but logical consequences of the decision of the German General Staff to stake all, risk all, win or lose all, on the narrow front between the Straits of Dover and the Swiss frontier.

When the German General Staff made this decision, sweeping away all moral and political considerations involved in the violation of Belgian neutrality, there was a clear perception by them that if they failed, a thing unthinkable of itself, it was conceivable that Russia would destroy Austrian military power and in addition invade East Prussia. Six weeks of immunity from attacks in the east, six weeks in which Paris might be taken and the French military establishment destroyed, this was the calculation of the German military power, a calculation that at moments seemed almost realized, but in the end escaped all realization, when Kluck turned back from Paris for Soissons.

Thenceforth the war became a confused and involved series of battles, great in themselves but indecisive in their character, and inexplicable to a world public still seeking a Sedan or a Waterloo and far from realizing that Europe was just on the threshold of one of the long complicated wars, in which exhaustion rather than military decision might in the end terminate the fighting.

Actually, what occurred in these months is unmistakable. The failure of Russia at Tannenberg permitted the Germans to ignore the eastern

battle ground for many months, the lack of men and munitions on the part of the French and of the British enabled the Germans to seek from October to December to reopen the decision of the Marne. But in the end the complete breakdown of Austrian military power under Russian assault necessitated the transfer of German activity to the east and Germany accepted a defensive war on the west, while she sought, first to reorganize Austrian armies and then to dispose of Russia as decisively as she had sought to dispose of France in the Marne campaign.

This is the story of the eastern campaign from December, 1914, to the autumn of the following year, from the Battle of the Dunajec to the escape of the Russians about Vilna. Germany endeavoured to eliminate Russia as she had tried to dispose of France. Austria's necessities compelled her to go east while there was still hope, even real possibility, of a decision in the west. The slender force that held the Allied line in Flanders was all but blotted out when Germany at last gave over her assaults at the Yser and about Ypres. The British army had not been broken, but it had been well-nigh annihilated. And many months were to pass before the first considerable contributions of the new British armies were to be made to Field Marshal French's skeleton battalions.

But perforce Germany was condemned to the defensive on the west and in Artois in May and June, and again in Champagne and Artois in September, she had to endure great attacks, which all but opened a road through her trench lines and nearly brought to an end the deadlock in the west. Yet in the end her lines just held, her troops in the west by their tenacious and successful defensive enabled those in the east to win the most spectacular European victory since Sedan and to conquer more territory than had fallen to victorious European armies in any campaign since the days of the great Napoleon.

Nor was this all. A feeble and amateur venture into higher strategy on the part of the Allies at Gallipoli, the effort to prosecute an undertaking which could not succeed and was as much beyond Allied resources as a promenade to Berlin, drew German attention to the Balkans and prompted German and Austrian commanders to resolve on a campaign which was to open the corridor from Berlin to Stamboul and to

Bagdad, thus consolidating German power from the Baltic to the Persian Gulf.

Between May-day, 1915, and New Year's, 1916, German soldiers were to overturn the political situation of Central Europe and to modify the markings of the map as only the soldiers of the Revolution and the First Empire had modified them in the thousand years separating Otto the Great from William II. Actually, they were to transfer from the realm of hope and dream to the world of accomplished fact all the visions and aspirations of those German patriots, poets, and soldiers who had longed to see the restoration of the ancient German Empire of the remoter centuries.

II. MIDDLE EUROPE

In this new phase which we are now to examine we are to see the creation of one more of those mighty empires which from Charlemagne to Napoleon have been constructed upon the soil of Old Europe. But this new empire was in one respect markedly different from all that had preceded since the days of Rome itself. It was not primarily built about or by one great man. William II was neither a Napoleon nor a Charlemagne. In certain respects, indeed, he did not differ from the least of his subjects—all were servants and workers in a system and in a machine which was itself the genesis of this new empire.

It is to Rome that one must turn for a parallel to this new German phenomenon which now filled Europe and carried its influence to the remotest corners of the world. Before the war, German influence in Constantinople had become supreme. When Russia turned from the Balkans to Asia in the last century, the British had ceased to concern themselves with the Sublime Porte; they had, quite unconsciously to be sure, evacuated Constantinople, and in their place the German came. The army of the Osmanli had been reorganized by the soldiers of the Kaiser. Far down in Asia Minor, by the famous Cilician Gates through which Alexander the Great had passed in his mighty invasion, German engineers had pushed the Bagdad Railway, which was first to enable German civil administrators to reorganize Turkey while German soldiers reconstituted the Turkish army, and eventually to permit a German-

led attack upon Egypt from Syria and upon India by the Persian Gulf, along the road trod by the soldiers of Alexander.

All this was before the war. When the war came, Turkey responded to German impulse and the Osmanli entered the conflict as the ally of the Teuton. Even more impressive was the penetration of Austria-Hungary by the German influence. Austro-Hungarian military power had been broken at Lemberg; it had suffered defeats humiliating and complete at the hands of the Serbs on two fatal fields. Reorganized in part by the Germans, Austrian and Hungarian armies had gone to new defeats which lost Galicia well-nigh completely and included the impressive capitulation of Przemysl, where an army almost as large as that of Napoleon III at Sedan, laid down its arms.

It was then that Germany was led, by force of circumstances but doubtless with a full recognition of the ultimate possibilities, to assume the mastery of the whole military establishment of Austria-Hungary. Austrian generals disappeared, even archdukes vanished or accepted honorific positions which only partially concealed their subservience to German generals.

Austrian armies were stiffened by German contingents, German divisions were introduced in Austrian armies, and the interpenetration extended to smaller units. Here, in a restricted period of time, was a conquest more complete than had been expected in France or realized subsequently in Russia. First his military establishment and then his political independence, so far as the making of war policies was concerned, passed out of the hands of the Austrian. Vienna gave way to Berlin; Austrian diplomacy, like Austrian strategy, was made in Germany; and Austrian ambassadors the world over, and conspicuously in Washington, became only the agents and servants of German policy.

From this there was no escape. Under the assault of Russia, Austria had almost collapsed. Her Slav populations had disclosed a disloyalty which threatened extinction of Hapsburg imperial unity. The attack of Italy, soon to come, was to open one more deadly peril. Rumania, still neutral, continued to look over into Hungarian provinces with unmistakably growing appetite. The Austrian German and the Hungarian

Magyar, the elements which had ruled although they were a minority in the Austrian Empire, could only preserve the semblance and shadow of their ancient power by the aid of the German, and it was inevitable that the German, called upon to make greater and greater contributions of men and of money to the Austrian, should demand the right to supervise the expenditure of both.

Thus, in the period between the Dunajec and Verdun, we are to see the conquest of Austria and of Hungary by the German; peaceful, logical, ineluctable; stirring heartburnings and jealousies in Vienna and apprehensions in Budapest, but, despite all this, meeting no real opposition since none was possible, for if the eventual extinction of Hapsburg independence was plainly forecast, yet to resist it was to invite Russian armies to the Hungarian plains, Italian hosts to the Istrian and Dalmatian littoral, and Rumanian divisions to the Transylvanian marches.

III. BERLIN TO BAGDAD

To the political and military assimilation of Austria-Hungary by pacific penetration there was soon added the similar absorption of Turkey and Bulgaria. Turkey, assailed by Allied troops at the Dardanelles, and facing Russian invasion at the Armenian frontier, inevitably turned to Berlin for aid. And when that aid came, when the slender Serbian barrier was demolished and the road from Berlin to Constantinople was open, it was natural that the liberator should, in turn, become the master, and Turkish policy, like Austrian, become, in fact, of German making.

Nor was the Bulgarian case different. Ferdinand had made his bargain with the German. He had his reward when German and Austrian troops joined his in Serbia and the Bulgarian people saw the odious Macedonian articles of the Treaty of Bucharest abolished. Monastir, Uskub, Ochrida, received his garrisons. Southern Serbia was joined to the Bulgar Czardom and, under German driving, even the obstinate Turk levelled the fortifications of Adrianople and ceded to Ferdinand that strip along the Maritza which gave Bulgaria a railroad to the Ægean on her own territory.

But in accepting this long-sought boon at German hands, Ferdinand had invited new and deadly perils. He had made a foe of Russia; he had involved himself in war with Great Britain and with France; he had assumed responsibility for the destruction of Serbia and had thus made it inevitable that the Allies should henceforth make Serbia their soldier in the Balkans to the utter ignoring of all Bulgarian aspirations and interests. Against the new powerful enemies Germany was the sole barrier and bulwark. Actually Bulgaria had bartered her freedom against certain provinces and cities. These she could hold only with the aid of their donor, and while she held them she was exposed to all the dangers incident to the hostilities of the nations fighting Germany—above all, to the hostility of Russia, always the nearest and the deadliest peril to the Bulgar State. Thus, in gaining provinces, Bulgaria had lost independence. And, in the nature of things, the Bulgarian army, like the Turkish and the Austro-Hungarian, passed under German control; its strategy, its high command were no more its own; it marched and fought at the dictation of Berlin.

The fall of Serbia completed the creation of this vast empire which tardily but emphatically claimed the attention of the statesmen of the nations fighting Germany. Uninterruptedly German will and German purpose ruled from Berlin to Bagdad. On the western front the Germans erected against France and Britain a wall of trenches like to that which the Romans had in their later days stretched between the Danube and the Rhine to hold back the Germanic hordes. Eastward, behind the marshes of the Pinsk and the Dwina, broken Russian armies held the field. But these lines and the sea were the frontiers of the new central empire.

To Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, Turkey—united to Germany voluntarily, through the pressure of their necessities or the urgings of their ambitions, at the outset—there was added, in the period we are now to examine, a vast area: Russian Poland, Lithuania, a fraction of the Courland, and Volhynia, on the east; Serbia and Albania on the south. In addition, tragic Belgium was still under the German heel, as were most of the industrialized and mineralized districts of northern France.

At the apex of his power, Napoleon had never ruled over an empire comparable with this vast region which was now under the domination of the German. And at all times the Napoleonic edifice was founded upon the genius of the man who had made it. Those who most hated and feared Napoleon could, even in the midst of their sufferings and discomforts, confidently believe that the death of the Emperor would see the passing of his empire, as that of Alexander the Great had crumbled when the great Macedonian came to his inglorious end.

But this new empire was not even remotely connected with the personality of William II. It was the product of a system, not of a man; it was the product of a system that for more than a century had been growing in efficiency and in power, without regard to kings or generals. Kaiser, Field Marshal, Chancellor, all Germans were but the agents and servants of this centralizing spirit and this vitalizing efficiency. The soldier had not completed his victory before the functionary appeared to begin the organization of conquered ground and the absorption of this new district into the great central unity.

Such, in the large, was the great Middle Europe, which grew up, following the most marvelleous military successes since the Napoleonic era—which took shape in the period we are now to review.

IV. THE GERMAN CONCEPTION

How much of this grandiose work was deliberate, how far this empire was constructed according to preconceived designs, how far it resulted from the accidents of military necessity, one may not say. Yet it is true that, long before the war, the German patriots had dreamed a new German Empire whose frontiers should, in fact, include the regions which were under German direction when the year 1915 closed.

One may look backward into the yellow files of Pan-German documents and find maps strangely prophetic of the Europe that is disclosed in the war maps of 1915 and 1916. Northern France and western Russia, Belgium and Russian Poland, together with Holland and Denmark, were included in the frontiers thus drawn, and the expansion of German influence through the Balkans to Anatolia and Mesopotamia was

unmistakably foreshadowed. A German place in the sun meant just this to the men whose policies and purposes had made the war inevitable.

But the fact is far more important than the dream which preceded. Whatever the dreamers of the past—whose visions were neither idle nor divorced from industrious effort, by Christmas, 1915, Germany had created this empire and by this date there had crystallized in Germany a determination to make the war map permanent. Minor modifications of frontiers, retrocessions to France, more remotely conceivable an evacuation of Belgium, these were possible; but the essential integrity of this Middle Europe from the Meuse to the Beresina and the Niemen, from the Belt to the Persian Gulf, this was the fixed war aim of the German mind.

In this vast empire, with its millions of people, German order and German system were to prevail, and the achievement of Rome was to be repeated. Slavs, Hungarians, Bulgars, Osmanli Turks, Arabs, all were to be organized in the German fashion; endowed with the real blessings born of German system, order, efficiency; the willing were to become partners, at least in a limited sense; the rebellious were to be crushed. Such was the German conception, Augustan in its character, such was the fixed idea of thousands and hundreds of thousands, the idea of the leaders and makers of a Nation, not the personal ambition of a single individual.

This empire, comprising not less than 150,000,000 inhabitants, geographically compact, possessing within its boundaries enormous wealth in minerals, beyond the reach of sea power to threaten its internal communications, touching on the one hand the bleak north and on the other the deserts and tropics of Arabia and the once-flourishing region of Mesopotamia, pausing only temporarily at Suez and at the door of India, became, in the period between the Dunajec and Verdun, a solid fact. It was the fact that the German perceived in all the time when the Allied press talked of his failures in Russia and its victories in France. It was the grandiose reality beside which trench losses in Champagne and Russian escapes along the Dwina were insignificant.

When this empire had been completed, there was in the German mind

but one more step necessary. Russia was for long months incapable of offensive campaigning, might in fact lapse to revolution or make a separate peace. Italy had been checked definitively. Britain was still unready. France only remained, and if there could be delivered against France one more blow, a blow as heavy as that which had been parried at the Marne, France might now fall, at the least might make a separate peace on terms which would not be too onerous. With France out, the safety and permanence of Mitteleuropa would be assured. Such was the spirit and reasoning of Germany when the period now under consideration came to an end. Such was the purpose in the German mind when she again turned westward to seek once more to reopen along the Meuse the decision of the Marne.

To understand this period nothing is more necessary than to dismiss those Allied notions which prevailed in that time—notions of a defeated Germany, conscious of its own impending ruin and already seized with madness and desperation. Nothing could be more false. Weary of the war the Germans were, but no more weary than the French people after Wagram and before Moscow. But victorious they certainly felt themselves to be, and the proof of their conclusion was for them written over the map of Europe in colours that were unmistakable. The Allies were taking trenches, the Germans were conquering provinces. The Allies were regaining hectares of lost France. The Germans were overrunning cities and districts so remote as to have only a vague meaning for the resident of Berlin or the peasant of Bavaria.

V. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE

Another side of the picture there certainly was. In this period Germany failed to get an immediate decision in the east as she had failed at the Marne to dispose of France. A British army and a British nation were gathering strength each hour and each day, and this strength was to be exerted in unsuspected violence in a time that was to come. France was not broken in spirit and was stronger in reserves than the Germans suspected. Russia was to deal rude blows in a campaign further in the future than Germany could believe the war would extend.

Indeed, the very magnitude of the German success, coupled with the manner in which it had been won and the fashion in which German methods had aroused the hostile nations, had made it inevitable that the war should continue until there was an absolute German success, a conquest of Europe that deprived the conquered of all power of resistance, or a dissolution of this enormous empire and a restoration of the balance of power. France perceived clearly that without this dissolution she would pass to the rank of a vassal of Germany. Italy saw that her position would be exactly the same. Britain recognized that her imperial edifice was doomed and her domestic security abolished if German power ruled on the Egyptian frontier and on the Belgian coast.

The magnitude of German victories in 1915, together with the brutality and violence of German methods in 1914 and 1915, at one time aroused the apprehensions and steeled the determination of her enemies. But in the summer and autumn of 1915 the Allies were still incapable of freeing France or saving Serbia. They felt themselves victorious because they knew they were not beaten, but with the same spirit the German was able to look upon unmistakable conquests and undeniable victories.

We see then, in all this period, Allied weakness. We shall see ineptitude and folly which made the German success possible. We shall see a total inability to grasp the idea of Middle Europe which permitted British armies to be wasted at Gallipoli, when these armies might have saved Serbia at the Danube and prevented the opening of the road from Berlin to Bagdad. Serbia was sacrificed, Bulgaria lost, Greece alienated by Allied blindness; the people of the Allied countries themselves were left in the dark as to the real nature of this new German Empire which was building, and, having long had their attention fixed upon trench lines and the most insignificant of local successes, woke suddenly to find a victorious Germany at Suez and in Bagdad, in Warsaw, Lemberg, and Belgrade, while despite their own desperate efforts, Lille, St. Quentin, and Laon contained Teutonic garrisons, and German shells still fell in Rheims, Soissons, Arras, and Ypres.

More than this; at the moment they perceived these things, the

peoples of the Allied nations were to feel the weight of one more German offensive, more terrible than all that had preceded, and realize that, so far from approaching victory, they were still in danger of defeat.

Such briefly is the period which lies between the Battle of the Dunajec and the German attack upon Verdun; the period in which Germany—lacking a Napoleon in the field or a Bismarck in the cabinet, by virtue of the collective strength of its people, through the efficiency of its political system, and served always by the devotion of its sons—marched from conquest to conquest and from victory to victory until the German will was law alike in the capitals of Hohenzollern and Hapsburg, in the seats of power of the rulers of the ancient Caliphate and of the contemporary Osmanli Empire.

CHAPTER TWO

THE TRANSFORMATION

I

IN THE BEGINNING

The first months of the war were marked by such desperate fighting, by battles unequalled in the magnitude of the numbers engaged and the losses incurred—battles upon whose issue hung the fate of continents and the destiny of nations—that all mankind looked upon the amazing cycle of events, the early French defeats in Alsace-Lorraine, Belgium, and northern France; upon the Marne, the Aisne, and the Yser, with breathless attention, having little thought for the larger questions involved or the permanent meaning of this conflict in human history.

No one who lived through the days from the German attack upon Liége to the final defeat of the assault before Ypres, who read day by day the bulletins reporting battles greater than Austerlitz, Gettysburg, or Leipzig, can forget the tension and the strain of those hours, hours which, regard being had for modern means of communication, were probably the most interesting and the most crowded in all human history. Africa, Asia, the remote Pacific, and the little-known Indian Ocean furnished daily some new glory of heroism and some fresh horror of destruction.

From the moment when the army of Kluck emerged out of the cloud of official darkness, almost within sight of Paris, to the time when the Flanders struggle descended to a deadlock amidst fog and mud, the whole world viewed the German eruption as a super-Napoleonic drama. All the memories of the great struggles of a century before were translated into fact and familiar history repeated itself upon the pages of the daily newspaper.

But when at last winter and exhaustion had temporarily stayed the conflict, when artillery alone continued the battle from Switzerland to

the North Sea, and the contest was transferred to the remote Carpathians and to Poland, there came a transformation in the aspect of the war to the minds of mankind generally. It no longer seemed one more of the struggles familiar in modern history—a struggle like those Europe fought against Charles V, against Louis XIV, against Napoleon—a struggle for the preservation of the balance of power and the prevention of European supremacy by a single state or monarch. Rather, it took on the character of the remoter struggles of the Latin world against the barbarians coming down out of the North; of a struggle between savagery —this time equipped with all the weapons of science—and unorganized civilization. First for the belligerents, directly assailed by Germany, then for the greater neutrals, and finally for more distant nations, the war assumed the appearance of a struggle for existence—a struggle against a common peril—until the roll of nations fighting Germany became a score, and, at the moment these lines are written, countries as remote and little concerned with European rivalries as Siam and Liberia have declared war against the German Empire.

II. BELGIUM

This transformation was due exclusively to the spirit disclosed by the German people in making war and the methods employed by them in prosecuting it; and the revelation of this spirit and this method had begun with the invasion of Belgium.

The invasion of Belgium had been a profound shock to the whole world beyond the German frontiers. The phrase of the Chancellor, describing the German guarantee to observe the neutrality of Belgium as a "scrap of paper," instantly gained and steadily held a place in the memory of all the observers of a world conflagration. It was naturally coupled with his other assertion that the invasion was, in itself, a wrong, but that Germany stood in the state of necessity, and German necessity knew no law.

And had there been no subsequent horrors, no crimes against humanity and civilization; had the German armies conducted themselves in Belgian territory with every regard for the rights and personal safety of

the Belgian people, the invasion of Belgium would still have stood as a reproach and a blot, because it was everywhere recognized as a violation of a national pledge and the invasion of a weak state by a powerful empire, not as an act of self-defence, but as a detail in a plan for the conquest of France.

With the invasion of Belgium a whole system of thought and of policy fell. To neutralize the weak nations, to give them the opportunity to preserve their independence and to live their own lives, withdrawn from the quarrels of the great, had been a part of Nineteenth-Century political morality. The maps of the ante-bellum period, solemnly shading Switzerland and Belgium in neutral gray as areas withdrawn from European strife, were not merely accepted as foundations of the new international doctrine, but as half-way marks on the road to a complete neutralizing of all states by the mutual accommodation of all old jealousies and the construction of a new confederation of the nations of the world. It was accepted as a beginning of the era of world peace by world consent.

When Germany invaded Belgium all this edifice went instantly to dust and ashes. Of a sudden the world stepped back into the Eighteenth Century, to the age of Napoleon, of Frederick the Great. Anew there was formulated the doctrine that force was the sole consideration, that small states had no rights when great nations were on the march, and that the lesser nationalities must again bow before the will of the strong nation armed.

In all neutral nations the invasion of Belgium deprived Germany of any moral advantage at the outset of the war. Her agents might protest, her champions argue, her statesmen explain; to all these explanations the world turned a deaf ear. The attack upon Belgium was perceived the world over to be an act of violence, not merely breaking down Belgian integrity, but also opening a breach in that wall which recent decades had sought to erect to prevent a relapse to the old, unhappy times of other centuries. There was a sense that, at a single bound, by reason of German policy, the world had leaped backward to the age of wars of conquest.

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AFTER THE BATTLE OFF THE FALKLANDS

Von Spee's naval victory in November, 1914, off the coast of Chile, where the English Rear-Admiral Cradock and 1,500 men were lost, was amply avenged five weeks later off the Falkland Islands by Rear-Admiral Sturdee who sent to the bottom the *Scharnhorst*, *Gneisenau*, and *Leipzig* with 1,800 of their crews.

This picture of the sinking *Scharnhorst* was taken from H. M. S. *Invincible*, whose boats may be seen picking up the German survivors.

THE VOYAGE OF A TORPEDO—I

This torpedo left its tube on a British battleship only a fraction of a second ago. It is just taking the water, with propeller blades already rapidly whirling

THE VOYAGE OF A TORPEDO—II

A white streak like the two shown in this picture strikes terror to the hearts of modern sea-farers. It is the tell-tale wake of a torpedo. In this case two have been fired from the United States battleship *Texas* while at target practice, and the picture has been taken from her deck. The white water is foam churned up by the rapidly revolving blades of the torpedo's propeller.

THE VOYAGE OF A TORPEDO—III

A head-on view of a torpedo, taken from the target. Needless to say this one was fired for practice only and is unloaded, else camera and photographer would have been blown into a million fragments an instant after the click of the shutter. In target practice the unloaded torpedoes are picked up, for subsequent use, when their power is exhausted.

BOMBARDING THE TURKISH BATTERIES AT THE DARDANELLES

This picture was taken in the spring of 1915 from the deck of the British dreadnought *Canopus* at the Dardanelles. A 12-inch gun has just been discharged in answer to the fire from the Turkish batteries. This ship has since been lost

THE ENGLISH BATTLE CRUISER *QUEEN MARY*

Lost in the Battle of Jutland, May 31, 1916, with about 1,000 men. Besides her equipment of 10-inch guns, she had eight 13½-inch guns and three torpedo tubes. Her armour-belt was 9 inches thick. Her displacement was 28,850 tons, her indicated horse-power 78,000, and her speed 28 knots.

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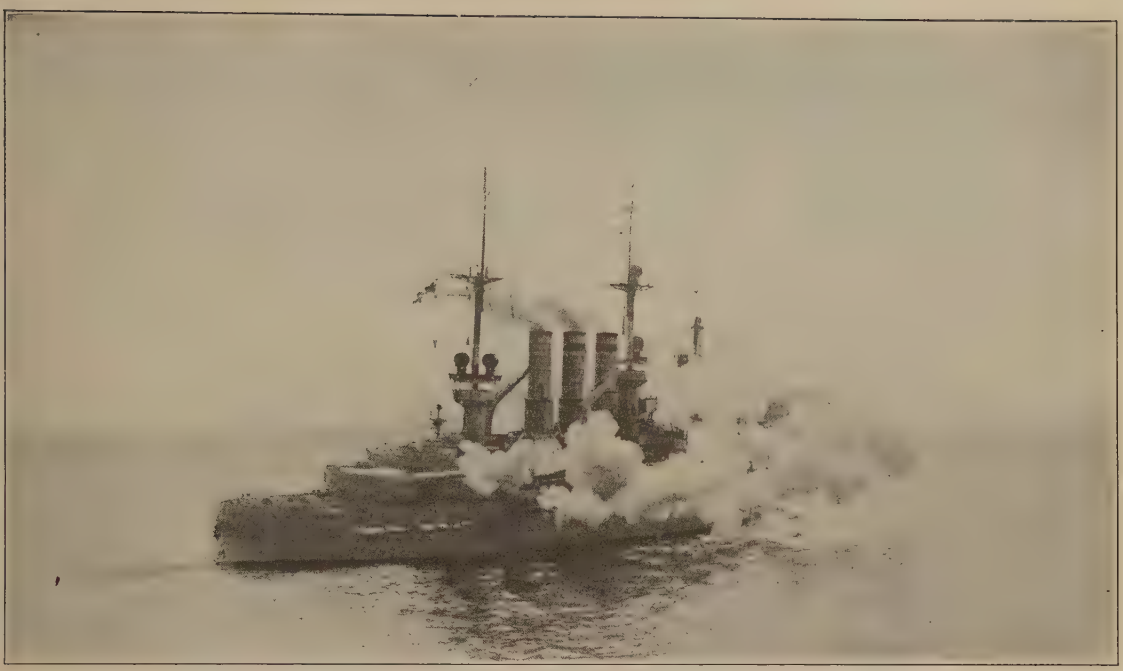
GUNS OF A BRITISH BATTLESHIP FROM THE FIGHTING TOP

This is the stern of the ship. Two turrets are seen, one elevated slightly above the other. There are two big guns in each. The turrets revolve so the guns may be aimed in almost any direction. The odd-looking circles strung on wires are part of the "wireless" equipment.



GERMAN BATTLESHIP FIRING A BROADSIDE AT TARGET PRACTICE

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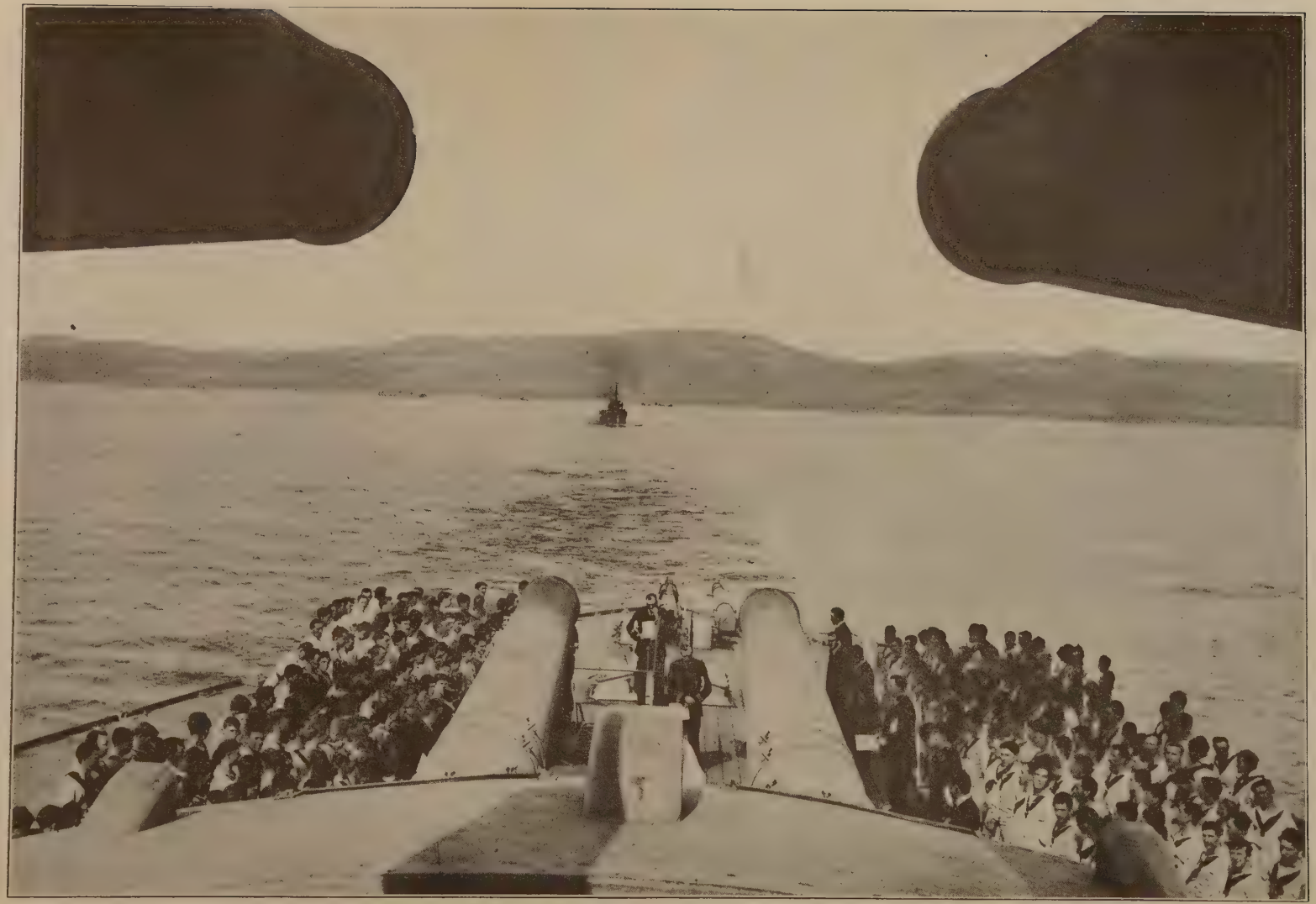
BRITISH BATTLESHIPS BOMBARDING THE GERMAN POSITION ON THE BELGIAN COAST

The land and naval forces were here able to coöperate to excellent effect in the early days of the war. "The first blow [in the Battle of Flanders] fell upon the seacoast south of Ostend. . . . A British fleet took station beyond the dunes and with its heavy artillery beat down the German advance after a slaughter which was terrible."



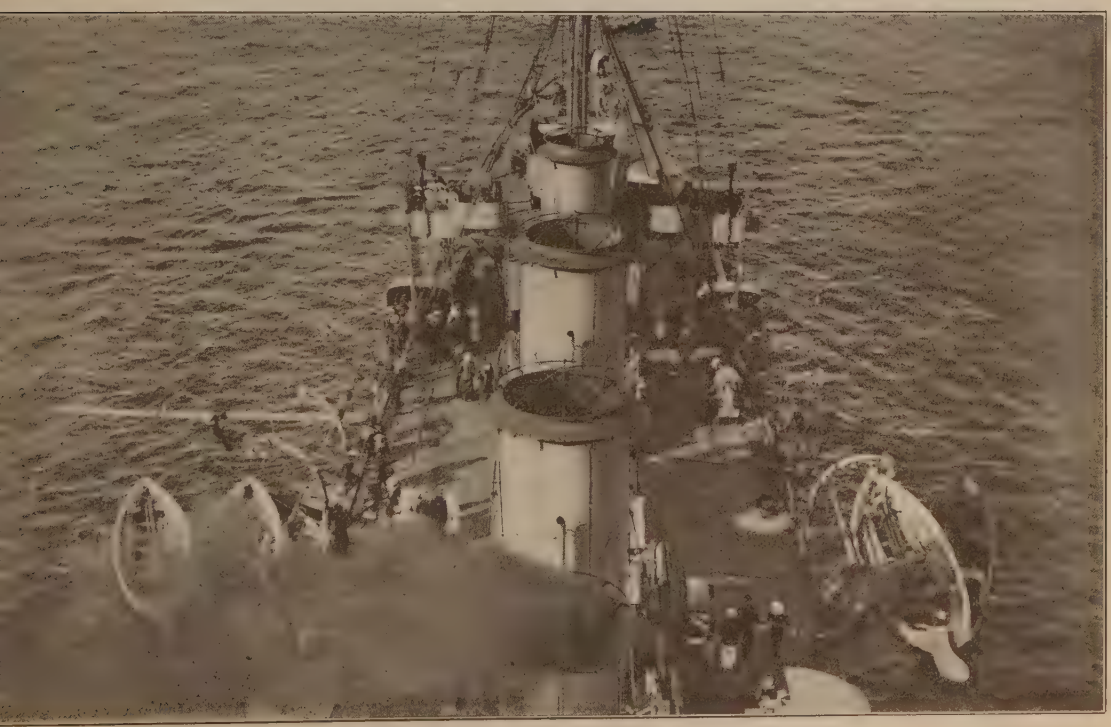
CHURCH ON THE *QUEEN ELIZABETH* IN THE DARDANELLES

The muzzles of two 15-inch guns jut out through the midst of the congregation. "*Big Lizzie*" or "*Black Bess*," as she is called by the sailors, did excellent service during the ill-fated attempt to force a passage through the Dardanelles (February and March, 1915). She fired her shells from the open Ægean, over the hill,

THE GRAND FLEET OF THE BRITISH NAVY GOES TO SEA

The ships go forward in double column, perfectly aligned, with the flagship, *Iron Duke*, leading. She is a super-dreadnought, and carries ten 13½-inch guns, twelve 6-inch guns, and five torpedo tubes; her displacement is 25,000 tons; her maximum speed 21 knots; and her armour-belt is extraordinarily thick—13½ inches.

The *Iron Duke* was Admiral Sir John Jellicoe's flagship at the battle of Jutland, May 31, 1916.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF A MAN-OF-WAR'S DECK

Visitors' day on the light cruiser, *Melbourne*, of the Australian navy

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BATTLESHIP FIRING A BROADSIDE

The shock of a modern broadside is terrific. At target practice it is part of the routine to prepare for heavy firing by removing pictures from the ward-room walls, screwing the ports tightly closed, etc. Even with these precautions, some glass is always broken. The men cram their ears with cotton to prevent the rupture of their ear-drums. Sometimes a gunner is thrown to the deck by the concussion. A story is told of a photographer who was one day lifted bodily, camera and all, and thrown into the sea, when a broadside was fired.

While there was no other question than that of abstract right, while men were still thrilled with the reports of Belgian resistance and not yet aware of what German soldiers were doing in the Belgian Kingdom, the judgment of the world ran on the German attack upon Belgium, and in the Americas, as elsewhere, public sentiment turned against Germany. This revulsion of feeling was to have a profound effect in the future. It was to prove the first in the long series of steps by which the American nation marched toward conflict with Germany, because it felt that Germany had become the common danger for all democratic nations and equally the enemy of all nations which served republican ideals.

It is not an exaggeration to say that the German General Staff, when it decided to ignore moral considerations and invade Belgium, insured the verdict of mankind against Germany—a verdict possibly of no immediate weight if Germany won the war, but a verdict bound to have material as well as spiritual consequences if the gamble turned out badly and the passage of Belgium were not followed by the arrival in Paris. Thus we must recognize in the invasion of Belgium the first and the most important in that long series of events which were to end by alienating from Germany the sympathy of nearly the whole civilized world and enlisting one after another of the nations against her, until the United States, one of the most remote and the least materially interested of all, should draw its sword and send an expeditionary army to fight the German hosts upon European soil.

III. LOUVAIN

But the invasion of Belgium promptly became a minor episode. Soon the press of the world was filled with the stories of what German armies were doing in Belgium and northern France. Tales of cities burned, women and children murdered, women outraged, civilians executed; reports of the reign of terror wherever German armies penetrated, became the common property of all educated men and women the world over.

As a culmination to these horrors there came presently the tragic story of the massacre and burning at Louvain. Of itself, Louvain is in-

teresting and significant only as a larger and more clearly perceived example of what took place in scores of French and Belgian villages, towns, and cities.

The origin of the Louvain crime remains obscure. Apparently German troops, returning from a fight with the Belgians to the north, were mistaken by other German troops for the enemy and fired upon. This firing was attributed to Belgian civilians and thereupon began a reprisal worthy of the best achievement in infamy of any age.

In the slaughter that followed either age nor sex nor condition was respected. Women were turned over to the soldiers to wreak their will as a matter of discipline, children were slain, old men and young massacred, while whole quarters of the town were consigned to flames.

What was now done in Louvain had already been done in many other Belgian communities. What was sought was not to be mistaken. Belgium had resisted, the Belgian soldiers had fought instead of dispersing when German armies had sought passage through their country. A revolt in Belgium, barely possible now that the mass of the German armies had passed on, might threaten the German cause. The remedy was found in resort to a system of terrorism, to that peculiarly German method which has been identified by all other races as "Ruthlessness."

Louvain was only a symbol. Actually the same spirit was disclosed in scores of places and upon many thousands of men and women. Although Louvain was long closed to the inquiring witnesses of neutral nations, the German retreat after the Marne permitted the investigation of other towns where the method had been employed. In Lorraine, in Champagne, wretched survivors and smoking ruins of Sermaize, of Gerbéviller, of a score of villages and towns, equally testified to German presence and German method.

When the German armies crossed the French frontiers they were preceded by hosts of fleeing Belgians, already crazed by the knowledge of what had taken place in towns the Germans had occupied. All during the Marne campaign the roads behind the battle lines were filled with the women and children, with old men and young, fleeing as the Latin

world had fled before another barbarism which also had a Teutonic origin and similarly employed the system of ruthlessness.

Nor were brutality to helpless human beings and violence to women the sole characteristics; not only were towns burned to terrorize districts, to impress upon the French mind the power and the force of an unconquerable Germany; but where the invaders did not destroy they defiled. The homes of the poor, the bedrooms of the insignificant, quite as much as the châteaux of the rich and the residences of the prosperous, were made the depositories of filth; and the most high-placed officers found pleasure in committing offences against common decency which in children are cured by corporal punishment.

In all this there was only in minor part the evidence of that lack of restraint which belongs to soldiery and has made invasion, even in civilized warfare, a curse and a horror. The worst crimes committed were committed not by brutes escaping from discipline, but by soldiers obeying orders. They were not accidents of war, but details in a carefully compiled plan of making war. They expressed the conclusion of the German mind that the way to conquer a foe was to terrify him, that the way to rob his arm of strength and his spirit of determination was to burn, to rape, to rob, and to murder, until the spirit broke and the soldier laid down his arms to escape a continuation of horrors wreaked upon his women and children.

It was but another manifestation of the same spirit which prompted the Germans, when the Marne was lost and the retreat had come, to turn their artillery against the cathedral at Rheims and begin the systematic destruction of this glorious monument of an ancient world, a destruction which was to continue more than three years. To murder the weak, to dishonour the helpless, to destroy the beautiful; such, it seemed, were to the German mind necessary steps in conquering a foe in the field and destroying an army and a nation.

IV. The "Lusitania"

The reports of German "terribleness" in Belgium and France were not immediately accepted by the outside world. Even England long

remained incredulous, and not until the Bryce Report set forth the full and duly-proven evidence did the British public accept the testimony of its Belgian and French Allies, confirmed by the reports of British soldiers in Belgium.

Even this testimony might have been rejected by neutral nations had not the invasion of Belgium undermined German credit in the world and the subsequent sinking of the *Lusitania* served to confirm in the minds of men all the worst that had been alleged against German soldiery in Belgium and France. The narration of the *Lusitania* Massacre belongs to the discussion of America's relation to the war, but the moral effect must be emphasized in any discussion of the transformation of the war due to German methods.

This murder of some hundreds of women, children, and non-combatants, many of them citizens of neutral nations; their slaughter in the open sunlight of the whole world, was an offence that could neither be concealed nor explained. The echo of German songs wherever Germans gathered, celebrating this *Lusitania* killing, served to demonstrate how wide was the gulf opening between German and non-German mankind.

When to this crime against the laws of humanity and of nations there was promptly added that of Ypres, where the Germans employed poison gas, forbidden by every convention of civilized warfare, the transformation of the war for the British people and for a great and growing fraction of the American public, was accomplished. Zeppelin raids on London, the bombardment of unoffending and open sea resorts, ultimately the enslavement and deportation of the Belgian people into Germany, were but natural and logical extensions of the German method. They merely gave new force to the argument that the war was a war of moral, not material, interests—a war for civilization and against barbarism.

Stripped of all else, the German spirit, as it revealed itself in these and other incidents, seemed to contemporary mankind unmistakably the assertion of the doctrine that all conventions of humanity, all pledges of national faith, all restrictions of international law, became null and void when they conflicted with a German policy or interfered with a German purpose. Crimes which should have put the guilty beyond the

pale of human society, became meritorious acts when performed by German soldiers and sailors in obedience to orders and in conformity with German plans. Deeds, inhuman beyond all palliation, took on an heroic aspect for the German public when they served to terrorize occupied districts, thereby releasing fighting men for the front. The murder of women and children, the violation of women, the destruction of the homes of the poor and the insignificant, the slaughter of neutral women and children at sea; all means and methods included in the German term of "ruthlessness" were justified, defended, exalted, when they served a German end, and at rare intervals when the offence itself passed the ample German powers of justification, imaginary offences were alleged, after the fact, to explain outrages which were indefensible even on the basis of the invented provocations.

The consequences of this German spirit and method were patent when the period we are now to examine opened. A host of German agents, spies, servants, the ablest of German diplomats and the most astute of German ministers, aided by German residents and fortified by every resource of corruption, were unable permanently to combat the opposition and the hostility aroused in neutral nations. The German policy compelled neutral governments to act in defence of the lives and property of their citizens. The agents of the German Government attacked these governments, seeking to destroy them at home and with their own people. And in the end the governments were driven into open war with Germany, alike to preserve unity at home and to defend the lives and rights of their citizens abroad.

A monstrous German propaganda was conducted in Italy and the United States. Politicians were bought, all the resources of German commerce and finance were invoked, but again and again German intrigue abroad was confounded by German action in Europe. Italy entered the war on the very morning of the *Lusitania*, the German case was destroyed in America by this and succeeding crimes which steadily brought America to a realization of the actual character of the war and an acceptation of the European view.

In Europe the German methods nerved the French people to a

heroism and endurance unsuspected even of this brilliant people. Zeppelin raids, submarine slaughter, the poison gas of Ypres, wakened a sluggish Britain, first to unexpected response to the call for voluntary enlistment and then to conscription itself. Canadian survivors of the "gas attack" brought to America new and veracious reports of German methods, which found slow but sure credence as the meaning of the *Lusitania* Massacre came to the people of the United States.

V. THE CONSEQUENCES

The consequences of the transformation of the war were not early perceived or justly appraised. It was not until Germany—victorious in the contemporary situation but palpably war weary—made the first peace gesture in the winter of 1916, that it became apparent how completely the war differed from preceding conflicts and how utterly Germany had become, for the peoples at war with her, an outlaw nation with whom it was impossible to negotiate in accordance with time-honoured usage, because peace by negotiation would permit Germany to escape from the consequences of her evil deeds and even, conceivably, to profit by methods which had roused the indignation and abhorrence of all civilized beings.

As the war progressed and more nations were drawn into the whirlpool, agreements were made between Germany's foes to right old wrongs, liberate subject peoples, remake the map of Europe. Utopian schemes were proposed, and schemes which were selfish. But when the Russian Revolution and the consequent restatement of Russian aims destroyed many of these arrangements, there still endured the determination to fight onward until this German purpose was obliterated, this German method discredited in the eyes of the German people, and either a German renunciation of "terribleness" or a German military defeat should put a term to a common peril of all civilized peoples.

To analyze the German spirit, to explain the use of these methods by a people which, before the war, had seemed substantially at one with all other civilized nations in respect of humanity and international faith, must be the work of the psychologist and historian of the future. Certainly it is beyond contemporary power, as it is outside of the resources of the

present writer who has stood amidst the ruins of Gerbéviller and Sermaize and heard from eyewitnesses and participants the shameful story of German deeds in Belgium and France.

And yet despite the passions of the present hour one must perceive elements of grandeur amidst all that is repugnant and hateful in the German idea. The German people as a whole seemed to the world to have been seized with a vision of a magnified and glorified Germany—an ideal Germany for which they gave their blood and treasure without stint and without hesitation. Something of the spirit of the successors of Mohammed certainly shone through the achievements of German soldiers and teachers, who went forth to conquer, sword and torch in hand. They sacrificed life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness. They gave up all to serve that ideal German State, and they performed great deeds and mean deeds with equal self-abnegation. And however terrible in detail was this German conception, however regardless of the lives and the rights of other races, however contemptuous of the conventions of other generations, it still acquired a measure of dignity through the devotion it inspired.

Yet since this German ideal actually aimed at German supremacy in the world, the possession of Central Europe, the control of the land routes to Asia and Africa; since it assailed the existence of Frenchman, Belgian, Russian, Serbian; since it aimed at the ultimate destruction of the British Empire and the extinction of Italian aspirations; since, in the pursuit of German ends, it assailed the lives and property of neutrals and denied their right to sail the seas; since it employed methods, abhorrent to all mankind, to obtain ends dangerous to most nations, the whole world gradually took alarm and, one by one, nations far removed from the scene of actual conflict, and little concerned with European questions, took up arms against Germany.

All through the period which we are now to examine this process goes forward. All through this period German methods make new enemies, and the German people, on the morning of great victories, are faced with great combinations of nations, and hand in hand with this goes the ever-constant widening of the gulf between the German people and the rest

of mankind, between the German and the non-Teutonic mind. Actually the transformation of the character of the war was accomplished for Europe by the spring of 1915. The invasion of Belgium, Louvain, the devastation of northern France, Rheims, the *Lusitania* Massacre, the "poison gas" attack of Ypres; these are the stages. By May, 1915, the transformation is complete and the consequences still endure at the opening of the fourth year of the World War, which sees the United States among Germany's foes.

And even if it were conceivable that history should hereafter destroy the contemporary judgments and Germany find justification for all her deeds in the eyes of the future, this would not change the fact that the transformation of the character of the war for the nations fighting in 1915, and for those nations which were to enter it in 1916 and 1917, was one of the dominating and controlling influences in the first three years of the contest. It was with the memory of Louvain, Rheims, and of the newly lost provinces in mind that the French people fought on to and through Verdun; it was with the *Lusitania* in mind and the Zeppelin raids in their eyes that the British people created their volunteer armies; it was with Belgium and the *Lusitania* in their thoughts that the United States first endured the British interference with its commerce and remained the magazine of the enemies of Germany and, at a later date, broke with its oldest tradition and entered a European war.

CHAPTER THREE

NAVAL HISTORY

I

THE TEACHINGS OF THE PAST

Long before the outbreak of the World War Admiral Mahan had laid down the value of sea power in the wars of the past and estimated its prospective influence in the next war. For Britain and for Germany Admiral Mahan's volumes had become the law and the gospel in naval history, and to the first volume of this American sailor is ascribed the change of policy of the German Emperor, the decision to seek Germany's future on the sea, which led inexorably to the conflict between Teuton and Briton.

Sea power, in all the great conflicts of the past, had not been immediately decisive. Admiral Mahan had pointed out at great length and with a wealth of detail how the French were able, both under Louis XIV and Napoleon, to win, not alone campaigns, but temporary Continental supremacy, only to lose it in the end because they were unable to come to grips with sea power and, thereafter, on British soil, to crush their one implacable enemy.

In our own War of Independence the conclusive victory of Yorktown came when Britain had temporarily lost control of the waters of the American seaboard. Yet, by contrast, absolute supremacy at sea in 1870 did not avail to save the French because the decision on land was immediate and complete. In our own Civil War the North used its sea supremacy to the uttermost and the isolation of the South by blockade was the most potent single factor in the ultimate collapse of the Southern Confederacy.

And with the British declaration of war, in August, 1914, Germany became an isolated nation, so far as sea communication was concerned. First, her merchant marine was swept from the sea. Neutral harbours

became the haven of the great liners which had carried German commerce and German prestige to the ends of the earth. The German flag disappeared from the ocean and the great ports of Hamburg and Bremen became as deserted as Charleston or Savannah in the Civil War epoch. All the vast trade in raw materials and in manufactured articles, the enormous export and import trade, which were the foundation of the prosperity of the new Germany and which had been created by the generation following the Franco-Prussian War, were paralyzed almost in an hour and remained paralyzed in the years of war that followed.

Next, within a time that was relatively brief, such German squadrons and cruisers as were at sea when the storm broke were methodically "mopped up." The *Emden*, the *Königsberg*, the *Karlsruhe* won fleeing fame and rivalled in destruction the exploits of the *Alabama*, but they were in turn remorselessly hunted down and destroyed, in the Indian Ocean, in the Rufigi River on the African coast, and in the South Atlantic. Admiral von Spee's squadron, escaping from a Japanese fleet and sweeping across the Southern Pacific, won a momentary success at Coronel, only to perish gloriously at Falkland Islands, in a fight that did honour to German seamanship and valour but revealed the hopeless inferiority of German naval strength. When this process of sweeping the seas was completed the oceans lay open to Allied commerce and were closed to German vessels of war and of commerce alike.

Never had a victory been more complete than that of the British navy in this first phase of the war, at sea. The old apprehension of a German raid upon British coasts, the idle but familiar legend of a contemplated German invasion of Britain, was revealed in its full absurdity. The accident of the mobilization of the whole British fleet at the moment of the outbreak of the war for its annual manœuvres; the rare good judgment of Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, in countermanding the orders for demobilization and retaining the fleet in being during the critical days from July 25 to August 4, gave Britain, on the water, precisely that advantage Germany enjoyed on land, and abolished not merely the remote chance of a German attack upon Britain, but the

very real danger that German cruisers might escape from their naval ports to the high seas and carry on a long and costly war upon British and Allied commerce.

In this phase of the war the British fleets accomplished what had been impossible a century before. Villeneuve's fleet had eluded Nelson on a famous occasion, Napoleon had taken an army to Egypt and himself escaped to France at a critical moment in European history. But under the new conditions of steam navigation the command of the sea by the supreme naval power had attained a degree of the absolute, unknown in history. And so far as German commerce and German sea power were concerned this power was to remain absolute, even when the submarine began to take its toll of belligerent and neutral merchant marine.

II. THE CONSEQUENCES

The first consequence of this assertion of sea power was the successful despatch of the British army to France. While the Grand Fleet moved majestically out of the vision of the world and took its station in northern Scotland, there to keep watch and ward, to take and retain a silent but remorseless grip upon the throat of German commerce, the lighter craft assured the safe passage of the Channel by Field Marshal Sir John French's army, transported with a speed and a success which established new records in this department of war. From the outbreak of war to the end of the First Battle of Ypres not much less than 200,000 troops were thus ferried across the Channel, and their presence in France was essential to the safety of the whole Allied cause. Had these troops not arrived, France would have fallen. At the moment when the western battle was reaching a crisis, the arrival of an Indian Army Corps brought from the Far East saved the day. Thus, in a very real sense, the war on land was made possible for the Allies, and defeat was avoided, not merely by the valour of the troops at the front, but equally by the service of the British fleet.

Later the tide of Colonial support was in turn brought to Europe. Asia, Africa, Australia, Canada were able, as they had been always willing, to take their place beside the Mother Country on the French and Belgian

fronts and elsewhere, when the flood of war turned to the Near East. In the first three years of the war not less than three million men were thus carried from all over the world to France and Belgium, and this mighty task was accomplished without the loss of a transport, while the passage from Boulogne to Folkestone, from Calais to Dover, continued as safe from German attack as the ferries in the North and East rivers of New York City.

Once more, as in the days of Louis XIV and Napoleon, Britain sat safe behind the silver ribbon of the Channel. Zeppelins and airplanes might at intervals reach her cities and exact their toll of lives, mainly of children and women; an occasional German raider might come down Channel or bombard a seacoast resort; but despite these hostile manifestations, Britain remained secure in her islands and gathered up her millions to strike her great foe.

Nor was the second consequence of supremacy at sea less important to the Allied cause. Germany had struck at her own hour and after full preparation. Her first blow had given her possession of the industrial districts of Belgium and northern France, the iron mines of Lorraine, the coal regions of Mons and Lens. She had in her grip the factories of Liége, of Lille, of Tourcoing, and of Roubaix. St. Quentin, all the great manufacturing districts of the valleys of the Scarpe, the Deule, the Scheldt, and the Sambre were at her disposal.

Thanks to the British fleet, however, this enormous initial advantage was promptly counterbalanced by the transformation of industrial America into the workshop, the arsenal, the granary of the Allies. In a few short months all the vast machinery of the great plants of the Western Republic were working for the Allies. Ammunition, guns, all the necessary implements and munitions of war were manufactured and transported across the ocean, until the whole western front met German attack with American rifles, American ammunition. The vast new armies of Britain were equipped in considerable part by America, and, thanks to this, were able to take their place upon the western front months in advance of the hour that they could have arrived save for American factories. What the British factories had done for the North in

the Civil War, those of the United States did for Britain and France in the new world struggle.

Nor was the food supply less important. When the mobilization of an ever-growing percentage of the manhood of the warring nations brought with it diminishing food supplies, the United States, with Canada and Australia, supplied the Allied deficit. Thanks to the British fleet and the American wheat fields, the French people could still procure white bread long months after it had disappeared in Germany, and procure it at the ante-bellum price. When want invaded Germany, and privation, if not starvation, arrived; when the sufferings of the masses due to the blockade were very great, Britain still was well fed, and France had not yet begun to feel that need of economy in food which came only with the third winter of the war.

III. THE NAPOLEONIC PRECEDENT

Because of this situation; because the sea power of Britain enabled America to feed and arm the Allies and thus deprive Germany of most of the advantage due to superior preparation and early military successes; because the people of Britain and France escaped hunger, while it already threatened the German people; because sea power, in fact, made all neutral nations the allies of the enemies of Germany, the sources of the arms and munitions employed to destroy German armies, Germany was in the end led to imitate the Napoleonic policy, which led to the downfall of the First Empire.

At Jena, Austerlitz, Wagram, Friedland, Napoleon won victories which brought Prussia, Austria, Russia, the Continent to his feet. But ever and again British money and British influence roused a new coalition and compelled a new war. And it was the effort to get at Britain which led him to Egypt, to Warsaw, at last to Moscow. It was his effort to compel the nations of the Continent to join France in closing their ports to British ships and British commerce, thus to destroy commercial Britain, that was his undoing.

We are accustomed to think that it was the insatiable ambition of Napoleon which led him to seize Hamburg and Danzig, to establish

French rule along the Adriatic, and deprive Austria of her Illyrian coast. But the purpose of the great Emperor was rather to lay hands upon all the doors by which British goods reached continental ports. His Berlin and Milan decrees were provoked by British hostility and in these lay the seeds of his downfall. To get at Britain, he had to deprive the German and Austrian States of their sea front; it was because of Russian refusal to accept the Napoleonic policy that the Moscow campaign was provoked. The long and deadly wastage of the war in Spain was alike the consequence of a desire to close Spain and Portugal to British ships, and of the ability of the British themselves to transport armies to the Iberian peninsula.

Seeking to isolate Britain, Napoleon was led from campaign to campaign, from annexation to annexation. He was brought to the necessity of destroying the commercial life, not merely or primarily of France, but of Russia, of Prussia, and of Austria; and, as a consequence, Austria, Russia, and Prussia were driven inexorably into alliance with Britain. And ultimately, such an alliance, at Leipzig and Waterloo, destroyed Napoleon.

In precisely the same fashion the German situation led to a similar policy. The neutral nations had become the arsenal and the granary of the Allies. It was impossible for Germany, acting in accordance with international law, to prevent this. It was the unquestioned right of neutral nations to trade with belligerents—it was not their fault that the British fleet had closed German ports. No law, no conception of international law, warranted Germany in asking them to declare an embargo upon munitions, to abandon the policy Germany had pursued as recently as during the South African War.

And Germany could not blockade Britain. Her sole weapon was the submarine; but to employ the submarine necessitated the sinking of neutral as well as belligerent ships, whether carrying contraband or merely engaged in lawful trade allowed by all the rules of civilized warfare. German necessity, which had led German armies into Belgium to strike at France and thus insured British entrance into the war, now confronted a new obstacle, which carried with it an even deadlier peril, since it involved the ultimate defeat of Germany, so her statesmen and

soldiers reasoned, if Britain in security could arm her millions and feed her population with American meat and wheat.

Thus we shall see Germany, in this present period, led, through the direct influence of British sea power, to one deed after another, to one policy after another, designed to interrupt the flow of munitions and food to Britain, provoked by the shadow of hunger at home while her great enemies still had plenty, but calculated to rouse the neutral nations of the earth, and destined, in the end, to bring the United States and a whole powerful group of other neutrals into the war on the Allied side and thus transform neutrals into enemies. By adopting a course designed to deprive Britain and France of the benefits flowing from intercourse with these neutrals, Germany, in the end, made war with neutrals inevitable.

This was the achievement of British sea power. It was, ultimately, a decisive influence in the progress of the war. It did produce conditions which led Germany to attack neutrals; it did bring other nations into the war as the German invasion of Belgium had mobilized British sentiment for war. But it was not until a later phase that the real importance of this consequence became clear to the world.

Yet, at the outset, it is essential to see the German conception. Only by a rapid dash through Belgium could Germany hope to win her war as she meant to win it. Since this was the plain fact, Germany disregarded her pledge, ignored the rights and liberties of Belgium, and made her progress from Liége to Mons and thence to the very gates of Paris. Her necessity justified, to German minds, that wrong to Belgium which was incidental.

When the end of the first land campaign had failed to bring a German victory, and a long war was certain, German defeat became a possibility if the United States and the other neutrals were to remain the sources of Allied munitions and weapons. Germany might not starve, but she was sure to be outgunned, outmunitioned, outnumbered, if she failed to achieve a decision before British and French and Russian armies could be equipped from America, while British and French millions were fed from American food sources.

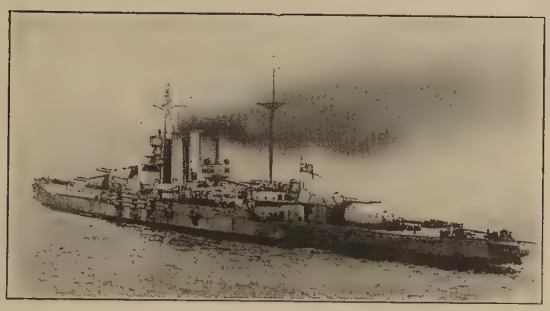
The sole alternative was a "ruthless" submarine war, which would destroy British merchant marine engaged in American commerce and so terrify neutral and particularly American shipping that it would refrain from entering British and French waters and bringing food and munitions to the enemy. And as in the case of Belgium, Germany made her decision. In the case of Belgium she risked British entrance into the war. In the case of the submarine she risked the entrance of the United States and of other states. Again the German people and the German rulers argued themselves into the belief that they would derive the profit without encountering the peril of such a course. Again they deceived themselves.

The submarine war upon commerce belongs to another chapter, but its genesis is in the successful assertion by the British of sea power in the first phase of the war. Inexorably this led William II into the fatal pathways of Napoleon I. Inevitably, as in the case of the French Emperor, William II found himself, on the morrow of great victories, compelled to deal with fresh coalitions of foes. Thus, though the British armies were long in arriving, though France had to bear two years of agony before the new British hosts could begin, British sea power exerted an influence quite as great as Mahan had forecast, and without this British aid the French and Russians would have succumbed almost at the start, and thereafter whenever it had been withdrawn. This was Britain's great contribution over two years and its value cannot be exaggerated.

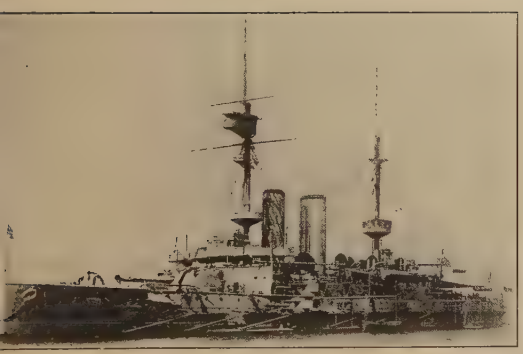
IV. NAVAL ENCOUNTERS

The outbreak of the war saw the British fleet take its post in Scotch waters, facing the German ports. For the first days and weeks the whole world awaited a Trafalgar or a Salamis at sea, as it watched for a Waterloo or a Sedan on land. But the German fleet was too inferior in strength to challenge the British armada, and the Grand Fleet under Jellicoe dominated the North Sea. Not until the still-remote day of Jutland was the German High Seas Fleet to venture forth within range of British first-line squadrons. German strategy was from the outset to disclose itself as a strategy of waiting, a strategy which had for its chief

THE NAVIES AT GALLIPOLI



H. M. S. *QUEEN ELIZABETH*



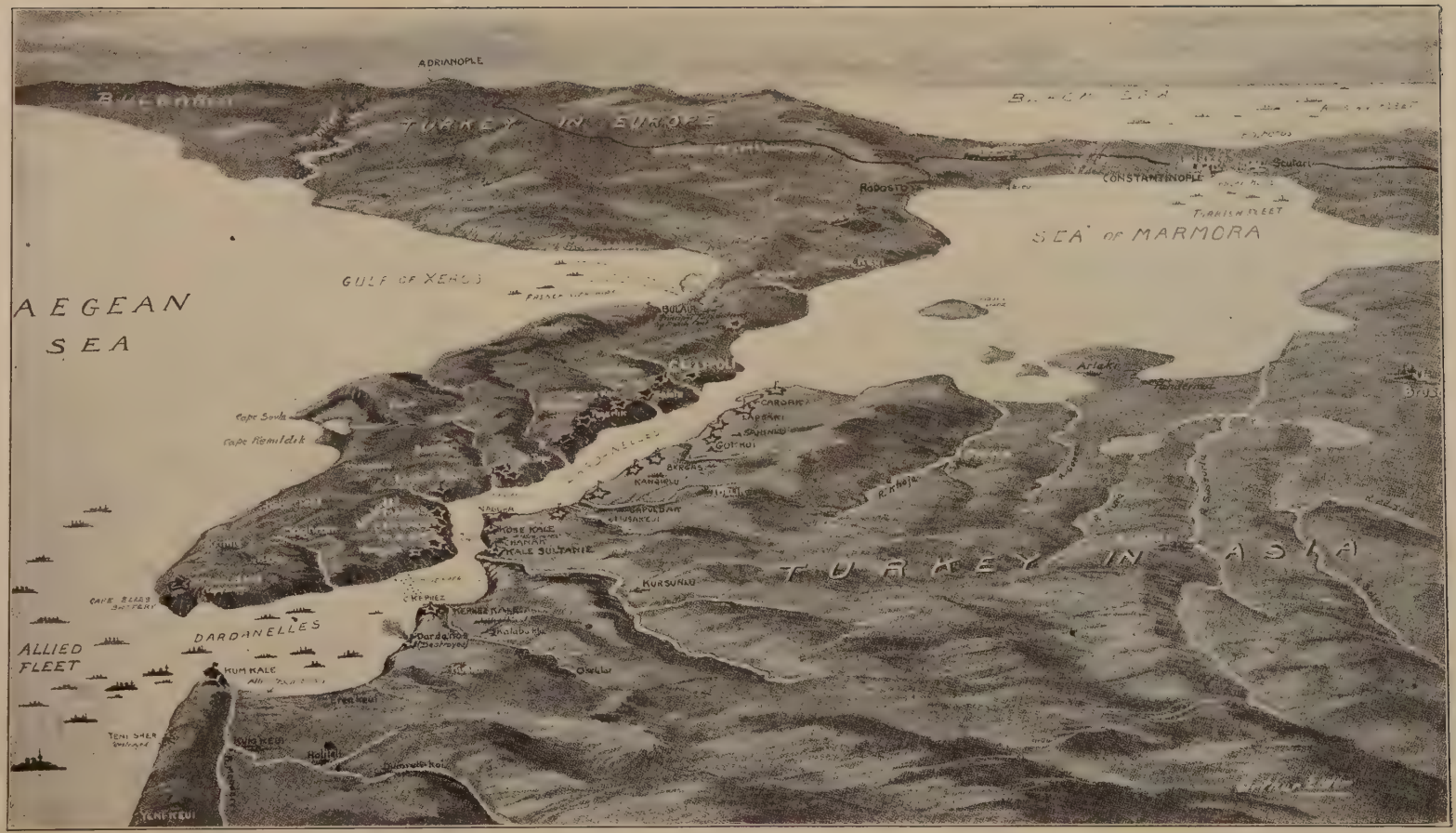
H. M. S. *IRRESISTIBLE*

H. M. S. *OCEAN*

SOME BRITISH SHIPS AT THE DARDANELLES

The *Irresistible* and *Ocean* were sunk by Turkish mines on March 18, 1915, the day when an attempt was made to force a passage through the Dardanelles. The crew of the *Irresistible* escaped, but the *Ocean* went down so quickly that most of her people were drowned.

Of this trio the great super-dreadnought *Queen Elizabeth* alone lived to fight another day, because she was too valuable to be subjected to the risks run by the other ships.



Drawn for the "Independent" by Arthur Elder

THE LONG, HARD ROAD TO CONSTANTINOPLE

"Dardanelles" and "Gallipoli" are words that will always evoke memories painful to the Allies. For here the naval attack of February and March, 1915, failed utterly, and three battleships with 2,000 lives were lost in a few hours. The combined attack by land and sea, which came later, was equally futile and far more disastrous. "The Gallipoli venture, first and last, used up not less than a quarter of a million British troops and cost more than 100,000 casualties on the British side alone."

A great deal of ancient history has been made in this region. Here the Greeks fought the Trojans in prehistoric times; here the Spartans defeated the Athenians in the eventful battle of Aegospotamos in 405 B. C.; and here Xerxes crossed from Asia to conquer Europe in 480 B. C., and Alexander crossed from Europe to conquer Asia in 334 B. C.

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FRENCH BATTLESHIPS AT THE DARDANELLES

When this photograph was taken these ships were bombarding the Dardanelles forts, firing over the hill which forms the background of the picture. A glance at the picture-map on the opposite page will show the station of the French ships in the Gulf of Xeros, from which they destroyed Bulair fort, overlooking the entrance to the Sea of Marmora.

FRENCH HYDROAEROPLANE AND WARSHIPS AT THE DARDANELLES

This hydroaeroplane has been sent out by one of the ships to observe the effect of the bombardment

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ON BOARD A CRUISER AT THE DARDANELLES

French marines directing the fire of a light, rapid-fire gun against the Turkish batteries on the shore

THE BRITISH FLEET AT ANCHOR OFF KUM KALE

The observer stands near the Dardanelles' entrance where the Allies easily won a foothold. "With no great trouble the first barrier was destroyed and the mine-sweepers entered the straits and began the work of clearing the channel for the larger ships. This work continued from February 19, until March 18, 1915, when the road was clear for the great attack. On this day the whole fleet steamed up the straits toward the narrows. It was the belief of naval officers that the long protracted bombardments had silenced the Turkish forts. They were promptly undeceived."

GERMAN SHIP CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH IN THE DARDANELLES

When her capture became inevitable, the Turks managed to torpedo her. This gaping hole just above the water-line is the result

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ON BOARD A TRANSPORT STEAMING UP THE DARDANELLES

The uniforms and faces of these soldiers and sailors betray their English origin. They are some of the "Anzacs," who fought and died devotedly, but in vain on the terrible Gallipoli peninsula

FRENCH TROOPS LANDING AT THE DARDANELLES

This landing-place is on the Asiatic side of the straits, just inside of Kum Kale, at the mouth of the little River Menderes, which was called the Scamander when the Siege of Troy took place upon its banks. A fleet of transports lies in the offing and the dim land beyond is Cape Elles, on the European side of the straits, where Fort Sidd El Bahr (captured by the Allies) was located.

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AN EXPLODING MINE

This picture was taken from on board a British destroyer in the Dardanelles, at the instant a Turkish mine exploded within a few feet. Photographers in the World War have had many hairbreadth escapes, but few have missed death more narrowly than he who took this picture.

aim to weaken the British by successful attacks upon individual ships until resulting attrition should restore the balance between the two fleets.

Such strategy was wise and inevitable. Behind the sand banks and narrow channels of German shores, covered by the fortress of Heligoland (which a pacific Britain, unmindful of the future, had surrendered to Germany for a price, now become ridiculous), preserving by the Kiel Canal the sure entrance into the Baltic and the consequent supremacy in that sea, the German fleet waited. Winston Churchill might later utter bold words about "digging the rats out," but the task was beyond the capacity of a modern fleet, threatened with all the perils of contemporary naval warfare.

Thus the naval warfare resolved itself into minor encounters and incidental losses—none of real importance, none calculated to change the balance between the two fleets—and thus enable the Germans to risk all in that long-toasted encounter "The Day," when German was to meet Briton on the high seas and German victory doom a modern Carthage. Powerless to prevent British armies from crossing the Channel and British cruisers from sweeping the seas clear of German merchantmen, the Kaiser's navy was compelled to confine itself to filling the North Sea with mines, attacking isolated ships with submarines, and risking minor encounters with smaller units.

In this time the French fleet, in strict conformity with arrangements made before the war, arrangements cited by Sir Edward Grey when he declared that Germany must not attempt to come through the Channel or attack France unless with the clear recognition that Britain would intervene, took over the task of maintaining Allied security in the Mediterranean and sealing the Austrian fleet up within the Adriatic, a task that the French were to perform until the hour when Italy should enter the war and Italian squadrons take over a portion of this difficult task.

Yet before the French could assume the whole burden, their fleets had necessarily to cover the transportation of French troops from Algeria, Tunis, and Morocco to the home ports. And in this time there occurred an event which was fraught with fatal consequences. The German cruisers, the *Goeben* and *Breslau*, caught in the western Mediterranean at

the onset of hostilities, fled to Messina, after having bombarded Bona and Philippeville on the Algerian coast. Ordered to leave the Italian port, they sailed to what seemed certain death, since a British squadron was in their pathway.

Yet, as a result of circumstances that can hardly fail to be a permanent ground for censure of the British Fleet, these ships escaped, reached the Dardanelles, passed them, and came to anchor in the Golden Horn. Having permitted them to get away, the British admiral failed to follow them into Turkish waters, risking Turkish resistance. As a result the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* became a decisive influence in driving Turkey into conflict with the Allies. The ships, retaining their German crews, passed to the Turkish navy. Presently they appeared in the Black Sea and, by attacking Russian ships, provoked a Russian declaration of war. In this incident is seen the first in the long series of failures and blunders which were to cost the Allies so dearly in the Near East. And even at the end of three years the explanation of the escape of these ships remains hidden.

By contrast, the dash of British smaller craft into the Bight of Heligoland and the sinking of two German cruisers was a detail, although the brilliance of the exploit filled Britain with pride at the moment. But British rejoicing was brief. Less than a month afterward one German submarine accounted for three large British boats, the *Cressy*, *Aboukir*, and *La Hogue*, under conditions that were again a reproach to British naval generalship, while in following weeks other British ships of greater value were victims of this new weapon. The war had not proceeded for two months before the British as well as the rest of the world were aware that, given her inferiority in resources, Germany was to prove no mean antagonist on Britain's own element.

At the moment of the German advance in Flanders, when the 1914 phase of western operations reached its crisis and the Kaiser and his hosts came pounding down from Antwerp on the road to Calais, the British fleet intervened and saved the Belgian army by sweeping the invaders from the road along the sand dunes which led by Nieuport to Boulogne.

But by far the most interesting and considerable naval operations between the outbreak of the war and Gallipoli were the two battles in South American waters, one at Coronel on the Pacific Coast, the other at the Falkland Islands. In the former, an inferior squadron of British boats, the antiquated *Monmouth* and *Good Hope*, accompanied by the *Glasgow*, which had little fighting value, and deprived of the doubtful aid of the *Canopus*, encountered the squadron of Admiral von Spee, which included the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau*, two swift and powerful cruisers, as well as the *Nuremberg*, *Dresden*, and *Leipzig*. The fight was short and the end complete. Admiral Cradock went down with his flagship, the *Good Hope;* the *Monmouth* shared the same fate; the *Glasgow* escaped. Once more there had been a blunder—the size and strength of the German Pacific squadron had been known, and to send such old and inadequate vessels to meet it was to send ships and men to certain doom.

The defeat was quickly avenged. Two new battle cruisers, the *Invincible* and *Inflexible*, were sent swiftly and secretly from England. With them went three armoured cruisers, the *Carnarvon*, *Kent*, and *Cornwall;* at sea this squadron, commanded by Admiral Sturdee, met the *Bristol* and then the *Glasgow*, the sole survivor of Cradock's battle. This considerable squadron entered the port of the Falkland Islands to coal and on the next day the squadron of Spee, seeking the *Canopus* and the *Glasgow*, appeared. Cradock had perished on November 1; on December 7 Spee's whole squadron, save for the *Dresden* which escaped and kept afloat until March, went down in a running fight. A few survivors were picked up by the victors, but most of the officers and men under Spee met a sailor's death after a brave but hopeless fight, quite as unequal as had been the struggle at Coronel. Thus an unnecessary defeat was avenged by a brilliant victory, and Germany's only squadron outside of home waters annihilated.

V. THE DARDANELLES

A single other naval venture alone commands attention in the first year and a half of war. The entrance of the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* into the Dardanelles had determined the decision of the Turks and the

Turkish declaration of war had isolated Russia. Germany, holding the mastery of the Baltic, her Osmanli ally master of the Bosporus and the Dardanelles, there was left to Russia only the remote ports of Archangel on the north and Vladivostok in the Far East. And both were closed for long periods by winter and neither could serve as the base for Russian armies.

Already, before the end of the autumn of 1914, Russia was beginning to feel the pinch for munitions and, since it was necessary to finance Russia in part, nothing was more essential than that Russian wheat should flow outward to balance the Allied credits and repay the Allied loans. Nor was it less necessary that the crushing of Turkey should be prompt, that Allied ascendancy in the Balkans might be maintained and Bulgarian stirring checked.

Were it possible then to force the Dardanelles, to push through with a fleet, as Admiral Duckworth had done a century before; to arrive before Constantinople, as a British fleet had done in the critical days of the last Russo-Turkish war when Russian armies were approaching the Golden Horn, the profit would warrant paying any reasonable price alike in ships and lives. Here, very concisely, were the terms of that great gamble, which was the naval attack upon the Dardanelles. It failed absolutely. One of its consequences, but not an inevitable consequence, was the subsequent land and sea attack, the ill-fated Gallipoli campaign, which brought such a train of evil and even of scandal.

Yet the original risk, accepted by Winston Churchill, whose imagination, as usual, passed his judgment, calling as it did for the risk of a few obsolete ships, supported by only one or two modern and first-line units, did not pass British and French resources; nor were the actual losses, as the event proved, sufficiently heavy to weaken in any measure either British or French sea establishment.

The real criticism of the Dardanelles affair is to be found, if at all, in the fact that all the lessons of naval warfare were against it. Sampson had declined a similar venture before Santiago when confronted by forts far inferior. Farragut had passed the forts at the mouth of the Missis-

sippi, and New Orleans had fallen as a result; but in that earlier period, indeed down to the contemporary era, the menace of mines had been practically non-existent, and Farragut could without too great rashness say at Mobile: "Damn torpedoes, go ahead!" since the torpedo of the Civil War age was to be classed as well-nigh futile. But the Japanese at Port Arthur had not risked any forcing of the entrance.

More difficult than the entrance to Santiago or to Port Arthur, better defended as to forts and as to guns, since the defences had been the work of the German General Staff and German officers commanded many of the batteries of heavy guns, themselves the product of Krupp, the Dardanelles were in fact beyond the power of a fleet to reduce, and from the very outset the attempt was doomed to repulse. Since this was patent, plainly the wiser course would have been to wait until land forces were available and make a joint operation; and such a joint operation could have a chance of success only if it were not preceded by a naval attack without land aid, which would forewarn the Turks and lead to the immediate fortification of the Gallipoli peninsula and thus to the defeat of any land operations.

But in February, 1915, neither were land forces available nor was it easy to see whence they could be derived in any immediate future. When General Ian Hamilton's army was at last sent to the Gallipoli Peninsula it was not only inadequate for its task, but its departure weakened British armies in France, contributed to the failure of the British effort in Artois, and produced a situation in which Field Marshal Sir John French, on the evening of a day at Festubert, when he had lost thousands of men because his guns lacked ammunition to prepare an attack, received orders to send a considerable share of a non-existent reserve stock of shells to the Dardanelles.

And since men were lacking and the opportunity dazzled those who played with it, the fleet undertook an impossible task, failed, and gave it up, wisely and in time. Had there been no further venture, the Dardanelles experiment would have been a detail; indeed so unmistakably tremendous were the certain rewards of success that the judgment of those who ordered the attack might have been accepted. As it was, the

Dardanelles was the first step in one of the most gigantic blunders in military history and its consequences were fraught with incalculable harm to the Allies.

VI. THE DEFEAT

The actual naval operation at the Dardanelles is simply told. About a hundred miles west of Constantinople the sea of Marmora narrows to a channel in places less than a mile wide and rarely more than three. For sixty miles this channel winds to the Ægean, separating the Gallipoli Peninsula from the Asiatic mainland and at its mouth washing the shore, forever memorable as the scene of the Siege of Troy. Through this channel the current runs southwestward at the rate of four miles an hour. In the time of sailing ships this current was an obstacle to navigation, and it became a peril to the modern battleship when floating mines were adopted as an engine of destruction.

At the point where it enters the Ægean, this channel is several miles wide and it was imperfectly guarded by a few old forts, mounting guns of no real value against armoured ships. But fourteen miles upstream the channel narrows to a pass hardly three quarters of a mile wide, and makes a sharp turn. At this point, strongly reminiscent of the entrance to Santiago harbour, the Turks had erected a series of strong forts on either shore. Here is the village of Nagara, on the site of the ancient Abydos; here Leander swam the straits to meet Hero; and here Lord Byron repeated the feat centuries later. Here was the great obstacle—the sea gate to Constantinople.

Having assembled a fleet of French and British warships, mainly composed of ships mounting heavy guns but no longer in the first line, although there were also present the *Queen Elizabeth*, one of the newest British superdreadnoughts mounting fifteen-inch guns, and the *Inflexible*, which had shared in the winning of the Battle of Falkland Islands, the Allies, on February 19, began the work of silencing the forts at the entrance of the Straits, and the Plains of Troy and the hills that had looked down upon the Homeric struggle echoed to the roar of modern high explosives.

With no great trouble the first barrier was destroyed and the mine

sweepers entered the Straits and began their work of clearing the channel for the larger ships. This work continued until March 18, when the road was clear for the great attack. On this day the whole fleet steamed up the Straits toward the narrows. It was the belief of the naval officers that the long-protracted bombardments had silenced the Turkish forts. They were promptly undeceived.

Suddenly all the forts opened fire. Soon three great shells fell upon the French ship *Bouvet* and at the same moment she touched one of the floating mines the Turks had launched. In three minutes the ship had disappeared, carrying most of her crew down with her. An hour later the *Irresistible* struck a mine; her crew escaped but the ship subsequently sank. Next the *Ocean* touched a mine, and she went down almost as quickly as the *Bouvet.* Meantime the French *Gaulois* and the British *Inflexible* had been put temporarily out of action by gunfire.

This was the end. Three battleships and two thousand lives had been lost and the Straits had not been forced; the forts had not been silenced; the peril of mines had not been surmounted. At the moment when the world was still looking for the arrival of the Allied fleet at the Golden Horn and the restoration of the Cross at St. Sofia on Easter Sunday, the Allied fleet had abandoned the task as impossible. Once more, as so often in his long European history, the "Sick Man of the East" had recovered on what had seemed his death bed.

This decisive defeat at the Dardanelles was the second in the series of Allied failures in the Near East; allowing the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* to escape had been the first. By this later failure, Allied prestige in the Balkans was dangerously impaired. In Sofia and Athens the defeat of sea power produced echoes which were not heard at the time, but were memorable at a later date.

Yet even after that failure, the dazzling lure remained. No man could exaggerate the value to the Allies of a victory that should open the sea gate of Constantinople and restore communication with Russia. Hence, when the fleet had failed, the temptation to try again, with an army to support the navy, was almost irresistible. It could not be resisted, because it had seized the mind and fired the imagination of one

of the most brilliant, if most erratic, of Allied statesmen. The first venture was to be ascribed to Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty. He was now to push his project in the teeth of the opposition of Field Marshal Sir John French and General Joffre, and to draw away from the main front, at a critical hour, men and guns sadly needed in Artois. But for the moment, while the new operation was preparing, the Gallipoli affair languished.

CHAPTER FOUR

SEA POWER, AND THE GERMAN PLACE IN THE SUN

I

THE FAMILIAR STORY

In one other respect the dominant sea power in the present struggle repeated the familiar achievements of the past. In the long struggle between Britain and the House of Bourbon in the Eighteenth Century, France, frequently victorious in Europe and usually, although not always, fighting on enemy soil on the Continent, saw her overseas empire extinguished. India and Quebec were lost by the Old Monarchy, and Napoleon, having for a moment conquered Egypt and acquired Louisiana, was obliged to flee the former and sell the latter. Thanks to sea power Britain was able to wreck all the colonial aspirations and efforts of France at Plassey and on the Heights of Abraham, and at the end of the Napoleonic Wars France was once more restricted to the European Continent, after two centuries of colonial effort and no small temporary success.

The destruction of the German colonial edifice was much more prompt, as British control of the seas was more nearly absolute in the twentieth than in the preceding centuries. The very first week of the war saw the German colony of Togo in Anglo-French hands; thereafter in steady succession the other outlying possessions of the German Empire were conquered. With the outbreak of the war they were isolated from the Fatherland; thereafter it became merely a question of time until they should fall like ripe fruit into the hands of the enemy, and, though their defence was brave and the task of occupation arduous, by reason of distances, poor communications, and sparse population, there was never a moment of hope that German East Africa could escape the fate of Quebec, or the German Kamerun that of French India. From August, 1914, onward, the various colonies simply awaited the

moment when the British and their allies should feel willing to spare the men and material for "Side Shows," for these minor campaigns necessary to extinguish German "places in the sun" of Africa and of Asia.

GERMANY'S FORMER POSSESSIONS IN THE PACIFIC

The black area shows Kaiser Wilhelm's Land and the other German possessions in the Pacific—now lost to her. Their proximity to Britain's "island-continent" explains why the Australians have resolved that this territory shall never be returned to Germany.

And there was one more notable detail in which these campaigns recalled the past. In her great struggles with France on the American Continent, Britain had been aided and even led on by her American colonists.

Now it was the Australians who crossed the narrow channels to seize the German islands to the northward. New Zealand stretched a hand out to German Samoa; South Africa, having suppressed a German-incited rebellion, sent an army under Botha, the famous Boer commander now wearing the British uniform, to clean out German power and German intrigue from German Southwest Africa, as it later sent Smuts to repeat the achievement in German East Africa.

Aided in the Pacific by Japan and by her own Australasian subjects, in Africa by the Boer and British colonists alike, supported by French and Belgian troops in Central Africa, drawing upon East Indian and black troops, Britain slowly but surely dealt with the German overseas colonies.

And in all this there was nothing that rose to the level of a great campaign—there was nothing that suggested the glories of the Eighteenth Century struggles in India and America. Nowhere had German occupation sent down the roots that French settlement had developed in America. Brilliant achievements there were, achievements that gladden the sporting instinct of the Briton or delight those who love the romantic and picturesque. Yet, in the main, the destruction of the German colonial empire was comparable with the absorption of a helpless victim by an anaconda.

It was the recognition of this very helplessness of their colonies that had made the Germans furious before the war; it was this helplessness beyond the seas which accentuated their passion when their victorious armies were approaching Warsaw and within reach of Constantinople, while their guns were still audible in Paris.

In all this, too, history did but repeat itself, and the German, familiar with his history, could feel even in victory something of the cold breath of the past which had blown in upon Napoleon's Empire and stayed the hand of the great conqueror. Like Napoleon, William II could win battles and campaigns in Europe, but like Napoleon he was halted at the seashore, while beyond the range of his land guns he saw an empire disappear and, in addition to the empire which was German by possession, that other far more considerable empire which was the creation of the

merchants, the bankers, and overseas representatives of that new commercial Germany, which on every sea and in every continent had been threatening British commerce. Small wonder was it that a German Hymn of Hate rose shrilly and even more shrilly as time went on.

II. GERMANY'S PLACE IN THE SUN—MITTELAFRIKA

At the moment when the World War came, Germany had a far-flung circle of colonies. Murdered missionaries in China had been paid for by the cession of Kiaou-Chau, which was already raising its head as a rival to British possession and Japanese. A German Hong Kong in the making, a counterweight to Port Arthur newly won from Russia, Tsingtau was showing swift progress and extending a railway tentacle deep into Chinese territory. Southward, Germany had purchased from Spain the last remnant of her Pacific empire, the stray islands excluded by the United States from its purchases following the Spanish-American War. One of the Samoan group, the northeastern quarter of New Guinea, near Australia, these were the widely separated and comparatively insignificant colonial possessions of the Germans in the Far East, ridiculously insignificant to the German mind reflecting upon the European greatness of his country, when he contrasted them with British India, French Indo-China, American Philippines, Japanese Corea, or with the great English-speaking empire growing up to the south of Kaiser Wilhelm's Land.

But it was in Africa that the German had laid the foundations of a real empire, although even here his possessions seemed to him all too limited and scattered. A million square miles in area, Togo, Kamerun, German East Africa, and German Southwest Africa, were divided from each other, cut off from the fertile regions of the Congo Valley, walled in by British and French colonies vastly more desirable; or strangled by Portuguese and Belgian territories whose integrity was guaranteed by British and French treaties.

In the face of all this Germany had cherished a dream and conceived a plan. Already German patriots had constructed maps showing a German colony extending from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic,

GERMANY'S AFRICAN EMPIRE

The checkered areas show the German colonies at the outbreak of the war. In the first year of fighting the Germans were driven out of them all except East Africa in some parts of which they continued a stubborn resistance into the fourth year of the war.

The heavy black line incloses the African territory that Germany hoped to acquire. Note its junction with Turkey-in-Asia and thus with Middle Europe, through Egypt.

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including Belgian Congo and French and British possessions between Stanley Falls and Lake Tchad. Portuguese colonies on the east and west coasts were also marked with German colours. Here, in the great basin of the Congo, including the headwaters of the Nile, extending from the Orange River to the mouth of the Niger on the west coast and from the Zambesi to the frontiers of Uganda on the east, the German had traced out a tentative place in the sun of Africa.

Nor did the dream end with this huge proposal. In addition not a few German patriots, never reconciled to British conquest of the Transvaal and Orange Free State and firmly convinced that both states would welcome the chance to throw off British rule and exchange the yoke of King George for the sovereignty of the Kaiser, boldly coloured Africa with the German shade from the Cape of Good Hope to the borders of Egypt and spoke confidently of the time when this Mittelafrika would be joined to a Mitteleuropa, dominated by Germany, by way of the Bosporus and Suez, and Cecil Rhodes's dream have a German realization.

Meantime, Germany had already taken the first step toward the achievement of this colossal project. In 1911, when the Agadir crisis had broken, Germany had, after vain efforts to claim a share of the Shereefian Empire, found her "compensation" for French Moroccan gains in the Congo and thrust forward two long tentacles across French territory, bringing German garrisons to the west banks of the Congo and Ubanghi rivers at the moment when a German railroad was approaching the eastern frontiers of the Belgian colony on Lake Tanganyika. While Britain was intent upon realizing her Cape-to-Cairo project, Germany was preparing for the Transafrican railroad, which, unlike the long-contemplated French Transaharan condemned to desert regions, would tap some of the most fertile regions on the planet.

Behind all the commercial advantages lay the prospective hosts that Germany could enlist among the natives of the African empire under German officers, submitted to German training, equipped with all the resources of Krupp. Already envious of the progress made by France in training Arab, Kabyle, and Negro troops, whose fighting qualities had

been revealed in Europe in 1870, Germany contemplated organizing black armies which should sweep Africa from one end to the other and carry German power from Suez to Tangier, from Cairo to Cape Town.

If Germany, the Pan-Germans, nourished a dream of a restoration of the Old German Empire in Europe, of a Mitteleuropa which should stretch from the Channel to the eastern limits of Courland and Poland and from the Baltic to the Persian Gulf and Suez, the German Colonial Party had a vision of a Mittelafrika only less splendid, and there were not a few who dreamed that the two conceptions might be fused, when German armies, with Turkish aid, should enter Cairo and other German forces, armies created out of the boundless human reservoirs of Central Africa, should liberate the South African Republics, restore the Boers to the Teutonic world, and extinguish British power at the Cape.

III. THE FACT

Such was the vision. But in July, 1914, the fact was still far different. In an African empire five times the area of the Fatherland the Germans had established less than 22,000 white settlers. All the sea gates to these colonies were either held or watched by British possessions. Whalefish Bay, the one good harbour of German Southwest Africa, was British. From Zanzibar the British dominated the coast of German East Africa, while the French in their Congo colony, the British in Nigeria, held the harbours of the west coast of Africa, from which railroads would eventually lead inland to the Congo basin.

In North Africa more than a million Europeans were settled under the French flag, and cities like Algiers, Oran, Tunis, calling places of German ships, contrasted unpleasantly for German pride with the little stations of German Africa. Even Dakar, on the west coast, the coaling station for the South American trade, was French, while at Casablanca a new harbour and a new French base were rising. At the other end of Africa another million of whites, British subjects, were opening a new empire which was moving northward toward the Congo valley with swift leaps along railroads which were already approaching the shore of Tanganyika.

Nor had his colonial rule, despite the construction of some railroads and a few model towns, been the success that the German had expected. The inability of the Teuton to deal with a subject race had produced one of the bloodiest of all wars between the white and the black in Africa. In German Southwest Africa the struggle with the Herreros had ended only with the practical extermination of the native, and the colony had been left without labour when the terrible contest was over.

Yet it is but just to say that, before the outbreak of the war, there had been a growing realization in Germany that the African adventure had been badly conducted and that, unless new methods were employed, there could be no success comparable with that of France with its millions of blacks in West Africa or with that of Britain all over the world. Tales of atrocities in their colonies had stirred the sluggish German pulse and men of the commercial rather than the military class were beginning to appear in colonial offices.

In the making of the colonial empire in Africa, Germany had already roused the fear of the Belgians, who saw their territory between the Atlantic and Lake Tanganyika the object of German design. Was it not Bernhardi who had suggested, long before the war, that merely by taking the Congo Free State, Belgium had forfeited her right to have her territory in Europe respected? Portugal had shown alarm when the Germans had prevailed upon the British to agree to a partition of Portuguese colonies when Portugal consented to sell them. Yet, the Germans later charged that Portuguese anxieties were stilled by a renewal of British promise to defend these colonies until Portugal wished to part with them.

France, after the Agadir affair, had seen her Congo territory mutilated. Across that stretch of French territory which had hitherto extended without interruption from Algiers to the shores of the Congo, the Germans had thrust two coils, and French Congo seemed, on the map and to the French mind, already enveloped in the folds of the German boa constrictor and doomed to ultimate disappearance. Already the Congo suggested to the French a second Quebec.

As for Britain, until the outbreak of the war she regarded the German

"HAVE MERCY, O DEVIL OF THE AIR!"

The World War has brought strange things to far corners of the earth. These natives of the French Congo are panic-stricken at their first glimpse of an aeroplane

DRIVING THE GERMANS FROM LAKE TANGANYIKA—I

Part of the British expedition on its way, crossing the reedy swamps of Lake Bangweolo, in northeastern Rhodesia. There were only twenty-seven white men in the party under Commander Simson, R. N., whose success earned him the D. S. O.

DRIVING THE GERMANS FROM LAKE TANGANYIKA—II

Bearers wading the shallows of Lake Bangweolo, with supplies for the expedition upon their heads. Livingstone died not far from here in 1873

A CONVOY IN THE EAST AFRICAN CAMPAIGN

Soon after this picture was taken this convoy was attacked by a German force, but successfully defended by British African and East Indian troops

CAPTURE OF MAFIA ISLAND—I

Mafia Island was German territory off the coast of German East Africa. East Indian troops are shown landing at Kissimani Beach. The English *sahib* is conspicuous as he stands in sun-helmet and spotless white uniform at the bow of the boat.

CAPTURE OF MAFIA ISLAND—II

The British flag is being hoisted at Utende, while the King's African Rifles surround it in hollow-square formation

GERMAN SOUTHWEST AFRICA CAMEL CORPS

At the beginning of the war British South Africa was invaded from German Southwest. But the Boers disappointed the Germans by remaining true to the British. Botha had fought against England in the Boer War, but he led the Boers against the Germans, and soon conquered German Southwest for the British Empire.

CAMELS EN ROUTE FOR PALESTINE

It is possible that the same animals may appear both in this picture and in the preceding one. For when the British conquered German Southwest Africa they would naturally have realized the potential value of the German trained camels in safeguarding Egypt, and, later, in the campaigns of Mesopotamia and Palestine.

FRENCH AFRICAN TROOPS AT DUALA—I

Machine gun drill at Duala barracks. As German Southwest Africa was exposed to assault from its more prosperous neighbour, British South Africa, so the (German) Kamerun was at the mercy of the French who were well established in the adjoining French Congo and Sudan. The British colonists in Nigeria and the Belgians in the Belgian Congo were other hostile neighbours.

FRENCH AFRICAN TROOPS AT DUALA—II

A practice march.

The German possessions in western equatorial Africa melted away before French-drilled and British-drilled troops like these, soon after the war began. "German Togoland was conquered by Anglo-French forces after a campaign which lasted but three weeks and was ended in August, 1914. On February 18 of the following year the Kamerun was also in British and French hands."

JAPAN STRIKES GERMANY AT KIAOU CHAU—I

Japanese artillerymen awaiting telephone orders from Headquarters before starting the bombardment of Tsing-tau. They were assisted in this bombardment by the Allied warships.

"Early in September (1914) a Japanese expedition, amounting to one strong division, was landed at Kiaou Chau. . . . Without haste and methodically the Japanese pushed their trenches forward and November 6 saw the forts of the German colony in ruin. The next day Tsing-tau surrendered."

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JAPAN STRIKES GERMANY AT KIAOU CHAU—II

Part of the obstacles which a strong Japanese force found no difficulty in overcoming. The city of Tsing Tau was encircled by miles of this barbed wire entanglement

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JAPAN STRIKES GERMANY AT KIAOU CHAU—III

The effect of the bombardment on the big guns of the German fortress

efforts in Africa with something between disdain and benevolence. Even a German colony extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific and including the Belgian and French Congos did not stir the Briton's pulse, nor did the covert menace to South Africa, for a single moment revealed to the whole world when the Kaiser sent his historic message to President Kruger, disturb the equanimity of a Liberal Ministry, little concerned with Imperial ambitions and convinced that Britain had already reached the point of satiation so far as overseas annexations were concerned. In Central Africa, as in Asia Minor, the British Government and public of 1914 were reconciled to German development, provided it did not threaten the legitimate interests of France or precipitate any European conflict.

And it was this dream of a great African Empire, of a German Congo become almost as real as the German Rhine, of a German Tanganyika, of a Transafrican Empire, which was extinguished—for the period of the war at least—in the first months of the conflict and at the very hour when German victories in Europe filled the bulletins of the world. Thus the Hohenzollerns in their turn fared as had the House of Bourbon when at last sea power was roused.

IV. JAPAN

In the story of the extinction of German colonial power the Chinese incident naturally takes first place, not merely because it happened to be chronologically the first, but because the participation of Japan gave it unusual value and raised questions which may have incalculable importance in the future, both in the Far East and for the United States and the British colonies of the Australian and American continents.

By her treaty with Britain, by the terms of the alliance that followed the Russo-Japanese War, Japan was bound to support Britain east of Suez, so her participation in attack upon Kiaou-Chau was always assured. Yet there were deeper reasons which made the war popular in the Japanese mind. Following the war with China and after a sweeping victory, German intervention had denied Japan the harvest her victories had earned and her rulers demanded. At this moment in

Far Eastern history, Germany played the part she had played at Berlin. Then she had vetoed Russian aspirations at the Dardanelles. In the later episode she barred the Japanese route to equally cherished objectives and made herself the spokesman for Europe. Here was an injury which the Japanese never forgave, although at the moment they were powerless to revenge.

Not less an affront to Japanese pride was the constantly repeated appeal of the German Emperor to the Western nations to unite in a crusade against "the Yellow Peril." The words of the Emperor when he sent a German expedition to Pekin, exhorting his troops to remember the deeds of Attila and emulate them—an exhortation faithfully observed and remembered in later days when German armies in Belgium and France outstripped the Huns of Attila in destruction—and the attack upon the "Yellow race" therein contained, were a memorable affront to a proud nation, conscious of its growing power and its great achievement, already rivalling the Western races in its development, commercial and industrial, and determined to take an equal rank amongst the great nations of the world.

Nor were these sentimental reasons alone of importance. The Far East, China, was the natural field for Japanese industrial and political expansion. The war with Russia had banished the Slav from the Korean Peninsula and gained both Southern Manchuria and Port Arthur. Having thrust one European nation out of China, Japan could with real enthusiasm aid in the expulsion of another. Nor was there any comparison between the Russian and the German in the matter of commercial rivalry. If Russia could be regarded as a future rival, when she had, in her time, become an industrial and manufacturing nation, Germany was already a real commercial rival. Russia lacked a commercial fleet, but already German ships sailed the Chinese waters and the German flag appeared ever more frequently in Chinese ports. Moreover, from Tsingtau a German railroad had already tapped the coal regions of Shantung, and Teutonic appetite for Chinese territory showed marked expansion.

When Germany, like Russia, was expelled from the Far East, while

Britain and France were occupied with a long war—for the Japanese were not in the dark as to the prospects of the western war—while the United States was still given over to pacifist dreams, unarmed and incapable of defending its colonies or, for that matter, its own Pacific Coast line, Japan might look forward to a long period of unchallenged supremacy in the Far East, and in this time she would be able, not alone to establish her influence in China, but, through her manufacture of war materials for the Russians, acquire that capital she lacked and restore her finances shaken so severely by her war with Russia.

On the other hand, to every suggestion that she send her armies to Europe, Japan was bound to return a polite but firm negative. It was not her concern; it was obviously to her profit that the Western nations should cripple themselves by a long war and find their whole energy for years concentrated upon the European battlefield. If the war ended in the exhaustion of all the contending nations, Japan, still strong in her military and naval establishment, still possessing a huge and well-equipped army, her finances restored and her situation in China fortified by long occupation, could well believe that her place in the world would be increased, her power expanded. Such a struggle might bring her incalculable profit; it could not threaten her with any real danger. Such was Japanese policy.

By contrast with the political aspects of Japanese participation in the war the military incidents at Kiaou-Chau were insignificant. On August 15 Japan despatched an ultimatum to Germany, demanding the departure of German ships from Chinese waters and the transfer of Kiaou-Chau to Japan, as a first step in its return to Chinese control. The time limit fixed in the ultimatum was August 23 and on that day Japan declared war upon Germany.

Early in September a Japanese expedition, amounting to one strong division, was landed near Kiaou-Chau. Fifteen hundred British troops presently joined the Japanese, warships belonging to the Allied nations covered the transport operations and opened the bombardment of Tsingtau. Without haste and methodically the Japanese pushed their trenches forward and November 6 saw the forts of the German colony

in ruin. The next day, November 7, Tsingtau surrendered. A garrison of less than four thousand had made a brave but unavailing resistance. At the moment the German failure at Ypres was assured and the road to Calais barred, Berlin heard through enemy proclamations that her Far Eastern colony was lost.

In this same time Japanese warships had seized German islands in the Pacific, New Zealanders had occupied Samoa, Australians had taken Kaiser Wilhelm's Land. German rule in the Pacific had been abolished.

V. IN GERMAN AFRICA

The conquest of German Africa is interesting, in the larger view, solely because of the South African episode. Hardly a decade had passed since British armies had at last extinguished Boer resistance in the two Afrikander republics. Only eight years had elapsed since home rule had been granted to the conquered Boers and the Union of South Africa had become a fact. In all German calculations there had been the expectation that at a German appeal, South Africa—Boer South Africa—would rise again and that the outbreak of the European War would be the signal for the end of British rule south of the equator.

That this did not happen was due to the genius of the British race in dealing with its colonies. South Africa had been swiftly reconciled after having been ravaged by a long, bitter war. Forty-four years after French defeat, forty-three years after the Treaty of Frankfort, the mass of the people of Alsace continued to resent German rule and remained loyal to France. But in less than a fifth of this time the conquered Boers had been reconciled to the new condition.

When the war came it had its echoes in South Africa. De Wet, one of the most famous of the Boer leaders, promptly raised the standard of revolt and to this some thousands of the old Boers flocked. But the real power in South Africa was Louis Botha, the greatest of Boer generals in the previous war and now the first Prime Minister in the new colony. In the great crisis he never hesitated, and his influence was decisive. The last days of October saw the outbreak of the rebellion; by December 1 the whole thing had been stamped out, De Wet was a prisoner, all the

raiding bands, which never attained the importance of armies, had been dispersed or captured. South Africa had demonstrated its determination to remain under British rule.

The next step was inevitable. British South Africa had been invaded from German Southwest Africa; the adjoining German colony had been the base for conspiracy and the starting point of invasion. Now, just as the American colonists in the Eighteenth Century had shared with the British the task of expelling the French from Canada, the Boers followed Botha in the invasion of German Southwest Africa and the end was not long in coming. July, 1915, saw the surrender of the last German commander, German Southwest Africa passed to the control of the Union of South Africa. And just as the American colonists disclosed a determination that Quebec should not be returned to the French, the South Africans early proclaimed their annexation of German Southwest Africa as definitive.

Germany had reckoned on the disaffection of British colonies the world over. She had believed the war would cause the loosening of the bonds that held together the British Empire. The response of Canada had been heard in the Second Battle of Ypres, when the Canadians had saved the day in the great gas attack. Australia and New Zealand answered to the roll call on Gallipoli Peninsula and the story of the Anzacs had become a part of Imperial history when the South Africans completed their task of extinguishing German rule in South Africa and accepted as the next duty the invasion of German East Africa. No disappointment of all that Germany suffered was more real or more serious than that caused by the course of the British colonials. She had hoped to disrupt the British Empire, but before the first anniversary of the war was over it was plain that she had cemented it.

As for the other colonial incidents, they call for but passing mention. German Togoland was conquered by Anglo-French forces after a campaign which lasted but three weeks and was ended in August, 1914. On February 18 of the following year the Kamerun was also in British and French hands. Only German East Africa remained and this was able, because of its size and the problems of transport, to resist with

ever-diminishing force until the fourth year of the struggle. But the resistance was always hopeless and, long before this time, restricted to inland districts removed from that great railroad which had been the life line of German plans in Central Africa.

And in this collapse of her overseas empire may be found one more incentive to Germany's military activity in the period we are now to examine. Since sea power had demonstrated her helplessness beyond the mainland; since her colonial establishments had disappeared; it was patent that if Germany were to have her place upon the map, a place commensurate with her real greatness, it must be sought where her armies could march and where British sea power could not reach. And this led inevitably to the great Pan-German dream, to *Mitteleuropa*, with its Asiatic extensions.

CHAPTER FIVE

SUBMARINES

I

THE GERMAN CASE

With her flag banished from the high seas, her seaborne commerce paralyzed, her colonies one by one being gathered in by British, Japanese, and French troops; with the prospect of a long war where she had expected a swift triumph; with the realization that the United States was becoming the arsenal and the granary of her enemies, the Germans, after their defeats at the Marne and in Belgium and those of their Austrian ally at Lemberg and in Galicia, were, in the closing months of 1914, brought face to face with a situation which, however much it might arouse their anger, demanded such attention as might abolish what was now a threat of ultimate defeat.

To meet sea power Germany had no fleet commensurate with the task, and the first months of the war demonstrated that she could not by submarine warfare so diminish the British Grand Fleet as to make a decisive victory at sea even remotely possible. Her dream of carrying the war into Britain by Zeppelins and by airplanes was presently to prove idle. Zeppelin fleets were, it is true, to arrive over London and deposit their burden of bombs, but the ensuing destruction was soon shown to be relatively insignificant, while each return of the German air fleets stimulated British volunteering, roused British spirit to new determination, and brought British appreciation of the character of the war to a still more dangerous clarity.

As the war progressed, it became quite clear that Admiral Mahan's dictum would be proven accurate and that the dominant sea power would rewrite the rules of international war governing blockades to suit its own necessity. Very early in the contest the British Government repudiated the agreements contained in the Declaration of London, never, be it said,

accepted by the British Government by any official act, although they had been formulated in a conference which took place in the British capital and had enlisted the support of British representatives at the gathering. Nor is it unworthy of note that, when the war came, Britain refused to follow the principles championed by her delegates at the precise moment when Germany demanded that these same principles—rejected by her delegates—should become the rules of marine conflict, thus supplying one more example of the vagaries of diplomacy.

From the very start it became clear that British naval power would more and more seek to seal up Germany, to interrupt the flow of food and material, non-contraband as well as contraband, of wheat and cotton as well as shells and copper. Nor was it less clear that the British naval policy, and in this policy all of the Allies concurred, would aim also at shutting up those neutral doorways by which necessary food and munitions could reach Germany, although this involved an actual, if not a technical, blockade of the ports of Holland and the Scandinavian countries and an ever-increasing interference with American trade on the high seas.

How was Germany to deal with this problem which carried with it the very real threat of ultimate privation for her people and of complete exhaustion of war material for her armies? Should she seek to employ her submarines against enemy and neutral marine alike and, by arousing fear, forbid the use of European waters by neutral ships bearing food and munitions to her foe and thus bring her enemies to terms by turning their tactics against them? Should she refrain from direct acts herself so far as neutrals were concerned and await the very probable embroilment of the neutrals with Great Britain and the subsequent action of the United States to protect its overseas commerce from British interference?

Both policies had much to commend themselves to the German mind. Immediate war upon all British shipping, passenger ships as well as cargo boats, would bring the meaning of the struggle home to the seafaring nation of Britain. It would abolish that intolerable situation in which the mass of the British people were able to rest safe and secure on their islands, while the threat of invasion and the peril of starvation over-

hung the German people. It would strike Britain at her most vital and sensitive point—her fleet, her merchant marine. More than this, it would rouse German confidence and German enthusiasm as nothing else could, for in the early months of the war the "Hymn of Hate" was on all lips and "Gott Strafe England" the most familiar of German salutations.

On the other hand, while such a course was calculated to injure Britain, it might conceivably rouse the neutrals. The United States might be driven to take steps against Germany and become a member of the alliance against her, while if Germany held her hand, all German representatives in America could, with reasonable accuracy, assure her that the American people, with the memories of 1812 still in mind, would not permit British fleets to bar their ships or their products from the European trade when these ships and these products were proceeding in strict conformity with international law. Moreover, even if the United States did not, in fact, declare war upon Britain because of British offending, there remained the possibility that she would embargo all war material destined for British and French armies and vital to their safety, to their existence. And, after all, this would mean the realization of the chief German purpose, for, deprived of this American aid, the Allied armies would almost inevitably fall to German arms.

II. GERMAN POLICY

In this dilemma the German statesmen were not able early to adopt a definite policy. They could not decide at first upon an absolutely "ruthless" submarine war. They could not make up their minds to leave the initiative to Britain and await the eventual profit when American public opinion should be properly roused, as their agents and representatives were bound to arouse it. And in the end this faltering between two policies led to the failure of both. The history of the relations between America and Germany, growing out of the submarine controversy, belongs to that volume which will discuss America's entrance into the world conflict and there will be examined in detail, but it is appropriate now to examine the submarine question as it affected the war situation in the first eighteen months of the conflict.

With the coming of the New Year (1915) the British were moved to the first important step in the long series that led to ultimate rallying of the United States and many other neutrals to the Allied cause. Foreseeing the eventual shortage of food, the German Government, with a prevision strikingly contrasting with Allied blindness, ordered the organization within Germany of a sort of glorified trust, which, under Government authority, was to seize all the wheat in Germany and to regulate its distribution. Alleging that this warranted treating wheat as contraband, the British Government announced that it would henceforth adopt such a course and it fortified its decision by declaring that this policy was to be recognized also as a reprisal for German offences against international law.

To this Germany responded with her proclamation of a blockade of Britain to begin in February, a submarine blockade, further strengthened by the wholesale sowing of mines. She announced a policy of sowing mines within the waters of Britain, sinking belligerent merchantmen on sight, and warned neutrals against entering these waters lest they should be the victims of accidents. In this first declaration there was no suggestion of "ruthlessness" so far as neutral ships were concerned.

But such a policy not only did violence to all international law regulating blockades, but also was perilous alike to non-contraband goods of neutrals carried in belligerent bottoms and to the lives of American and other neutral citizens travelling upon passenger ships flying belligerent flags. In both cases, too, it was an invasion of the unquestioned rights of neutrals, although not more serious than certain British invasions, save in a single circumstance. It involved the lives of neutrals, whereas the British acts involved only property and even there left an opportunity for redress in British prize courts.

As between the sinking of belligerent merchant ships and passenger boats there was a distinction which might have been established in the neutral minds had Germany permitted the matter to await argument before going further. International law as it existed was based upon conditions that obtained in the Civil War era. Then the ability of the

warship, having captured a prize, to take it to port; the opportunity for searching suspected merchantmen, and for manning them with prize crews were unmistakable. But between 1864 and 1914 a half century had elapsed, and the whole machinery of marine warfare had changed while the precepts of international law governing this warfare remained unmodified.

By Britain's blockade, which had taken on illegal features and was patently destined to transgress still further international law, the whole civilian population of Germany was threatened with starvation. In the submarine Germany possessed a weapon which might enable her to strike back. Was she estopped from using it because international law had been compiled before the submarine became a detail in war? That she should be prevented from employing this against belligerent merchantmen, despite the incidental added risk in the case of the crews of such vessels, was manifestly unfair. The submarine could not, like the old sailing ship of war or the steam craft of the Civil War period, put a prize crew aboard a merchantman; it could not take off the prize's crew because it had no room to house it. Moreover, it was itself in deadly peril, by reason of its fragility, if such merchant ships as crossed its pathway did as they were promptly to do, namely arm themselves with guns sufficiently powerful to dispose of a submarine.

Therefore, when Germany did actually put into practice her threatened policy in the matter of enemy merchant marine—as one distinguished British naval authority, Sir Percy Scott, in a memorable statement, had forecast before the war—there was no clear and immediate reaction in neutral nations. The solemn warning of the President of the United States, evoked by the Berlin proclamation of this "blockade" and indicative of a determination on the part of the American Government to defend the lives of its citizens and to hold Germany to "strict accountability" for any injury to American shipping, was not accepted in America as covering the case of British and French merchant ships. It was felt at once to be designed to meet the case of American ships and American sailors navigating them, and to belligerent passenger

ships carrying American citizens to Europe, since the rapid decay of American merchant marine, due to unintelligent shipping laws, had almost compelled Americans having business in Europe to travel by foreign passenger craft, as the Germans themselves well knew.

And in the early days of this first submarine campaign, while merchant ships of the Allies were the sole victims and the Allied press was filled with denunciations of the Germans as pirates and murderers, American and other neutral opinion remained calm. Between the two belligerent principles, both illegal, both violating all the letter if not the spirit of international law, the neutrals did not feel themselves called upon to choose, and the United States signalized its attitude by addressing an identic note to Great Britain and to Germany protesting against injuries suffered at the hands of both.

So far then the German submarine campaign encountered no great obstacle, but, on the other hand, it accomplished no great result. Merchant ships were sunk, but not in impressive numbers. British seaborne trade was not paralyzed. American munitions continued to pour into Britain and France, and Kitchener's new armies were in part equipped in America, while for France and England, America became the farm and the factory. More than this, the Germans could suspect a growing tendency in America, as the trade of the country with their enemies expanded, to endure hardships and wrongs incident to Allied policies, to permit Allied interference with German-American trade, when Allied-American trade was more and more occupying all the industrial establishments of the nation and promising profits beyond the dreams of avarice.

III. "RUTHLESSNESS"

In this posture Germany was led to an extension of her submarine policy which had fatal consequences. Always in the German mind there appears to linger the notion that it is possible to accomplish by terror what cannot be achieved by the more familiar and legitimate methods of international intercourse. Now it seems clear that the Germans concluded that by extending their submarine campaign to include all belligerent ships—there was still no direct suggestion of an attack upon

neutral vessels—the results would terrify neutrals and above all Americans into submission to German will and bring them to the prohibition of trade with the Allies.

So far the Germans had found the neutral world resigned, if not complaisant, in the face of their invasion of neutral rights. Could they not expect that this temper would endure—since to the German mind it was due in no small degree to fear of German might—if their submarines attacking British passenger ships should demonstrate in a striking and unmistakable manner the reality of their submarine threat, now become a little discredited in neutral minds? And the sinking of a few passenger ships, of some great and famous boat, would it not have an effect upon public opinion not to be exaggerated, an effect well-nigh necessary in the dark moments before the great German victories of 1915 began?

The flaw in all this reasoning was in the inability of the German to recognize that while nations can submit to many injustices and permit many of their rights to be invaded, no nation, save in a condition of absolute helplessness, can endure the murder of its own citizens and take no step to check the policy which involves their murder.

That the United States would take any drastic step against Germany, as long as her aggressions were aimed only at belligerent merchant ships, was always unlikely. Even in the case of American ships there was a plain disposition to accept apology and indemnity, where the injury had been manifestly or even apparently the result of mistake and not of design. But never at any time was there any real possibility that the United States would permanently tolerate that its citizens, travelling in strict accordance with their rights, be murdered upon the high seas, even if as an alternative the United States had to enter the war. To something approaching piracy the American Government did submit, both in the case of Britain and of Germany, but to murder it could not submit, and when the Germans at last definitely adopted a policy of murder the United States entered the war.

The decision of the Germans in the matter of unrestrained submarine operations is one of the great incidents of the war. It takes rank with

the invasion of Belgium. It was born of similar ideas and it led to similar results. The condition of modern land war, the development of French defence, had left Germany but one avenue of attack upon France promising swift victory, and she took it. The invasion of Belgium made British entrance into the war certain. British sea power left Germany but one weapon on the ocean—the submarine. She took it, and, by employing it in a ruthless fashion, brought the United States and other neutrals actively into the war at the moment when a favourable peace was not beyond her reach, and war-weary Allied nations were only roused to new determination by the arrival of American ships and soldiers in France.

Like the invasion of Belgium, the first German submarine campaign, which covers the period we are to examine, failed to achieve its main purpose. Had it been restricted to merchantmen it could not have succeeded at this stage, but there would have been a very real possibility that the United States might have come to grave disagreements with British sea power and even to the point of embargoing war munitions. After the submarine policy had been expressed in the *Lusitania* Massacre there never was a chance of this, and the United States marched surely, if unwittingly, to the declaration of April 6, 1917. But it is useful to recall that until this crime, German submarine warfare upon the merchant marine of belligerents failed to arouse American anger and seemed one of the injuries incident to a world conflict, which should be endured by a nation resolved to remain outside the struggle. In the Napoleonic Wars both England and France behaved toward us even more outrageously than the Germans before the *Lusitania* crime, and between the German and Allied policies there was a difference in method rather than spirit, since both were equally regardless of international law and neutral rights.

IV. AMERICA AND GERMANY

Between April, 1915, and February, 1916, the period in which the submarine played only a minor part, its depredations were not serious, its potentialities were hardly appreciated, and the British naval authorities were too easily satisfied by their apparent success in dealing with

the menace. Neither on land nor on sea was the effect of this new engine of real weight.

Yet the consequences of the unrestricted use of the submarine were ultimately to raise an issue between the United States and Germany which led to war. When the year 1915 opened no man could safely forecast the ultimate course of American policy. The British decision to forbid the transport of foodstuffs to German ports, announced in a decree of February 2, raised instant protest in America. The German response of February 4, proclaiming the war zone, transformed the problem from a quarrel between America and the Allies to a dispute between the United States and both coalitions. The Anglo-French response of March 1, which interdicted all seaborne commerce with Germany, temporarily gave to the Allies the larger share of American resentment.

It is only after the *Lusitania* Massacre of May 7 that the tide definitely turns in America, that the question at issue between the United States and Germany excludes from real discussion the disputes between the United States and the Allies. After May 7 Germany becomes more and more involved, while the Allies are less and less impeded by American protest or American indignation. Presently the whole question becomes German-American and the United States more and more assumes the position of insisting that Germany shall, no matter what the cost to herself, abandon a policy jeopardizing American lives and property.

All this belongs to the narrative of America's relation to the war. Yet it is essential to recognize that, in the period that we are to review now, Germany lost the chance of utilizing American insistence upon the rights of neutrals as a weapon to break down British blockade. She lost it by her submarine campaign and she lost it forever by the *Lusitania* crime. Her first submarine campaign thus cost her all hope of American aid, aid to come by an American defence of international law; her second submarine campaign led straight to war with America.

We know now that Germany was forced into the first campaign by Admiral Tirpitz and a few of his associates, who exaggerated the possible achievement of the submarine fleet. We know now that wiser statesmen

objected to the campaign, not because of any tenderness of heart, but because they believed the profit would not balance the loss, since the German submarine fleet was too small to obtain any real success. We know now that, in the end, in the spring of 1916, this unrestricted submarine warfare was abandoned temporarily, because it had been proved that Germany could not pursue it further without bringing the United States into the war and because at that date she had but few submarines available. Presently we shall see the British people and their naval authorities convinced that Germany had abandoned the first campaign because of the achievement of the British fleet, and had only used American dangers as a pretext, and later we shall see how mistaken were these Englishmen and how costly their complacency proved.

In the second phase of the war, German use of the submarine led to grave consequences without considerable profit. On the material side it insured to the Allies all the resources of American factories and mines, since it abolished all chance of an embargo following a dispute between Washington and London over patently illegal British use of sea power. On the moral side it transformed the character of the war in the neutral mind. Thus May 7, the morning of the *Lusitania* Massacre, is a date memorable in the history of the war; memorable therefore in all human history. Off Old Head of Kinsale, as before Liége, Germany invoked the law of necessity, and as the former crime roused Britain, the latter eventually stirred the United States.

Here, after all, is the real significance and the only actual achievement of the first submarine campaign. It did not bring Great Britain to her knees, as the violation of Belgian territory had not resulted in the destruction of France. It merely enlisted a new enemy where it sought to conquer an old antagonist. Again the greatest price of their "terribleness" was destined to be paid by Germans.

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THE BURNING OF AN ALLIED FOOD SHIP

This steamer was set on fire by a German U-boat commander. The picture was reproduced from a German newspaper. It was part of the consistent German effort to cheer up the German people by attempting to prove to them the efficiency of the ruthless submarine campaign.

/ WHY U-BOAT COMMANDERS DO NOT ALWAYS REPORT—I

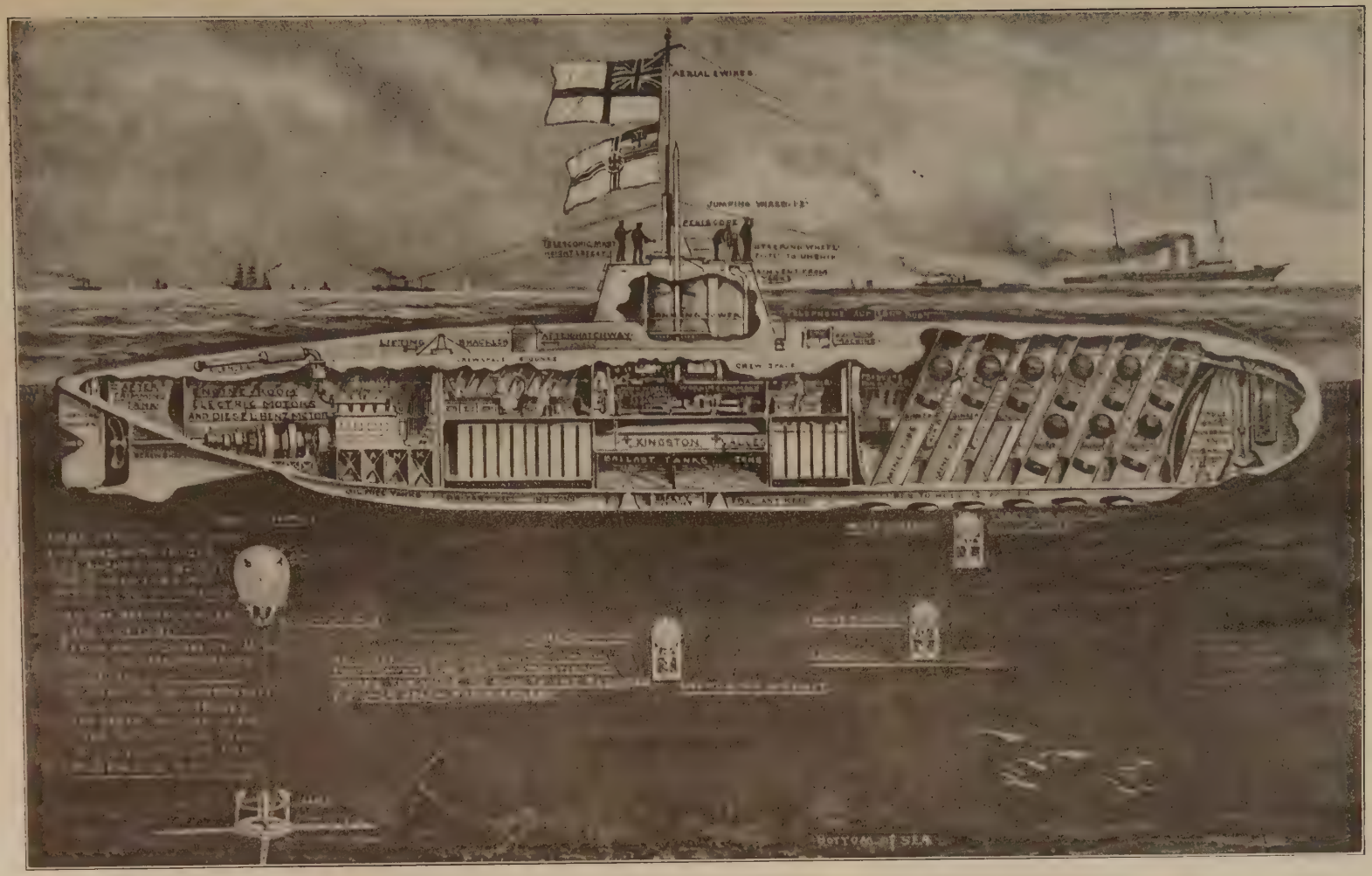
An interesting scene in the submarine drama as enacted in the Mediterranean. The ship from which the photograph was taken fired a shot at a German submarine. The shell is seen breaking over the spot where the U-boat submerged. A French hydroplane and a submarine chaser are manoeuvring for an attack on her in case she reappears.

WHY U-BOAT COMMANDERS DO NOT ALWAYS REPORT—II

A disabled German submarine which was cast ashore, and broke her back on the French side of the Straits of Dover

U-BOAT INTERIORS—I

Cross-section of a German submarine captured at Pas-de-Calais. She is far more comfortable and less crowded than the mine-layer shown on the opposite page



U-BOAT INTERIORS—II

The densely packed interior of the German submarine mine-layer *U. C. 5* Captured by the British navy in the English Channel, she was loaned to the United States for use in the Second Liberty Loan Campaign. She was cut into three sections and carried across the Atlantic on a steamer. On her arrival at New York, she was set up in Central Park for the inspection of prospective buyers of Liberty Bonds.

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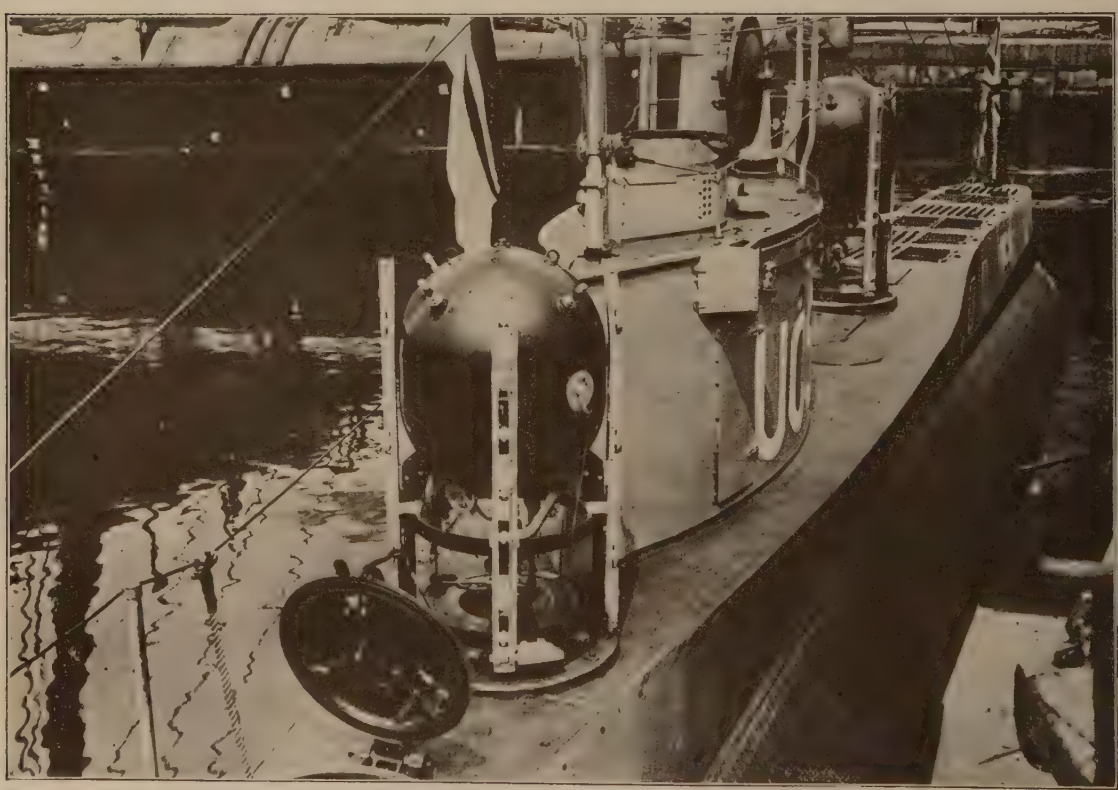
AN ENGLISH SUBMARINE

She is running high in the water, with practically all her crew on deck and in the conning-tower



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THE GERMAN SUBMARINE MINE-LAYER *U. C. 5*

A cross-section of the interior of this vessel may be seen on the preceding page. Two mines are visible on her deck in this picture. She can carry twelve more in the six tubes in her forward hold, as shown in the other picture

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KING GEORGE INSPECTS A BRITISH SUBMARINE

The sea is rough and the King is feeling cautiously for the top step of the companion ladder

A SUBMARINE IN A SEAWAY

Looking aft from the conning-tower of a British U-boat in the North Sea, where it is often rough going for submarines travelling on the surface

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A BRITISH SUBMARINE THAT PASSED THE DARDANELLES MINES

The crew of the British *E 11* are being cheered by comrades on another British vessel, as the *E 11* returns from a venture into the mine-strewn waters of the

CHAPTER SIX

THE BATTLE OF THE DUNAJEC

I

THE EASTERN SITUATION

On May Day, 1915, a huge German army under Field Marshal von Mackensen attacked the Russian army commanded by a Bulgarian general, Radko Dimitrieff, and standing between the Dunajec and Biala rivers, some thirty miles east of Cracow, well-nigh destroyed it and began that long offensive which was not to end until German armies had penetrated deeply into Russian territory, taken Warsaw and Brest-Litovsk, and temporarily paralyzed Russian military power.

The Battle of the Dunajec is the second of the great conflicts of the war—the Marne, the Dunajec, and Verdun. These are the great struggles of the first three years and in many respects the Dunajec must rank after the Marne, while viewed from the standpoint of the present hour it seems certain to prove one of the truly decisive battles of human history, for by this disaster were sown the seeds of that Russian Revolution which was to come less than two years later. It marked the decisive step toward the overthrow of the Romanoff dynasty and the consequent total transformation of the character and prospects of the war on the eastern front and, in a sense, of the whole war. Just as the Battle of the Marne supplies the central unity of the first phase of the war, the Dunajec furnishes the same central point for the second. All the campaigns and all the important developments derive their chief significance from this great struggle, which (so remote did the Galician field seem to the world at the moment) appeared insignificant beside the barren trench struggles about the ruins of Ypres.

The conditions under which this battle were fought are simply told. From the Battle of Lemberg onward Germany had sought steadily to bolster up the shaken Austrian armies. She had endeavoured by one

costly offensive after another, directed at Warsaw from her own territory, to relieve the pressure upon her ally, throw the Russians back behind the middle Vistula and the Niemen, and compel them to give over their great effort to crush Austria. None of these efforts had been a complete success nor yet a total failure. The victories of Hindenburg at Tannenberg and the Masurian Lakes had taken a terrible toll of Russian troops. Russian victories over the Austrians at Lemberg and afterward just missed dealing the final blow to the Hapsburg armies because of German aid promptly given and efficiently administered.

But long before spring came the Germans had recognized that it was no longer possible to save Austria by offensives directed from Breslau, Posen, or East Prussia upon Warsaw. They had perceived, too, that it was not going to be possible to renew their bid for a decision in the west until they had settled with Russia by inflicting a sweeping and complete defeat upon the Czar's armies, which should eliminate them from the reckoning and might procure a separate peace by producing such a revolution within Russia as would dispose of the Slav enemy for the duration of the war. At the least they were now determined to drive the Russian armies from Austrian territory and so disorganize their military establishment as to gain time and opportunity to go west again.

Having resolved that their major campaign for 1915 should be made in the east the Germans had to decide at what point they would make their main offensive. The failures along the Niemen-Narew-Bobr line from Grodno to the Vistula, the bloody repulses on the Bzura-Rawka front, had exhausted the possibilities on the north and in the centre. Despite all efforts, these attacks had been repulsed and Russian pressure upon Austria had continued. Nor was there a more shining opportunity to be found far to the south on the Rumanian frontier. To attack here was still to permit the Russian pressure, the main thrust at Hungary, to continue. Equally unattractive was the front along the Carpathians, for here the Russians, even were they driven back, would be able to maintain a long and costly defence in the Dukla and Lupkow Passes, possessing communications behind them and already holding

the crests of the range along the portion of the mountain front which was available for operations.

The decision of the Germans was therefore for the front between the Carpathians and the Vistula, where the Russian line, having made the great "elbow" west of the Dukla Pass, ran straight to the north. Could they break the Russian line here, the Germans would threaten the rear and communications of the armies fighting along the Carpathians, particularly that of Brusiloff. Here they might hope to achieve, as they did in fact almost achieve, another Sedan, but they could be assured that in any event a successful penetration of the Dunajec line would cause the collapse of the whole Russian front from the upper Vistula to Rumania, with the consequent liberation of most of Galicia.

II. GERMAN TACTICS

The method by which the German sought to attain his goal is of supreme interest because it reveals a new form of warfare. It was repeated in every detail at Verdun and in a modified form at the Somme, and an examination of the system sheds invaluable light on the later struggle. It represented the application of new weapons and new discoveries to the art of war and it is a landmark in military history, on the scientific side. All the battles that came after this struggle for the next two and a half years were in the main of the same type.

At Neuve Chapelle Field Marshal Sir John French had almost achieved a major success, the actual breaking of the German line by means of massed artillery bombardment. On a front of less than a mile he had concentrated three hundred guns. The storm from this artillery, the "drum fire" of this unprecedented concentration, had swept away the German trenches and the German barbed wire. The road to Lille had been open for hours after this tornado of shells and it was the failure of reserves to arrive that had spoiled the best chance the Allies were to have for more than two years to break the German line from Switzerland to the sea.

The method of French was now adopted by Mackensen, but it was magnified to colossal proportions. In place of three hundred guns, the

Germans transported to western Galicia not less than two thousand, many of them of the heaviest calibre, and behind them they massed a head of shells previously unprecedented in war. What Sir John French had done to a mile of German front in Flanders, Mackensen now purposed to do to many miles of the Russian front. Nor was this all. Having broken the lines before him he purposed, still moving his heavy artillery forward, to continue to break down and destroy each successive line on which the Russians might rally. He had thus fashioned a mobile battering ram.

And behind the ram were many corps of the best German troops. For this campaign the pick of German first-line troops had been selected. The army that Mackensen commanded was probably, given its size, the best army that Germany had put into the field, for despite heavy losses her military machine had not yet begun to break down through wastage of its officers and annihilation of its youth.

The mission of this army of attack, Mackensen's "phalanx" as it presently came to be described, was to finish the work begun by the guns, to stamp out the last feeble resistance, and sweep on as a wave might rush through a dike already undermined by dynamite. There was no intention that this army should extend its front; it had no part in the work of the flanks; it had no part in the work of the regular forces holding the line before it attacked. Its mission was to batter its way, steadily, irresistibly, through the Russian positions, always attacking on the narrow front which could be prepared by the guns.

The effect of this strategy is easy to grasp. Right and left of the sector attacked Russian armies stood firm, even took the offensive, but the Russians could not concentrate guns or munitions to meet this main thrust and each time they endeavoured to stand before it their line was crumpled up under the storm of shells that fell upon it. And when this line had crumpled, the "phalanx" pushed through and opened a new breach, which compelled a reorganization of all the Russian front to conform to the retreat of the army which yielded to the main German thrust.

Time and again Russian armies north and south of Mackensen's

THE RUSSIAN FRONT WHEN THE DUNAJEC BEGAN

White arrow shows the point chosen by Mackensen for the attack of his mobile battering-ram

operative front swept forward, defeated and drove German and Austrian troops, winning victories of considerable magnitude, taking thousands of prisoners, but always on the morrow of such successes they were faced with the fact that this Mackensen "phalanx" had pushed forward over another barrier, broken the Russian centre between the mountains and the Vistula at a new point, and the wings had to retire to keep their alignment with the centre.

Actually there was something glacierlike in this German advance. It was necessarily slow, because the guns could only move short distances in any day, and the transport of munitions became more and more difficult as the Russians destroyed the roads and bridges, but it was always irresistible, it was always beyond Russian resources to halt it, until the hour when it passed the Russian frontier and reached a region destitute alike of good roads and good railroads; then it came to a halt of a necessity. But by this time its work had been done and the task that remained fell to other armies and in another field.

III. THE GREAT BLOW

When the great blow fell the position of three Russian armies immediately affected was this: North of the Vistula the army of General Evarts stood behind the Nida River, which enters the Vistula from the north near the point where the Dunajec flows in from the south. His troops had enjoyed quiet for a long time and had no further mission at the moment than to hold the sector entrusted to them. South of the Vistula was the army of Dimitrieff, standing behind the Dunajec before Tarnow and thence behind the Biala, right down to the Carpathians. It, too, was charged with a defensive mission merely. The army of Brusiloff, which made junction with Dimitrieff's in the foothills of the Carpathians, faced south, not west as did the other two, and was fighting its way into Hungary. It had forced the Dukla and Lupkow passes and its victorious troops were already almost within sight of the Hungarian plain. This army was the hammer of the Russian military establishment, and Allied capitals all too easily believed that, since it had now passed the crests of the range, the road to Budapest and Vienna lay open to it.

Przemysl had fallen on March 22; the Russian troops which had thus been released had in the main been sent to Brusiloff, and on May 1 he was still advancing; his army was still victorious, yet it was possible to detect a slowing down. Russian progression in the Battle of the Carpathians was never actually ended until the Battle of the Dunajec

THE BATTLE OF THE DUNAJEC, MAY, 1915

A shows position of General Evarts north of the Vistula.
B shows where Dimitrieff's army was practically destroyed by Mackensen's "phalanx."
C shows position of Brusiloff's army which just managed to escape destruction.
Lines 1, 2, and 3 show the positions successively occupied by the Russians; and the *dotted line* shows the resistless advance of Mackensen's "phalanx."

compelled Brusiloff to flee a field of victory to escape ruin in consequence of disaster elsewhere, and yet the strain upon Russia of eight months of campaign had been tremendous; Russian supplies of munitions were already beginning to dry up and were presently to fail at the crucial moment.

At first only Dimitrieff's army was involved in the German attack. Its position was exceedingly good. It had before it the Dunajec River and then the Biala, an affluent coming down out of the mountains. Both streams were in flood as a result of spring thaws. The lines had been very thoroughly fortified and had withstood heavy attacks in the past. Indeed, so successfully had they withstood attack that Dimitrieff

had been led into a fatal error and had prepared no positions to the rear, although the Wislok and the Wistok rivers, behind him, offered equally good fronts on which to withstand German attack if the Dunajec line should be forced.

Despite the belief at the time, the Russian army at the Dunajec was by no means lacking either in munitions or guns. It had the fair allowance of a Russian army, but this allowance was totally inadequate to face the German concentration. In addition, Dimitrieff had behind him admirable railroad and highway lines. Two trunk lines, one connecting Cracow with Lemberg via Tarnow, the other running from Gorlice to Stryj, supplied his rear. No position of the whole Russian front seemed in the closing days of April, 1915, better calculated to hold, and no general had a better reputation than the soldier who had broken Turkish armies at Lule Burgas and won new laurels in the Lemberg campaign.

Yet on May Day this army was almost totally destroyed by the first German attack. The Teutonic artillery had been concentrated before Gorlice, which, for the Germans, gives its name to the battle. Under a bombardment estimated to have consumed 700,000 shells the whole Russian lines of defence collapsed, the trenches were levelled, the barbed-wire entanglements destroyed; under the terrible shell-fire the Russian troops died in great numbers. Their resistance was not merely broken—it was destroyed—and at the end of the first day Dimitrieff's army had almost ceased to exist. Only broken detachments were flowing back eastward toward the Wislok. The road was open to Mackensen's "phalanx" and the German infantry, passing to the offensive, forded the Biala and pressed forward.

Was the German attack a surprise? In the main there can be no doubt of it. It was a surprise as Verdun was a surprise. In Galicia, as later in Lorraine, Allied observers had reported German activity. There was a general suspicion that a heavy blow was to fall, but the true magnitude of the blow was not foreseen, could not be foreseen. When it fell it tore the Russian defence into ribbons, just as the later attack tore the French line from Brabant to Ornes into ribbons. On

May 2 and 3 the Russian army was in precisely the state of the French army on February 23 and 24 a year later. Fortunately for France she was able to make a new concentration of men and guns a few miles behind the shattered front and pin down the German advance, thus localizing the struggle to the Verdun sector. This the Russians could not do, and, as a consequence, the effect rapidly extended to adjoining armies.

IV. BRUSILOFF ESCAPES

The position of Brusiloff's army now became one of extreme peril. The collapse of Dimitrieff's army had exposed his flank and rear; the victorious Germans were nearer to his lines of communication than were his main forces, which were far south of the Carpathians. And the German advance was moving rapidly across his rear with the clear purpose to seize these lines of communication and thus encircle him, throwing Mackensen's forces to his rear, while the armies before him in the Carpathians passed to the attack to hold his troops on their front. Yet Brusiloff did escape and his escape is as brilliant as the similar manœuvre of Kluck before Paris, when the German general slipped away from the British and brought his troops back to parry and beat down the deadly thrust of the French north of the Marne and west of the Ourcq.

Had Dimitrieff taken the trouble to prepare a line behind him at the Wislok, there would have been no great danger to Brusiloff and his retreat might have been deliberate, although there is little reason to believe that the Russians could have fought more than a delaying fight at this stream, for the German artillery concentration was too overwhelming to allow sustained resistance by an army as hopelessly outgunned as the Russian. On May 7 the German advance passed the Wislok at the important railroad junction of Jaslo. The next day the Germans were across the Wistok, another river coming north out of the Carpathians parallel to the Dunajec and the Wislok and again offering an advantageous defensive position, had the Russians guarded against defeat. As it was there was little defence, for there were no trench lines.

Brusiloff was now all but enveloped. His position had been a salient at the start and the Germans were almost across the neck of the loop.

He was saved because Russian reserves, concentrated at Przemysl, were pushed out along the upper Wistok and succeeded in halting the German drive for a few hours. This gave Brusiloff just time to slip out of the rapidly tightening noose. He did not get all his troops away; a division was caught, many guns and men were lost; but by May 12 his main forces were behind the San, and the Russian front had been restored. It had been restored in the sense that thenceforth the Germans were to face organized resistance—the days after Dimitrieff's collapse, when they had no real organized force before them, were over. So also was the chance of a supreme success, the capture of the Russian armies in the Carpathians. Only once more, this time at Vilna, were the Russians to face as terrible a danger, and there their escape was much easier.

The end of the second week in May then sees the Russian armies once more in line. Evarts has retired from the Nida to conform to the retreat south of the Vistula. Dimitrieff's army has ceased to exist, but a new army is in position from the Vistula along the San through Jaroslav and Przemysl to the Carpathians.

On this front was fought the Battle of the San, which was a final effort of the Russians to beat down the German thrust, as they had beaten down an Austrian thrust on the same front in the previous year. But the effort was vain. Mackensen had moved his "phalanx" northeastward along the railroad from Gorlice to Jaslo and from Jaslo to Rzeszow, where the branch line joined the main Lemberg-Cracow trunk line. He now forced the passage of the San at Jaroslav and by forcing the line of the San compelled a new Russian retreat, this time to the very gates of Lemberg, to the famous Grodek line, a system of lakes and marshes a few miles west of the Galician capital.

Meantime the Austro-German army, which had been holding Brusiloff in the Carpathians, pushed north and struck in the rear of Przemysl, seeking to encircle it from the south, as Mackensen, having passed the San, aimed at encircling it from the north. In the face of this double thrust the Russians clung to Przemysl until June 2, always, however, with the clear recognition that it must ultimately be abandoned. Six weeks after this stronghold had fallen to Russian arms a Bavarian con-

tingent entered the town, on the heels of the Russian troops who just slipped between the sides of the closing neck of the salient and took the road to Lemberg.

Meantime, counter-offensives, by Evarts north of the Vistula and by Lechitsky on the front of Bukovina, had won smart local successes, but despite large captures of prisoners these operations could not influence the main campaign. The first days of June saw the Russians standing north of the Dniester and east of the Grodek Lakes. All of western Galicia had been lost and German troops were already across the Russian frontier east of the San. The Galician campaign was entering its last phase.

V. LEMBERG

In the Grodek line the Russians occupied the last defensive line covering Lemberg. Of itself the position was impregnable and their southern flank was securely posted behind the Dneister. But if the artillery of Mackensen could not penetrate the swamps and marshes of the Grodek region, there was open to them a road by which they might turn them. Northward from Jaroslav to Rawa Russka ran the railroad down which Russky had come in his great attack of September, 1914. He had turned the Grodek line by coming round the northern end of the swampy country and defeating the Austrians at Rawa Russka. Once he had won a victory about this town, the Austrians had to fall back behind the San.

Mackensen simply reversed the proceeding. He moved from Jaroslav north to Rawa Russka, defeated the Russian troops there by means of his heavy artillery, and then began to turn south toward Lemberg and across the rear of the Russian armies. The threat was sufficient. June 22 the Russian armies left the Galician capital, which they had occupied since the first days of September, 1914. All the vast railroad network was restored to Austrian hands. Galicia was reconquered save for a small strip in the east. First taking up their position behind the Gnila Lipa, the line on which the Austrians had defended Lemberg in the previous year, the Russians presently withdrew behind the Zlota Lipa and then to the Sereth, where at last their retreat in Galicia came to an end.

Thus, in a campaign of less than eight weeks, Germany had freed Galicia. She had retaken more than 30,000 square miles of territory, with all their valuable oil wells and railroad lines. She had deprived Russia of the fruits of eight months of effort. She had destroyed one Russian army and disorganized three. She had abolished the threat to Austria and regained the offensive in the east. The consequences of Austrian defeat at Lemberg in August and September, 1914, ceased to dictate eastern operations. Austria was saved. Russia was now endangered and the campaign in the east had only begun.

Actually the German operation had restored the condition on the eastern front that had existed in the first days of the war. The Warsaw salient, abolished by Russian advance in Galicia, was as it had been when Austria had launched her first blow toward Lublin. The Russians were now in the posture they had foreseen before the war, when they had planned to evacuate Poland and begin their fight along the Bug, a plan temporarily discarded when Germany decided to go west and left to Austria the task of disposing of Russian attacks until German armies had entered Paris and crushed France.

The situation of the Central Powers, however, was vastly different from that of August, 1914. Now Germany had great armies in the east, while on the west she was simply seeking to hold her lines and for this utilizing her great superiority in heavy artillery and machine guns. Now that Mackensen had cleared Galicia, Hindenburg was in a position from which he could assail the Warsaw salient north and south simultaneously and at the same time continue pressure at the centre between Warsaw and Ivangorod.

In the previous year Russia had been able to put good armies in the field reasonably well equipped for a short campaign. But ten months of battle had weakened these armies; their supplies of munitions were rapidly diminishing; there were lacking guns and equipment for new troops ready to take their place in line. In fact, Warsaw and Brest-Litovsk were already doomed and a Russian collapse was to be prevented now only if France and Britain, by attacks on the west front, could divert German guns and German troops to Artois or Champagne

in such numbers as to give the Russians a breathing spell. Only this intervention could deprive Germany of the opportunity to harvest the fruits of her great success, and since no such intervention was possible, the tide of German success was to continue uninterrupted for many months.

The Dunajec was therefore the second of the great battles of the war and one of the memorable contests in all military history. It was a Napoleonic triumph in its proportions and in its conception. It must rank in German military history with Tannenberg. The one saved Prussia; the other first rescued Austria, threatened with invasion and destruction, then brought Russia to the point of collapse and then to revolution. Whatever the final outcome of the war, its effect upon eastern Europe was bound to be decisive. For the House of Romanoff, the Dunajec was as fatal as Leipzig proved for the First Napoleon.

CHAPTER SEVEN

ITALY DECIDES

I

1813–1915

On the morrow of his victories of Lutzen and Bautzen in 1813, Napoleon found himself confronted by a new antagonist. While the French Emperor was still successful in Silesia and Saxony, Austria joined the coalition fighting him. At the moment when their victorious armies were approaching Lemberg, the same thing now happened to Germany and Austria. At the most favourable hour in the conflict since the defeat at the Marne, the Central Powers were confronted by the Italian declaration of war—a declaration directed only at Austria-Hungary, to be sure, but bound to be extended in time to include Germany and, since the fate of Germany was now so inextricably bound up with that of Austria, having the actual effect of a declaration of war upon both Hohenzollern and Hapsburg Empires.

The decision of Italy proceeded from the mass of the people, "from the street," to use the contemptuous phrase of Prince von Bülow, describing the tumultuous crowds which, in the last days of May, 1915, thronged the streets of Milan, of Florence, of Rome itself, clamouring for war against the ancient oppressor of all Italy and against the dynasty which still held under its heavy hand the Italia Irredenta—Trieste and the Trentino. It was the millions who decided the course of Italy in May. Yet these millions after all were but following the course which clear-visioned statesmen had already foreseen. D'Annunzio, hailed by the masses, speaking in terms approaching lyric frenzy as he denounced the "traitors" to Italy who opposed Italian intervention, had but adopted the course which Sonnino, the Prime Minister, after calm reflection and cold judgment, had determined was the only possible course for Italy.

Like Austria in 1813, Italy in 1915 looked out upon a Europe which

was bound to be remade as a consequence of the great struggle that was being waged. Should Italy remain neutral only a drawn battle could save her from actual injury. No matter which of the groups of powers won the war, a neutral Italy would suffer, for if the Allies triumphed, Slav and Greek states, enormously magnified, might occupy the eastern shore of the Adriatic from the Julian Alps to the Strait of Otranto, while if the Central Powers were victorious, Austria would descend to Salonica and Germany occupy Asiatic Turkey as a detail in the Teutonic dream of Mitteleuropa.

From the first days of the conflict—when the proclamation of Italian neutrality permitted the French to withdraw their troops from the Italian frontier, move their garrisons from North Africa and gather up the armies which were just strong enough, given all these advantages, to check the German advance at the Marne—Italy was bound to choose between the two great groups. Permanent neutrality was impossible, save only if the prospect that a victory would escape both contestants should be unmistakable. Nor was there ever any real hope that Italy could with profit to herself play the rôle described by a witty Frenchman as "rushing to the succour of the victor."

And by May, 1915, it was clear that the prospect of a drawn battle was still absent. Fortune had changed and was to change again. Before the Marne a German victory seemed assured. After the close of the western campaign and the concentration of world interest on the eastern front, Austrian defeats suggested a collapse in the Hapsburg Empire. Russia, victorious for the moment, began to discuss the erection along the Adriatic shores of a Jugo-Slavic state, which would include Serbia, Montenegro, Dalmatia, Croatia, and the Istrian shores.

While the war went on, while the decision was still doubtful, both groups of powers were bound to bid for Italian aid, to offer a considerable price, because between the two groups Italy now held the balance of power, but once peace had been restored and the victorious alliance had established its success beyond challenge, it would have no need to consult Italy in drawing its peace terms and no reason to fear an Italian challenge wherever these terms interfered with Italian aspirations.

London and Paris saw this fact only vaguely; the mass of the Italian people did not perceive it at all. Their emotions were roused by ancient wrongs and contemporary grievances. Above all, the intellectual element, the party of youth, was stirred by the fact that, while Italy's unredeemed lands still beckoned, while opportunity to acquire Trieste and the Trentino became more splendid each day, German agents and German representatives, having corrupted Italian politicians and laid hands upon Italian finance and industry, mobilized public men and influential journals in the Peninsula in support of that neutrality which involved the sacrifice of Italian aspirations to German purposes.

In the end the Italian decision was made in an hour of passion hardly to be paralleled in modern history. A Parliament, controlled by corrupt and bureaucratic tools of Germany; a Crown, reluctant to enter a war against a fellow sovereign who had been, until yesterday, an ally and a friend, were swept out of the pathway. Yet when the passion had died away, when the war became a grim and unromantic business and the examination of the Italian decision in the light of sober and matured judgment was made, it was perceived that no other decision had ever been possible and it was recognized that, for once at least, the people had been wiser than many of their leaders and the instinct of a race had asserted itself in wise opposition to the representatives of the people who sat on the Capitoline Hill.

II. YOUNG ITALY

Young Italy of the first years of the Twentieth Century had certain definite aims and aspirations. These were the aspirations of a people, long the subjects of brutal and selfish foreign tyranny, tardily come to independence, and now, after sombre years of domestic hardship and self-discipline, arrived at the point from which they believed they could undertake to achieve for their country abroad a rank to which its population, position, and recent progress gave it title.

In the generation that lay between the occupation of Rome and the close of the last century Italy had time and again seen her position in the world made humiliating through her inability to urge her own claims

with more than passive earnestness. France had shouldered her out of Tunis. Austria had annexed Bosnia. Britain had laid hands upon Egypt and Cyprus and was transforming the Mediterranean into a British lake. Within the Triple Alliance Italy was treated rather as a poor relative than as an equal. Outside of the Alliance, France and Russia, indignant at Italian presence in a hostile group, treated Italian policies and Italian aspirations with contemptuous hostility.

In Abyssinia an Italian effort to erect a colonial empire had met with terrible disaster and Adowa had been a demonstration for Europe of Italian military weakness. Poverty and misery at home, a feeble foreign policy, and an abject subservience to German dictation, this had been the history of Italian affairs from the moment when unity was achieved to the hour when a new century was to usher in a new and for the Italian patriots a happier age.

Looking at the first years of this century it is possible to detect unmistakable evidence of another "*risorgimento*," a new stirring of old dreams, a growing determination to transform the world view of Italy as a museum and a repository of artistic splendour into a recognition of Italy as a virile and contemporary fact in a world of realities. Like Germany, Italy was seeking her "place in the sun"; like Germany, Italy, the Young Italy which was rising, felt a sense of wrong, of shame, in the fact that its country was still great only in their dreams and that its influence was restricted, while more fortunate rivals continued to paint their colours on the maps of Asia and Africa and lay the foundations for future greatness beyond the narrow limits of Europe.

This Young Italy was, in its first days, neither hostile to Germany nor friendly with the enemies of Germany. It was neither Germanophile nor Francophile; it was not even Anglophile as the Young Italy of Mazzini had been. It was intensely national and it dreamed of attaining national objects, whether by alliance with Germany or with France it did not matter. Another generation had won Piedmont with French aid and Venetia with Prussian. The same realistic spirit stirred in the later generation.

Yet when this Young Italy faced the question of how it could attain

its objectives it was clear from the outset that Austria-Hungary must first be removed from the pathway. Whatever else Italy dreamed of—and the group of nationalists who were rising to influence had far-shining visions—it was essential first of all to achieve security at home by possessing the Trentino gateway to the northern plain. Garibaldi in 1866 had invaded the Trentino and looked down upon Trent from the hills, but had been recalled by a timid government. Bismarck had given scant hearing and no comfort to his ally when, after Sadowa, Italy had asked for the restoration of the frontier fixed by Napoleon for his Kingdom of Italy, the frontier which would give to Italy the gateway to her own lands, the gateway by which invasions, from time immemorial, had descended from the Brenner Pass to the Venetian plain.

Nor did the possession of Trent complete the programme of Young Italy for unifying Italy. Across the Isonzo, in the city of Trieste, more than 120,000 Italians were subjected to a brutal and stupid tyranny. Fearful of eventual Italian advance, Austria had sought to destroy Italian claims by submerging Italian-speaking populations in the flood of Slav immigrants who, led by official suggestion and invitation, descended from the mountains and in ever-growing numbers settled in Trieste and in Istria. In the same fashion German-speaking settlers were thrust into the Italian communities of the Trentino. Thus, precisely as Germany by her stupid and harsh procedure in Alsace-Lorraine kept this question always before the world, always in the news of the day for the Frenchman, Austrian cruelty and oppression multiplied these "incidents" by which Italians were constantly reminded of their brethren beyond their frontiers, who still paid that price for race loyalty which had been demanded of Italians in Venice and Milan half a century before.

And as the Pan-German in Prussia did not limit his aspirations to the liberation of German populations beyond his frontiers but also turned his eyes toward regions once included in the German Empires of the past but inhabited by other races than the German and now destitute of all ambition to become German, Young Italy looked southward from Venice along the Dalmatian coast where the ruins of Roman baths

flanked the palaces of Venetian governors, and thence toward the Near East, in whose waters Venice had been supreme and along whose shores Rome had once ruled unchallenged.

French supremacy in North Africa from the Syrtes to the Pillars of Hercules Young Italy had accepted, reserving Tripoli for their share—their meagre share of what had been one of the fairest fields of Roman colonization—but toward the Ægean, toward Asia Minor, toward Smyrna and Alexandretta, the new generation of Italian patriots looked with undisguised ambition. To make the Adriatic an Italian lake, to hold its ports, still bearing Italian names even on that east coast where the Slav wave was more and more submerging the Italian tongue, from Trieste to Valona, this was the dream of the Young Italy which was rising, which was now making its voice heard.

But all such aspirations encountered the ancient enemy in a new position. The House of Hapsburg, pushed back from the Mincio and the Adda, from the old Quadrilateral of Peschiera, Mantua, Verona, and Legnago, still clung to Riva and Trent, Gorizia and Gradisca; still held the eastward gateway between the Julian Alps and the Gulf of Trieste and the southern sallyport of Teutonism, between the Brenner Pass and the upper reaches of Lago de Garda. Vienna, too, was nourishing a dream of a southward march, by the Vardar Valley to Salonica, by the Morava route to the Golden Horn and thence to the Near East by the Hellespont. And behind this Austrian dream, beyond the Hapsburg capacity to realize unaided were the German hand and the German voice, which had bidden Italy abandon her longings for Trieste and had vetoed the Italian aspiration for Valona and an Albanian protectorate.

III. ITALY AND THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE

An ancient wrong, a contemporary grievance, and a clash of aspirations as to the future in the Adriatic and the Ægean, in Albania and Anatolia, thus divided Italy from Austria, while the two states were still allies. Because the bitterness was so great, Count Nigra had affirmed that Italy and Austria could only be open foes or actual allies and for thirty years Italian policy had deemed it wiser, since Italy was incapable

of fighting Austria backed by German arms, to endure the humiliation incident to an alliance rather than to court the disaster which must accompany war.

Yet now, when one comes to examine the reasons for Italy's decision to join the foes of the Central Alliance, it is essential to grasp how completely this Triple Alliance had been for the Italians a marriage of convenience of a truly sordid character. From this alliance Italy could only derive security; for this security she paid the price which was passive adherence to conditions even then well-nigh intolerable and seemingly destined in the future to be fatal to all Italian aspirations. Italy desired to regain her "lost provinces" of Trieste and the Trentino; both were Austrian, and, while Austria showed no intention of parting with the Trentino, which gave her military control in a real sense of the Northern Italian Plain, which gave her the keys to the Valley of the Po and to the great industrial cities of the Savoy Monarchy, Germany and Austria both were necessarily and unequivocally determined to retain Trieste, Austria's sole considerable seaport and the prospective doorway of the Pan-German Mitteleuropa upon the Adriatic Sea.

The Libyan War of 1912 demonstrated unmistakably the futility of Italy's foreign policy. Austria had annexed Bosnia in 1908. France had acquired German consent to her supremacy in Morocco in 1909, after Agadir and in return for "compensations" paid to Germany in the Congo. Italy had long possessed the consent of France, Britain, and Russia to take Tripoli, but when she sought to realize her claim, at least as valid as that pressed by Germany for "compensations" when France took Morocco, the Italians found themselves confronted by the hostility of Germany and by the undisguised threats and menaces of Austria, while the Turkish resistance in Tripoli owed much to German inspiration.

And this Libyan War was, after all, the first clear expression of Young Italy. It was little understood outside of the Italian Kingdom. It was acquiesced in rather than encouraged in London, where many bitter criticisms were voiced by a press still Turcophile. It was accompanied by sharp clashes with France, whose Tunisian interests were

affected and even injured. But the real opposition came from Italy's allies and every Italian step was greeted by protest and angry denunciation. Was it not Bernhardi who wrote in 1911 that wise German policy would have been served by German attack upon Italy and in behalf of Turkey at this juncture?

After the Libyan War the Triple Alliance, as far as Italy was concerned, was dead. When the World War broke, Italy hastened her proclamation of neutrality, thus giving France a real and incalculable advantage. After August, 1914, the single question became for the Italian people one as between neutrality and participation upon the Allied side. To join the Central Powers was almost inevitably to bring them the victory; but that victory meant the consolidation of German power from the Baltic to the Persian Gulf; it meant transforming the Balkans into a Hapsburg appendage; it meant that Austrian rule would descend the Adriatic to Valona; it meant that Greece, ruled by a sovereign who was a German Field Marshal and the brother-in-law of William II, would become a German puppet, and that Bulgaria, controlled by an Austrian Czarlet, would be but the corner stone in the arch that would bear German power from Europe to Asia.

To give of her blood and her treasure in such a cause could bring Italy no reward. There was no one of her ambitions which could be realized, nor was she prepared to listen to the German urgings to face westward and turn her attention to Tunis and to Algeria, to surrender her dreams of rescuing Italian populations along the Adriatic and seek to reclaim Corsica and Nice, which despite their older association with Italy were now contented and patriotic departments of the French Republic. Even if Italy cherished such aspirations, and she did not, German power could not protect her against British fleets, and her own cities and islands were bound to be victims of any such aggression against France, now allied with Britain.

IV. ITALY AND THE GRAND ALLIANCE

On the other hand, what would Italian neutrality achieve with respect to the Grand Alliance against Germany should it triumph?

Certainly it would earn temporary gratitude, a new friendship. Neither the British nor the French would fail to recognize the service rendered even by neutrality. But beyond this they might not go. Russia was sponsor for the Serb dream of a new Jugo-Slavic state, including Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, and on the maps of the Southern Slavs this state included Trieste as well as Cattaro, Fiume as well as Durazzo.

Nothing was more certain than that if the Grand Alliance won the war it would seek to limit and block German advance to the Balkans by the creation of a great Southern Slav confederation along the Adriatic, and such a confederation would have an area equal to that of continental Italy and at no distant date might become a rival on the Adriatic, possessing, as it would, all the good harbours and occupying those islands which are the naval keys to this inland sea. As between the urgings of Russia, which had borne the burden of the battle, and the pleas of an Italy which had remained neutral, could any one doubt what view would prevail in London and in Paris, particularly as it was becoming a cardinal doctrine in Allied policy that a strong Slav state must be created to bar the road of Germany to the Golden Horn?

Nor was this all. Italy looked both to Albania and to the mainland of Asia Minor for her future colonial expansion. But when the Allied fleet approached the Dardanelles, Allied statesmen began to make bids for Greek aid, bids which were favourably heard by Venizelos, though ultimately repulsed by the Kaiser's faithful brother-in-law, the King of Greece. Northern Epirus, the Greek cities of Asia Minor from Smyrna to the Adalian district, already marked by Italy for her own, were profered to the Greeks as the price for sending their army to Gallipoli.

Here again Italy was faced by an unmistakable fact. Greece was her real rival in the Near East. For five centuries the Greeks had cherished the dream of a restoration of the Byzantine Empire, a hope witnessed when their new King took the title of Constantine. Given the Hellenic commercial ability, given the amazing vitality of the race and its capacity to endure and to reassert itself, nothing was more probable than that the Ægean would be turned into a Greek lake when Greece held both Salonica and Smyrna. Nor was it less certain that this new, strong

state, by reason of its association with the Grand Alliance, would receive their guarantee after the war and would become their soldier in the Ægean, as the new Slavic state would be their servant on the Danube and along the Adriatic.

Thus neutrality was for Italy only less perilous than association with the Triple Alliance. If she chose the German way, she sacrificed to Germany and Austria directly all chance of realizing her dreams. If she refrained from all part in the war she was faced with the probability that a victorious Grand Alliance, able to speak with the assurance and in the tone of the victor, would erect new states on the territory which was claimed for Italy and that under the guarantee of the Grand Alliance, these new Slavic and Hellenic states would shortly become capable of defending themselves against all Italian attack, even if the support of the Great Powers were presently withdrawn.

Policy thus fused with patriotic emotion in the Italian decision. The memories of the old struggle for liberty and unity, which had failed to complete the work of restoring Italy, since it left Trieste and the Trentino outside the kingdom, shared in the Italian mind with patriotic aspirations for the future, for the acquisition for Italy of a position commensurate with her present power and worthy of the nation which was the heir of Rome and the residuary legatee of Venice. From the moment when the war broke the old memories and the old wrongs, which had a present phase, made it imposible for the Italians to fight alongside the Austrian and the German, but as Italy's past and present demanded Austro-German defeat, her future required that she should share in Allied victory that she might, once the victory was won, speak as an ally in the congress in which peace terms would be made and claim as one who had bore her share of the burden that portion of the profits which Italian ambitions had already marked out.

It is necessary, at the outset of Italy's operations, to recognize the distinction between her policy and that of the nations whose ally she became. France fought for her life and, once Germany had forced a new war upon her, for her lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. Britain fought for her imperial existence, tardily recognized as the ultimate

target of Germany. Russia had drawn her sword to save Serbia. The Turkish enlistment had raised the question of the Straits and the British and French had agreed to Russian possession at Constantinople. But, save in Turkey, Russian purposes were in the main those of liberation. She sought to free the remainder of Poland, still condemned to German and Austrian rule, to win liberty for the millions of Austrian and Hungarian Slavs, her race brothers, subjected to Teutonic and Magyar yokes.

But Italy, pursuing a policy which aimed at liberating the Italians of Trieste and the Trentino, not less clearly sought objects which were selfish and detrimental to the proper ambitions of the Greek and Serb races. She fixed her eyes upon lands which were peopled by races whose wish was not to be Italian but Hellenic or Slavic. And when the Russian Revolution was followed by a renunciation by the new Russian Government of all territorial ambitions cherished by the previous régime, certain of Italy's aspirations stood out in clear conflict with the spirit of her other Allies, who had adopted and in the main adhered to a programme which sought to liberate many races but to enslave none.

Italian purpose was thus, in a measure, tinged with a German spirit. Young Italy, like New Germany, like the Pan-Germans of Prussia, sought to serve the ends of the greater state they dreamed of, by the sacrifice of the nationalistic ideals of other races. Those who cried up Italy's claim to lands inhabited by race brothers along the Isonzo and the Adige cried down the claims of the Serb for Dalmatia and of the Greek for Northern Epirus and the islands of the Ægean which were far more Hellenic in character and more unitedly desirous of Greek citizenship than were the people of Istria Latin or clamorous for Italian sovereignty. It is necessary then to recognize that, great as was the military advantage incident to Italy's accession to the Allied cause, it necessitated certain compromises, which weakened the Allied cause on the moral side in the eyes of neutral mankind.

Nor is it less essential to recognize that when Italy entered the war her known purposes rallied the Southern Slavs to the House of Hapsburg and the troops which had fought indifferently against the Russian resisted with admirable tenacity and success each Italian assault along the

Isonzo. And in the same fashion, the Italian entrance gave new strength to Constantine in Athens and enabled him, with the support of many Greek patriots already enraged by Italian presence at Rhodes and in the Dodecanese, to prevent Venizelos from putting Greece into the war on the Allied side in the critical days of the following summer, when the fate of Serbia was at stake, as it earlier enabled him to veto the decision of Venizelos to send Greek troops to Gallipoli to aid the British army. Either step, had it been taken by the Greeks, might have changed the whole course of the war in the Balkans.

V. THE MARCH TO WAR

Having now set forth the reasons which made it always inevitable that Italy would one day take her place in the Allied ranks, the actual march of events can be reviewed with little delay. Italy's neutrality had been proclaimed on August 6, 1914. The pact of the Triple Alliance bound the high contracting parties to mutual defence, but the Italians asserted that it had no application in a war that was the result of an Austrian ultimatum designed to provoke war. Since the Italian course had been expected it created no surprise and little bitterness either in Vienna or Berlin.

In the days during which the German armies approached Paris, Italy was condemned to watch with ever-growing anxiety the prospective triumph of an ancient ally, whose course as a victor might be unfriendly toward the nation which had abandoned it at the moment of war. When the German advance was halted and thrown back, this anxiety disappeared. As the probability of a long war grew, it became more and more important that Italy should adopt a definite policy. In December, when Austria invaded Serbia and seemed destined to win a great victory, Italy called attention in Vienna to the provision of the Treaty of the Triple Alliance which asserted that if either Austria or Italy disturbed the *status quo* in the Balkans, the other should be entitled to ask compensation.

But the Austrian disaster at Valievo and the subsequent flight out of Serbia temporarily disposed of this question, although Italy, on Christmas Day, crossed the Straits of Otranto and landed troops at Valona in Albania, a step violently resented in Vienna. During the winter,

while Russian armies continued to advance in Austria, Italian apprehensions were again aroused, this time by the fear lest Austria should collapse and a victorious Russia erect a Southern Slav Confederation along the Adriatic, including lands desired by Italy; and in the spring the sound of Allied guns at the Dardanelles stirred other anxieties not less keen. And all through this time the party which advocated intervention steadily grew stronger in Italy.

Germany sent her ablest diplomat, Prince von Bülow, allied to Italian nobility through his wife, to wage the battle against intervention. To his aid Bülow called all the vast financial agencies which Germany had established in Italy. He bought newspapers and politicians. He conducted a propaganda of colossal proportions. He became in fact almost a master of Italian affairs, and his success was in the end his ruin. The spectacle of a German controlling their public men, their press, and their policy eventually roused the Italians, and Bülow was presently greeted with the old Garibaldian hymn: "Stranger, begone out of Italy."

Again and again the Sonino-Salandra cabinet informed Vienna that Italian neutrality could not be maintained if Austria declined to make any concession in the matter of Trieste and the Trentino. Bülow himself undertook to persuade Austria to yield and ultimately Vienna grudgingly offered to cede a portion of the Trentino, including Trent, the delivery to be made at the close of the war as a reward for Italian neutrality.

To this Rome replied on April 8 by what amounted to an ultimatum, in which Italy demanded immediate possession of the Trentino, the separation of Trieste and its adjoining district from the Hapsburg Empire, and the cession of certain Adriatic islands. Trieste was to be constituted a neutral state between Italy and Austria.

To this Austria made no satisfactory response. Accordingly, on April 24, Italy at last made her arrangement with the Allies and on May 3 denounced the Triple Alliance. The end was now in sight.

At this moment Italy was seized by a patriotic emotion which can hardly be paralleled in history. The anniversary of the sailing of Garibaldi and his Thousand was at hand. D'Annunzio returned to Italy, the prophet and apostle of intervention. The country was filled

with patriotic demonstrations, the cities were nightly the scenes of processions and of outbursts. More and more the spirit of the masses was becoming inflamed.

At this moment Bülow played his last card. Giolitti, the political master of the Italian Parliament, returned to Rome from seclusion. The man who had made and unmade cabinets, who possessed a political machine surpassing any similar American institution, journeyed to the capital for the purpose of overthrowing the Sonino-Salandra Cabinet, accepting new concessions from Austria, which Bülow had provided, and preserving Italian neutrality. Three quarters of the members of the Italian parliamentary body were his own. He controlled the prefects of the various provinces. He was backed by all the financial and industrial institutions which had German sympathies or were under German control.

What followed amounted to a bloodless revolution. The Sonino-Salandra Cabinet, conscious of Giolitti's strength and of his ability and purpose to upset and repudiate their agreement with the Allies made on April 24, resigned. Giolitti saw the King, but at this moment the Roman populace, fired by D'Annunzio's addresses, took charge. In a few hours the streets of the Eternal City were filled with thousands of citizens marching to the music of Garibaldi's hymn and boldly proclaiming that there would be war or revolution. The very safety of the House of Savoy was challenged when the masses came to believe that the King had joined Giolitti in his effort to avoid war.

In a few hours Giolitti was on his way back to the north, a political exile; the Sonino-Salandra Cabinet had been restored and the vote of confidence of Parliament had underwritten its agreement with the Allies. Italian policy had been dictated by "the Street," as Bülow now declared. On May 23 Italy was at war with Austria.

VI. A GREAT VICTORY

The entrance of Italy into the war was a great victory for the Allies and almost a disaster for the Central Powers. Although Berlin and Vienna had long foreseen this eventuality, when it arrived its effect was not less considerable. It robbed the victory of the Dunajec of

much of its meaning. It inevitably postponed the arrival of a decision and thus diminished the chance of German victory. It forecast the day when Italy would extend her declaration of war to include Germany and thus complete the forging of an iron circle about the Fatherland, as it now closed Italian ports to neutral ships which had hitherto brought copper and other materials necessary to German munition making. It gave to the war the character of the earlier Napoleonic struggles, when the whole continent rallied against France.

The Italian army, numbering more than 700,000 on a war footing and capable of almost indefinite expansion—given Italy's population of 35,000,000—had been reorganized since the outbreak of hostilities the previous year. Lacking still in heavy guns and in the machinery of war—which democratic nations can purchase only after war has come and can be acquired in peace only by an autocratic state like Prussia, preparing for an attack upon its neighbours—it was still an accession of manifest importance; while the efficient and considerable Italian navy was able at once to take over a portion of the task of the French fleet, which had watched at the entrance to the Adriatic Sea.

On the other hand, the Allies naturally exaggerated the immediate effect of Italian intervention. They did not rightly estimate the strength of the barrier fortresses which Austria had constructed nor accurately appraise the obstacles in the way of Italian progress. Nor did they at first understand that Austria, long expecting the attack, had kept her troops on the Italian border on a war footing and was ready for the attack when it came. Equally unknown to them was the fact that Austrian Slav troops would be rallied to the Hapsburg throne by the Italian attack and that out of these elements, next to worthless in the face of Russian troops, Austria would be able to fashion armies which, aided by heavy artillery, would check and subsequently defeat the Italians at the Isonzo and before Trieste.

These miscalculations led to grave disappointments and some unjust criticism as the war proceeded and Italy did not arrive at Trieste or Laibach. Since Austria had made provision against the Italian assault before the Dunajec campaign was undertaken, when it came she did

not have to recall troops immediately from the east. Italy's decision consequently failed to change the course of the Galician or Polish operations. Entering the war after the disaster of the Dunajec, Italy could not save Russia; and to expect this was unfair.

The failure of Italy to participate in the Gallipoli campaign and in the subsequent Balkan operation led to equally unjust criticism. Much of this was stilled when the Austrians made their great offensive through the Trentino the following spring and almost reached the Venetian plain. Then at last something of the Italian problem began to dawn upon the Allied publics. The Italian failure to declare war upon Germany gave just ground for complaint; the obvious clash between Italian and Serb ambitions and the coldness of Italian sentiment toward the Southern Slavs awakened resentment. Yet Italy not unnaturally reserved the right, having entered the war with fixed objects and with definite ends to attain, to pursue her course and serve her own interests first. In the end, this lack of mutual coöperation and of common purpose brought Italy to the edge of ruin in the closing weeks of 1917, but at the outset it merely checked the Allied enthusiasm at Italy's entrance into the war.

As for the Italian campaign of 1915, it was marked by no event of great importance. Along the Trentino and at the Isonzo, after brilliant initial advances, the Italian troops were brought up before the permanent lines of Austrian defence and thereafter made only inconsiderable progress. These operations and the whole field of Austro-Italian fighting will be discussed in the later phase, wherein real Italian progress begins, but in the period now under review Italy's service consisted in permanently fixing some hundreds of thousands of Austrian troops on the southwest, putting a new burden upon Austrian munitions and man-power and thus accelerating Austrian exhaustion. She was unable to do more, nor were France and Britain able to achieve much greater results in their 1915 offensive. And if the results of Italy's enlistment were thus disappointing, by her entrance a possible foe became for the Allies a help instead of a peril, and if the immediate value of the military aid was exaggerated the moral value could not be.

CHAPTER EIGHT

GALLIPOLI

I

ANOTHER SICILIAN VENTURE

Athens, facing a terrific struggle in the Greek peninsula, listened to the specious pleadings of Alcibiades and sent her best troops and her great fleet westward to Sicily to seek there a brilliant victory. The daring gamble failed, the army and ships were lost, and as a result Athens fell before Sparta. In the Gallipoli venture Britain was now to make, there was a fair parallel with the Athenian blunder and there was about Winston Churchill, who was responsible for the decision, much that would suggest Alcibiades.

To send old ships which, even if lost, would not change the naval situation was a legitimate gamble, given the profits that would accrue could the Straits be forced. But when the gamble turned out badly then was the point when British statesmanship and Allied strategy should have abandoned it. Yet the lure of Byzantium remained to tempt those who could not perceive that the war was to be won or lost upon the western front and that effective aid to Russia, now in danger, could come only along the front between the Channel and Switzerland.

Subsequent Parliamentary investigations have revealed the confusion and blindness which prevailed in British Cabinet circles when the Gallipoli campaign was adopted. Voices of warning were not lacking; naval and military authorities did not hesitate to remonstrate; but the words of the politician overbore those of the soldier. Sir John French, in the trenches, begging for men and munitions to hold a line still imperfectly manned, still lacking in guns and above all in high-explosive shells, could not make his appeals heard in the Cabinet Council. The stern warnings of Joffre were unheeded; even Kitchener succumbed to the civilian strategist. The result was one of the great blunders of military

history, hardly equalled since that of Athens and destined to have evil consequences hardly less considerable.

The fallacy of the Gallipoli undertaking is patent. To defend a narrow peninsula, Turkey had not less than a quarter of a million veteran troops, armed, equipped, and officered by Germans. These troops were close to their base and could be munitioned and reinforced with little difficulty, while Allied troops had to be transported for more than a thousand miles by sea and their advanced bases in Egypt and Lemnos were separated from the field of operations by many miles of submarine-infested waters.

But the main obstacle lay in men and munitions. For this great undertaking Britain could not muster more than 120,000 men and the French wisely declined to send any but colonial troops, since they were still facing a foe on their own soil. Outnumbered two to one in any event, the British had no reserves at hand to supply the wastage, and such troops as would later become available would have to be diverted from the western front. There was no chance of a surprise, for the March effort to force the seaward gates of Constantinople and the delay following the defeat and withdrawal of the naval forces, had allowed more than a month for Turkish armies and German engineers to prepare for the next blow.

Looking backward it is easy to perceive that, had the troops squandered on Gallipoli been put in on the western front, the early British operations about La Bassée might have prospered and the autumn offensive at Loos might have resulted in the piercing of the German line and the consequent relief of Russian armies, by this time on the edge of ruin. The Gallipoli venture, first and last, used up not less than a quarter of a million of British troops and cost more than a hundred thousand casualties on the British side alone. For the Allies it became precisely what Spain was for Napoleon in his last years—an open sore, ever demanding more troops, ever eating up more of his resources in men and supplies, yet never offering any possibility of compensating advantages.

In Berlin the decision of the British to go to Gallipoli was hailed with

the same enthusiasm which Napoleon had displayed toward similar ventures of the British in the early wars of his period, when British armies and fleets were scattered all over the world and thus removed from the decisive field, which was Europe. Germany had embarked upon a campaign to crush Russia. She had assigned to her armies in the west the defensive mission, which was comprehended in the task of holding their own front. She had stripped these armies of every division and gun that could be safely spared to give Mackensen his great force. That the British should send their troops away from this western front and thus make the task of the German defensive the easier was a piece of good luck hardly to have been expected.

II. POSSIBLE PROFIT

Those who defended the Gallipoli venture at the moment and subsequently, insisted that it had a fair chance of success and that this success, if attained, would have changed the whole course of the war. It was argued that Egypt could better be defended at Gallipoli than at Suez and that pressure upon the Turks at the Dardanelles would relieve the Russian armies on the Armenian front. To open the Straits was to break down the blockade of Russia, to send munitions to her armies now collapsing for lack of them, and to restore Russian finance by enabling Russia to market her wheat in England and France and from the proceeds to pay her obligations.

But like many speculations, the alluring character of the prospectus was in direct proportion to the impossibility of attainment. So far as one can judge there never was the slightest chance of success. Winston Churchill, on a celebrated occasion, asserted that the British were within a mile of supreme success, but the mile was the main Turkish position and this was as completely beyond their power to carry as the whirlpool and falls of Niagara are beyond the capacity of a sail boat to negotiate, although their extent is short and beyond lies the calm surface of Lake Ontario.

The brutal truth about Gallipoli is that it was a blunder of the first magnitude, which consumed more than a quarter of a million troops who

IN THE CARPATHIANS

An Austrian ski patrol cautiously advancing through a forest on the mountainside

AUSTRIAN MACHINE GUNNERS SEEK A NEW POSITION

The men are on skis. The gun has been taken apart and roped to a sledge. The deep snow and steep slopes of the Carpathians rendered practically useless all troops not accustomed to these special conditions

AUSTRIAN RIFLEMEN IN THE CARPATHIANS

Note the rests for the rifles and the skis. The third man is using a field-glass. Many of the private soldiers, even of the Austrian and German armies, were equipped with these, though the U. S. War Department found great difficulty in providing them even for officers, as most optical goods before the war were imported from Germany.

A HUNGARIAN CORPS IN THE CARPATHIANS RECEIVES INSTRUCTION IN THE ART OF SKI-WALKING

A SKILFULLY CAMOUFLAGED MOUNTAIN SHELTER WHICH ACCOMMODATED TWENTY-FIVE SOLDIERS

RUSSIAN ARTILLERY ADVANCING THROUGH A CARPATHIAN PASS

This was near the scene of Mackensen's great drive on the banks of the Dunajec. He followed the tactics previously used on a smaller scale by Sir John French in Flanders. Massing not less than 2,000 guns along a narrow front, he delivered a devastating fire and followed it up by "Mackensen's Phalanx," a mobile battering-ram composed of the pick of German first-line troops. Russia never recovered from the terrible blows of this battering-ram.

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DISMOUNTED AUSTRIAN HUSSARS CHARGING THE RUSSIANS

The photographer secured this picture at the imminent risk of his life. One of the Austrians has already been hit by a Russian bullet. Lacking the bayonets customarily used in the charges of regular infantry these men are clubbing their rifles so as to be ready to "give them the butt" when they get to close quarters

AUSTRIAN TROOPS SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE HIGH SNOWS

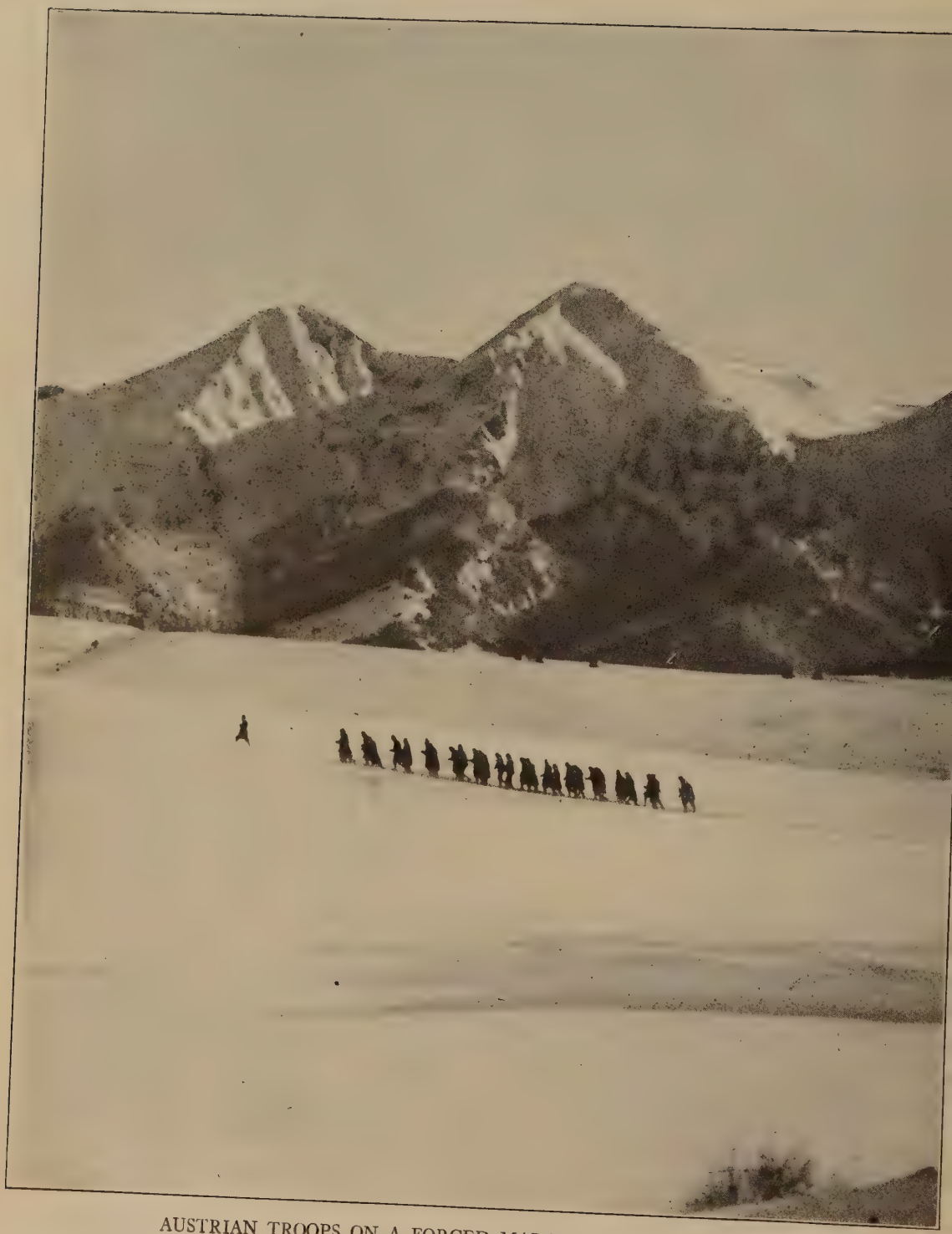
IN THE HIGH PASSES OF THE CARPATHIANS

Austrian troops ready to oppose the Russian attempt to force the mountain barrier and penetrate the Hungarian plain. Heavy German reinforcements, countless German guns, and the most skilful German generals were needed to drive the Russians home. Unaided, the Austrians could scarcely have hoped to stem the Russian tide permanently—much less to thrust the Russians back in decisive defeat.

HOLY RUSSIA—MORTALLY WOUNDED AT THE DUNAJEC

The upper picture shows defeated and wounded Russians trudging stolidly into the courtyard of a German hospital.

In the lower picture the interior of the hospital is seen, with the old priest of the Greek Catholic Church offering the consolations of religion to wounded and dying Russians as they lie on the straw-covered stone floor.



AUSTRIAN TROOPS ON A FORCED MARCH IN THE CARPATHIANS

might have been used effectively on the western front—conceivably so effectively as to rupture the German fronts; certainly with sufficient advantage to compel the Germans to relax their efforts in the east; unquestionably with enough of weight to have made impossible the German drive to the Golden Horn in the late autumn.

The German was the true enemy. When he was beaten the alliance of the Central Powers would collapse. To send a quarter of a million troops on a futile attack upon the Turk, doomed from the outset to defeat, was merely to lessen the pressure upon the German by just this amount. All summer long the British troops in Flanders lacked reserves, were starved as to munitions that the Gallipoli expedition might be supplied, yet such was the British shortage in men and munitions that the sacrifices in the west were futile and the Gallipoli army still lacked the necessary material for an equal fight with the Turk.

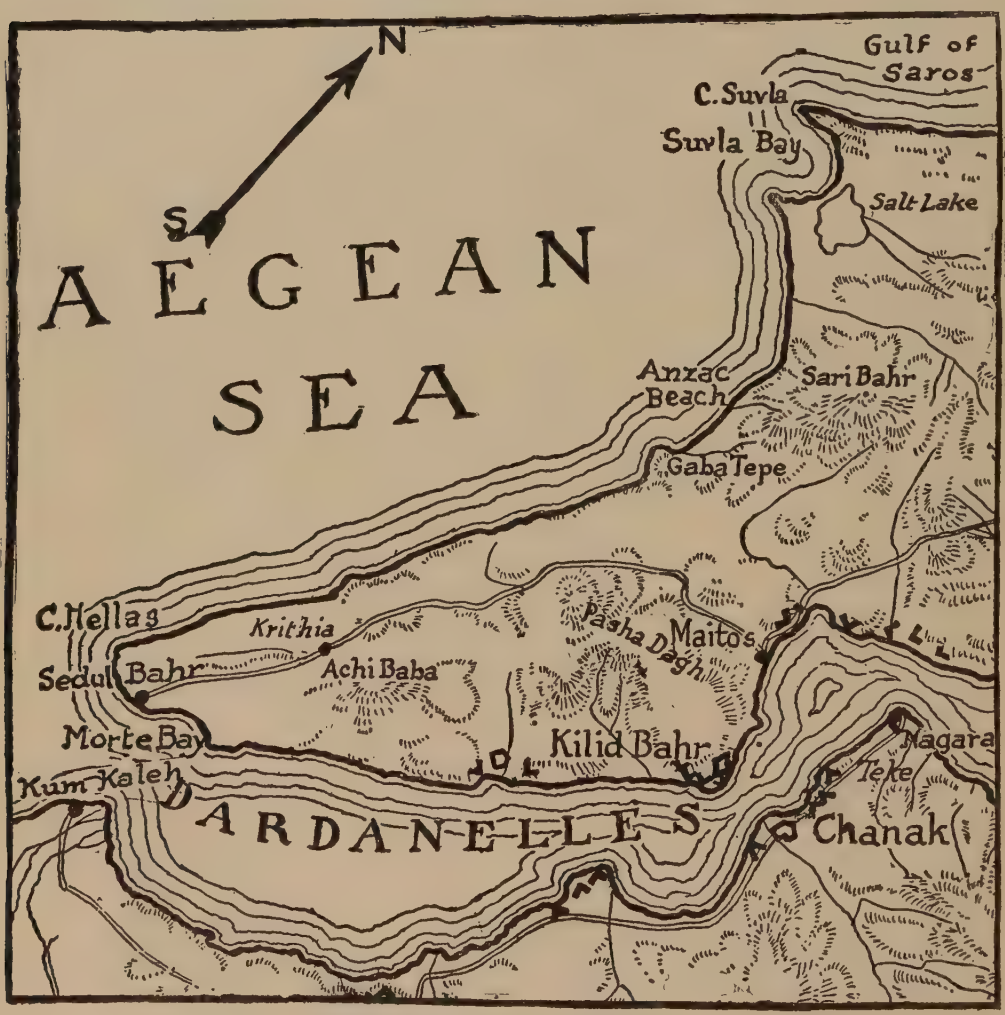
In the spring and summer of 1915 Britain lacked the resources to create and maintain an effective army on one front. Yet she undertook to maintain two great armies on two widely separated fronts. The result was failure in both fields. At Gallipoli some of her best officers and many of her best troops were sacrificed uselessly. On the west front the golden opportunity provided by the German decision to go east was permitted to escape, and in September the attack at Loos, which might have been a shining success, ended in a shambles, terminated in an appeal to the French by the British commander-in-chief to take over a portion of his lines, become too extended for his meagre force and his exiguous stock of ammunition.

Never in British history was there a more splendid example of the tenacity and the courage which have made the great empire. Nothing in English or world history surpasses the devotion of the men of Britain, of Australia, and of New Zealand, fighting under conditions beyond belief, enduring hardships beyond description, transforming what seemed an impossible operation into an undertaking that at moments seemed to promise victory, yet in the end failed as it was always doomed to fail.

The tragedy of Gallipoli is the hopelessness of it, the uselessness of the colossal sacrifice and the degree to which the valour and the unselfish de-

votion of officers and men were without gain to the cause for which they suffered.

On the other hand, it is impossible to escape the conviction that if the commander-in-chief, Sir Ian Hamilton, was charged with an impossible task, his conduct of the operations was open to deepest condemnation. The larger failure was probably not his, but his failure to make even a competent effort was glaringly displayed at Suvla Bay, where the only



THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA

The end of the Gallipoli Peninsula is shaped like a badly worn boot. The ankle is at Gaba Tepe, where the Australians landed; the heel at the Narrows, where were situated the forts commanding the Straits, which were the objective of the naval attack in March; whilst the toe is the promontory five miles wide, which ends at Sedd-el-Bahr. And it was at the toe that the main landing was made.

real chance of success—probably an apparent rather than a real chance—was lost under conditions that thoroughly warranted his subsequent removal. Nor is it possible to overlook the fact that the sufferings of the British army at Gallipoli were of the sort that had made the Crimean War an enduring reflection upon British organization and foresight. In this campaign the world was to see a British army hopelessly inferior to the Turk in all that makes the modern army effective and successful. Surely a more illuminating revelation could not be imagined.

III. GALLIPOLI

That portion of the Gallipoli Peninsula, which was the scene of the great struggle, has been aptly described by Sir Ian Hamilton as shaped like a badly worn boot. The ankle is at Gaba Tepe, where the Australians landed; the heel at the Narrows, where were situated the forts commanding the Straits, which were the objective of the naval attack in March; whilst the toe is the promontory, five miles wide, which ends at Sedd-el-Bahr. And it was at the toe that the main landing was made.

The three dominating hills of this end of the peninsula are Achi Baba, which, from a height of 600 feet, dominates the toe and blocks the road north from Sedd-el-Bahr; Sari Bahr which, at the height of 970 feet, overlooks the Anzac Cove and the Gaba Tepe position, the scene of the Australian operations; and the Kilid Bahr Plateau, directly above the forts at the Narrows and attaining a height of 700 feet. This latter was the main Turkish position and it was never reached by the Allied forces. An idea of the smallness of the distances may be gathered from the fact that at the ankle the peninsula is but five miles wide, while from Sedd-el-Bahr to the dominating positions at Kilid Bahr is not more than ten miles.

Apart from the beaches at the toe and another shallow beach under Gaba Tepe, the whole Ægean shore of the Gallipoli Peninsula is unsuitable for landing operations, since the hills rise abruptly from the sea. A third landing place, still farther to the north, at Suvla Bay, offered still greater advantages, which were seized upon in the final attack in August. But the relatively low foreshore of this bay is commanded

by the Anafarta Hills, which were never cleared. Actually, the British had three roads open to them for their advance—from Sedd-el-Bahr straight up the Peninsula to Kilid Bahr, a distance of ten miles; from Gaba Tepe eastward right across the peninsula, a distance of five miles; and from Suvla Bay first east and then south which was materially longer. And from Sedd-el-Bahr they never were able to advance more than three miles. From Gaba Tepe they got forward hardly more than one mile and the Suvla Bay effort ended in a complete fiasco, which doomed the whole enterprise.

The hills that rise abruptly from the shore slope downward and inward, giving the peninsula the appearance from the air of a spoon, hollowed out in the centre, and this made it next to impossible for the guns of the fleet to reach and destroy Turkish positions. Moreover, the whole area was a series of confused gullies, steep hills, and deep ravines, covered with underbrush and admirably suited to the sort of fighting the Turk was best suited to offer.

The climatic conditions were indescribably bad. In winter the peninsula was swept by the cold blasts from the Black Sea. In summer it was baked by a tropical sun which dried up all watercourses and turned the country into a desert and a furnace. All water for drinking had to be brought from Egypt or Lemnos. At all times, all portions of the British position were within easy range of Turkish guns, the landing places were commanded by artillery, the expedition lived under shell fire. There was no respite and no truce.

In the same fashion their rearward communications by sea were at the mercy of the weather. All supplies, reinforcements, and artillery had to be landed under direct observation and fire. No movement could be made without first advertising its character by the preparations carried out under the Turkish eyes. A more hopeless, hapless position for a great army cannot be imagined, nor is there anything in military history since the Crimea to compare with the hardships of the men of Gallipoli. The measure of this is found in the fact that while the battle casualties of the campaign were 112,000—25,000 killed, 75,000 wounded, and 12,000 missing—the hospital statistics revealed

96,000 admissions. Thus the climate was almost as deadly a foe as the Turk.

No survey of the campaign would be complete without a mention of the admirable manner in which the Turk fought. Standing on the peninsula by which, following the route of Xerxes, his ancestors had entered Europe five centuries before, he made a fight which commanded the unstinted praise of his British foe. He not only fought well, but he fought cleanly. In the intervals between desperate fighting the two armies observed those courtesies as to wounded which had been customary in other wars but had been banished on the western front by German savagery. Not only did the Turks conquer their foe in the field, but they won his praise and his admiration for courage and for skill, for devotion and for military efficiency.

IV. THE BEGINNING

The naval attack on the Straits had failed on March 22. It was more than a month later—on April 25—that the first landing party touched the Gallipoli shore. The date is interesting. On this day the Germans were making their desperate attack at Ypres and were on the point of launching their blow at the Dunajec. Italy, on the preceding day, had made her agreement with the Allies, which was to bring her into the war in another month. The campaign of 1915 was in full swing and the operation in the Near East divided world interest with the German bid for Ypres, still accepted as one more serious attempt to reach Calais.

Sir Ian Hamilton's force had been mobilized in Egypt and transported to Mudros Bay in the Island of Lemnos, which was to serve as its base. He had with him three British corps, some 120,000 men, including the Australian and New Zealand corps, which, under the name of the "Anzacs" (Australian New Zealand Army Corps), was to win imperishable glory in defeat and demonstrate once more the solidarity of the British Empire, as the Canadians were proving it in Flanders and the South Africans along the Orange River. To this force was joined a contingent of French soldiers, under General D'Amade, who had won reputation in the Shawia campaign in Morocco before the present war

and rendered useful service to Sir John French in the retreat from Mons. D'Amade gave way shortly to Gouraud, one of the great French colonial figures, who lost an arm and had to leave in turn before long. The French contingent was a useful but not considerable help to the British. Its main contribution was through its artillery.

On the morning of April 25 the attack was made. The main British force was thrown against the Turkish positions commanding the beaches at Sedd-el-Bahr; the Australians were put ashore before Gaba Tepe; the French were sent across to the Asiatic shore to make a feint and attract Turkish attention. Actually they fought over ground that had seen the battle for Troy in the mighty Homeric drama.

The landing is one of the ghastliest of the incidents in the whole war. For a month the Turks had been preparing. Not only was the shore fortified, but the beaches, the shallows were covered by submerged barbed wires. Against this position the British were sent in open boats, partly but not effectively covered by the fire of the fleet. They made the landing, they made good their hold on the toe, but not less than 15,000 casualties was the price of the effort. As many troops were killed, wounded, or captured on this first day of the Gallipoli fighting as the United States sent to Cuba in the first Santiago expedition.

Afterward, in the next days, the effort to get forward was pressed. Under conditions beggaring description the remnants of the organizations that had made the landing sought to press on to Achi Baba, the first stage of the journey. They failed. When this first phase came to a halt through the exhaustion of the assailants, the Turks still held this height and the village of Krithia on its slopes. Actually the British army had inserted itself in a bottle, of which Achi Baba was the stopple. Before it now were positions impregnable, given its own resources. Some slight progress it was still to make on this front by a war of trenches, but in point of fact the road from Sedd-el-Bahr to the Kilid Bahr plateau, to the dominating positions above the Straits, was blocked.

As for the Australians, they had managed to get up the first slope of the hills above the Anzac Cove, where they had landed, but they were

now condemned to hang on, their backs to the water, their trenches exposed to plunging fire, dominated by the Turkish positions on Sari Bahr. Their losses had been terrible, too. Gallipoli was now become a word of evil omen both in Australia and New Zealand. And despite new efforts and new devotion, despite still greater sacrifices, the Australians were not destined to make any further considerable progress eastward. Sari Bahr was to block them, as Achi Baba held up their comrades to the south.

In British strategy it had been planned that the Australians moving east, the British moving north, should converge in the centre of the peninsula and before the Kilid Bahr Plateau. The Turks had blocked both of the converging columns on their chosen positions and they were to hold them before these positions until the end of the campaign. And with this first desperate effort the original expedition came to the limit of its powers. It could do no more until it was reinforced, so great had been its losses. Henceforth Gallipoli was an open sore, daily wasting more and more of British vitality to no useful purpose.

V. SUVLA—THE END

In May the difficulties of the Gallipoli army were enormously increased by the arrival of German submarines in Ægean waters. Hitherto the British fleet had been able to support the land forces while British submarines had made daring raids through the Strait and interfered with the seaward communications of the Turk. But on May 15 a German submarine was reported off Malta, while three days previously a Turkish torpedo boat, by a daring raid, had sunk the British battleship *Goliath* just inside the Strait, where it was coöperating with the French.

On May 26 a German submarine sank the battleship *Triumph*, which was covering the Australian position. The next day the *Majestic* met the same fate, and thereafter the fleet had to be withdrawn. The departure of the fleet, the withdrawal of its guns which were necessary to cover any real effort to advance and prepare the way for any attack which could hope for success, doomed the Gallipoli venture in the eyes

of all military men who had not perceived from the outset that it was an impossible venture.

Yet the British would not give up the task. After long delays and many local engagements of only minor value they tried one more stroke. Meantime the cost in casualties was mounting rapidly. May had cost 38,000, including the casualties of the last days of April. Before July ended the toll was more than 50,000, while the French had also suffered heavy losses. In addition, the cost in sick was mounting in an alarming fashion. By August almost half of the men of the six original divisions had been killed, wounded, or captured, and fully a quarter more had been removed by illness. Not even in the terrible days of Ypres had the ratio of losses been greater than in some of the regiments of the 29th division at Gallipoli. But to reinforce the six original British divisions six more—three from the New Army, two territorial, and a mounted division from Egypt—had been sent out.

The final bid for success at Gallipoli was made in the first week of August and extended into the second. The main element in the strategy was the landing of a strong force at Suvla Bay, four miles north of the Australian position, and an advance by this newly landed force due eastward to the Anafarta range, which was the backbone of the peninsula and from which the British would command the Turkish lines of communication along the west side of the Dardanelles. At the same time the Australians were to make a frontal attack, the British before Krithia to push forward to hold the Turks before them. The Suvla Bay forces were to join hand with the Australians and the Turkish position would be enveloped, while the Australians, by their advances, would gain heights from which they could command the waters of the Strait.

The time was well selected. The Turks were celebrating the Ramadan and had no suspicion of the coming blow. The landing at Suvla was made without any difficulty and the Turkish surprise was complete. Meantime, the Australians had pushed out and seized the ground that was allotted to them to take. All now depended upon the energy and determination with which the Suvla advance was made. But here comes the first real collapse. Once the troops were landed

they were permitted to halt. Hour after hour passed and no advance was made. The golden opportunity was slipping away as another brilliant chance had escaped at Neuve Chapelle, when the road to Lille lay open. August 7, the day of the Suvla landing, is the critical day on the Gallipoli front.

On August 8 there was a fair chance, but the Suvla force was still held back. The hold of the Australians upon the vital heights was becoming weak. The Turks were recovering and beginning their terrific counter attacks. August 9, with a faint hope left, Sir Ian Hamilton arrived and urged a night attack. His subordinates declared it was impossible. The commander-in-chief allowed himself to be overborne. Thereafter when the attack upon Anafarta was made, it was too late. Meantime the Australians had been pushed back off their extreme gains. The whole situation was as it had been. Forty thousand casualties in August had not changed the decision.

Whether the Suvla attack, had it been efficiently pushed, would have brought ultimate and complete victory may be doubted. The weight of judgment is against this belief, which long subsisted in the Gallipoli army itself. But no one could mistake that the failure doomed the whole campaign, as it quite justly brought the removal of Sir Ian Hamilton. After Suvla he still appealed for reinforcements. But all too late Britain called a halt. At last the truth was dawning, while, because of Russian defeat and Balkan complications, the necessity for some British offensive operation in the west, in conjunction with the French, to relieve pressure upon the Russians, was imperative.

From August onward Gallipoli diminishes in importance. By December, when the German successes in the Balkans had opened the road between Turkey and her great ally and made certain the arrival of German artillery at Gallipoli, evacuation was inevitable, and on December 19 the troops were withdrawn from Suvla. By December 20 the Anzacs were safely away. By January 9 the last troops had left the peninsula. No portion of the Gallipoli campaign was so successful as the evacuation, which cost neither men nor guns, although conducted under fire and within direct vision of the Turk.

The lesson of Gallipoli was to be emphasized at Kut-el-Amara, where another "side show" was to end in the surrender of a British army, rashly pushed forward on an impossible dash for Bagdad. The two disasters were to produce a profound impression in Britain and in the world they were to have a costly influence upon Balkan affairs. They were to contribute to raising German fortunes to unequalled heights. Taken in conjunction with the failure of the British at Loos—where 66,000 casualties was the price of a slight gain in ground and disorganization and inefficiency were revealed in staff administration comparable to the blunders and failures at Suvla—they were to lead to a total reorganization of British military machinery.

Had Sir John French been able to put to his work on the west front the quarter of a million troops wasted at Gallipoli, the results of the 1915 campaign might have been far different. Even a complete success at Gallipoli would not have saved Russia from her great disaster. It would not have weakened Germany, although it would have ended her dream of a Berlin-to-Bagdad empire. All too late the Allies were to realize that the war would be won or lost in the west. France was to pay at Verdun the price of British folly at Gallipoli, for because of Gallipoli losses Britain was still unready to move when the great German blow, the second assault upon France, came in February and March of the following year.

In sum, Gallipoli was for the Allies what Spain had been for Napoleon. It was in a measure what Syracuse had been for Athens. It was not a fatal blunder, since it did not immediately or eventually lose the war, but it did prolong it. It did accelerate the pace of French exhaustion and it did leave Germany free to strike at Russia and to strike so heavy a blow that Russia, after a temporary recovery, fell to revolution and disorder and in the summer of 1917 ceased to be of value as an ally. It was therefore the worst and most expensive defeat of the first three years on the Allied side—a defeat first correctly appraised when Serbia, threatened with ruin, uttered the despairing cry which could not be answered, because the men and the guns that might have saved the army, if not the nation, had disappeared in the Gallipoli gamble.

CHAPTER NINE

RUSSIAN COLLAPSE

I

AFTER LEMBERG

Lemberg fell on June 22. With the fall of the capital the Galician campaign loses its importance and becomes a secondary affair. In German strategy there were two clearly separated sections of the eastern campaign of 1915. The first was comprised in the clearing of Galicia of Russian armies; the second contemplated the reduction of the Polish salient, the capture of Warsaw and the various Russian frontier fortresses from Riga to Rovno. Yet always it is essential to remember that the geographical achievement was subordinated to the military. The main German purpose all through this campaign was to destroy Russian military power, either by a great and decisive victory—a Sedan many times greater than that which had destroyed the Third Empire along the Meuse—or by the cumulative effect of successive defeats.

By the first days of July the Russian situation was this: From the neighbourhood of Riga straight to the Niemen at Kovno the line ran north and south. From the Rumanian frontier northward to the Volhynian fortresses of Rovno, Dubno, and Lutsk the Russian front was also straight. But from Kovno on the north and Lutsk on the south the line turned westward, making a triangle with Warsaw as its apex. This was the great Polish salient of military parlance, a position so fraught with peril that long before the war Russian High Command had contemplated an evacuation of all this ground in case of a war with Austria and Germany and a stand behind the line of the Niemen, the Narew, the Bug, and great Pinsk or Pripet marshes.

The peril of the salient was just this: Austrian armies advancing from Galicia, German armies coming south from East Prussia, could they

pierce the Russian lines, the sides of the triangle would meet behind Warsaw and would cut off the retreat of all the Russian armies within the triangle unless they had retreated in time. The Russian position was the more dangerous because the two railroads vital to its defence, the Warsaw-Petrograd and the Warsaw-Kiev lines, were both but a short distance from the front, and a relatively insignificant advance, either out of East Prussia or out of Galicia, would enable the enemy to cut these lines behind the Russian armies on the Warsaw front.

All the intricate and confused campaign between July and October in the east becomes easily comprehensible if one but glances at the map and identifies the chief characteristics of the Polish salient. All German strategy is comprehended in the simple purpose to get behind the Russian armies in the Warsaw salient by breaking in the sides near the points where the triangle touches the main Russian line, from which it projects much after the nature of a cape. This main purpose was not achieved, because each time the peril of envelopment became obvious the Russians promptly retired in the centre and held on to the sides of the triangle until the forces at the apex had retired.

The operation has three distinct phases. In July the battle is for the Warsaw salient. In August, after Warsaw has been evacuated, the Russian effort is to hold the base of the salient, the line from Riga southward through Kovno, Grodno, Brest-Litovsk and thence to the Volhynian fortresses. This is prevented by German advances to the north and south, which threaten to put German armies behind the Russian centre at Brest-Litovsk, as they had menaced the old centre at Warsaw. Finally, in the third phase, the Russian armies become separated, gaps open between the various groups of Slav armies, and through these gaps the Germans penetrate. Thus in September there is an hour of deadly peril for great Russian forces about Vilna. They are actually enveloped for days, but they finally cut their way out and thereafter the eastern campaign gradually diminishes in importance and Russian and German lines begin to reëstablish themselves on the fronts they are to maintain for many months to come.

Of the German strategic purposes, that of clearing the Austrian

territory was practically realized by July 1. The conquest of Poland, with the straightening of the eastern front and the capture of Warsaw, was realized on August 4, when Warsaw fell. The determination to expel Russia from all her frontier fortresses from Riga to Volhynia was realized, save in the important cases of Riga and Rovno, by the first days of September. No Russian army was captured or destroyed and to this extent the German strategy failed. Nor did the Germans quite reach that eastern front, easiest to hold and doubtless their ultimate geographic objective. Yet the result of their victories was the ultimate collapse of Russian military power.

II. THE DOOM OF THE EMPIRE

In the period now to be examined we enter that doubtful and difficult region of Russian domestic politics. As the campaign closes the Czar, by a magnificent gesture, puts himself at the command of the beaten armies and under his leading they rally. Could his will have remained firm perhaps his empire might have been saved, but after a brave moment the Czar relapses into weakness, a pro-German and reactionary group seizes the reins of power, and Russian armies are betrayed to the enemy and the Russian Revolution made inevitable.

Already the disclosures that have been made possible by the Russian Revolution begin to reveal things long suspected. That the Russian generals and soldiers who fought so splendidly from the beginning of the war to the autumn of 1915 were betrayed by their government is no longer to be denied. That many of the German triumphs from Tannenberg to the end of the fatal campaign of 1915 were due to official betrayal of Russian interests is as plain now as it was a matter of conjecture two years before.

Time and again in the critical hours of the campaign of 1915 ammunition failed. The vital fortress of Kovno was surrendered to the Germans under conditions that were even in 1915 accepted as proof of treason. Hundreds of thousands of lives were sacrificed, great regions of Russia were devastated and lost to the enemy because of German intrigue in Petrograd and German influence amidst the reactionary

elements of the Russian monarchy. All this the Russian people knew. They learned in the summer of 1915 not merely to expect defeat in the war, but to hope for it as the first step in the destruction of the monarchy and the attainment of Russian liberty.

The campaign of 1915 destroyed the monarchy in the eyes of the people of Russia. All the skill of the really great Russian generals—Brusiloff, Ivanoff, Russky, and Alexiev—all the devotion of the soldiers, all the unquestioned fidelity to the cause of Russia of the Grand Duke Nicholas himself were of no avail. And when Nicholas disappeared into the Caucasus to win new but unavailing victories at Erzerum, the German influence about the Czar became dominant. Thus, while at the moment the military aspect of the great Russian disaster claimed the attention of the world, it is probable that the generations that are to come will see the military events as significant merely because they were the prelude to the political changes, to the Russian Revolution, to all the great and terrible events of the winter and spring of 1917.

And on the larger side it is necessary to point out that, although at the moment Germany seemed to have failed in her chief purpose—to dispose of Russia as she had sought to dispose of France in the previous years—later events proved that Germany did reckon rightly and that when her armies had completed their great campaign in the east in the autumn of 1915, she had achieved the eventual ruin of Russia as a military factor in the war for the next two years at the very least. For if the Russian armies were to win magnificent victories in the summer of 1916, the betrayal of Rumania by the Russian Government in the autumn was to destroy the fairest prospects the Allies were to have in the first three years of the war and thereafter the ruin was to be prompt and inevitable.

It is because it brought the Russian Revolution that the eastern campaign is chiefly significant. It is because it was the first step in this ruin that the Battle of the Dunajec is bound to remain one of the memorable encounters of human history. Looking now at the military operations of the period, we must see in each episode the meaning in Russian political history quite as clearly as in the military history of the

war. Revolution is marching side by side with Mackensen and Hindenburg in all this period and because it was bound to disorganize and well-nigh destroy Russian military efficiency, and Russia's value as an ally of the western powers, we must see Revolution as an ally of the Germans.

When they had reached the threshold of winter the Germans could afford to halt. The example of Napoleon forbade another adventure with Russian winter on the road to Moscow. Thenceforth they could wait until Revolution, entering through the breach they had battered in the walls of the Romanoff imperial structure, should complete that destruction of Russian military strength which they had begun at the Dunajec and carried to the Dwina.

III. WARSAW

In the first days of July the situation on the eastern front was this: A German army, which had been landed at Libau, was moving east and north on the front between Dvinsk and Riga, with these two towns as objectives. To the south from the Niemen west of Kovno to the Vistula below Warsaw a group of German armies under Hindenburg was preparing to thrust south through the Niemen-Narew-Bobr line of fortresses covering the Petrograd-Warsaw railroad. A second group of armies, under Prince Leopold of Bavaria, faced Warsaw and Ivangorod along the Bzura-Rawka line, which had been unchanged for many months. South of the Upper Vistula a third army group, commanded by Mackensen, was beginning a thrust northward across the Warsaw-Kiev railroad.

It was plain at the outset that if either of the two flank operations succeeded the Warsaw salient must go. The mission of Leopold was merely to continue pressure upon the apex of the triangle and snatch any profit from a Russian disaster on another field. These three German army groups were faced by three Russian groups commanded by Alexiev, Evarts, and Ivanoff. There were as many as a dozen German and Austrian armies on this front, while the Russians were less numerous both in armies and men. Always the Germans possessed an enormous advantage in munitionment and in heavy artillery, while Russian munitions were to fail at many critical moments in the next weeks.

THE WARSAW SALIENT IN JULY, 1915

The *white arrows* show the lines of advance of the Germans under Mackensen and Hindenburg. Compare this map with the one on page 193, showing the similar manœuvre of the Allies on the western front.

THE FALL OF WARSAW, AUGUST, 1915

The Russian rear-guard surrenders to the Germans, and the Russian main body sullenly withdraws from the city

THE FALL OF WARSAW—AUGUST, 1915

The triumphant entry of Prince Leopold of Bavaria, and the looting which often follows a German success

About July 5 opening engagements of the first phase of the new campaign begin. The Archduke Joseph and Mackensen are pushing north. They have passed the Russian frontier and are moving upon Lublin and Cholm on the Warsaw-Kiev railroad. They are beginning to be handicapped now by the fact that they have entered a region of poor roads and are beyond the Galician network of railroads. The Russians, on the contrary, are now near their own rail lines and bases. And on July 9 the Archduke, having pushed forward too rashly and thus gotten out of supporting distance of Mackensen, is suddenly attacked and smartly beaten by Evarts at Krasnik, south of Lublin, losing many guns, flags, and some thousands of prisoners.

Mackensen now comes to the aid of his ally, but there is a marked slowing down of the German operation on this side of the Polish salient. In the third week of July there is still a remote basis for hope that the Lublin-Cholm position can be held.

But on July 25 one of Hindenburg's armies, commanded by Gallwitz, suddenly strikes north of the salient and along the Narew, aiming to reach the Petrograd-Warsaw railroad behind Warsaw. After desperate fighting Gallwitz gets across the Narew on July 25. But he, in turn, is forced to slow down. Yet on this same day Mackensen is again getting forward and is within ten miles of Lublin. Both sides of the salient are now in grave danger. To add to the peril, one of Leopold's armies has crossed the Vistula between Ivangorod and Warsaw, finding a weak spot resulting from the transfer of troops to meet Mackensen's thrust.

Warsaw is now doomed. Indeed a decision to evacuate had been taken as early as July 15, although there were moments subsequently when it seemed possible that the Russians might hold on. Lublin falls on July 30. The Warsaw-Kiev line, one of the vital railroads of the salient, is now cut. Therefore, on August 4, the Russians clear Warsaw and Prince Leopold's army enters the Polish capital one year to a day after the British declaration of war transformed the character of the contest into a world struggle. The Battle of the Dunajec had been won on May Day; less than a hundred days later the Germans were in Warsaw.

With the fall of Warsaw the next problem posed is whether the Russian armies can escape—will they be able to get east of the breaches in the sides of the salient before the armies of Mackensen and Hindenburg reach their lines of communication?

Again, as at Mukden, the Russians displayed their great capacity for successful retirement. By August 15 there is no longer any danger of an immediate envelopment, the Warsaw apex of the salient has been safely cleared, the road to Brest-Litovsk lies open, and the barrier fortresses along the Niemen-Bobr-Narew have fulfilled their final mission—those of the Narew are now doomed and there is no great purpose in holding them too long. Far to the south, too, the advance of Mackensen, aimed at Brest-Litovsk, has failed to move at a rate which would threaten envelopment. The first stage of the retreat is safely passed.

IV. KOVNO, BREST, VILNA

For the Russians the next problem is their ultimate rallying point. Like Joffre after his early defeats, the Grand Duke Nicholas has now to select a point at which to stand and counter-attack, having made his reorganizations. The line is fairly obvious. From Riga to Kovno the Russians are still holding off Below's army, striking east from Libau. From Kovno, which is a fortress of real strength, southward the east bank of the Niemen offers a safe position as far as the fortress of Grodno. Brest-Litovsk is an entrenched camp offering a good base for the Russian centre. To the south the Volhynian fortresses of Rovno, Lutsk, and Dubno hold.

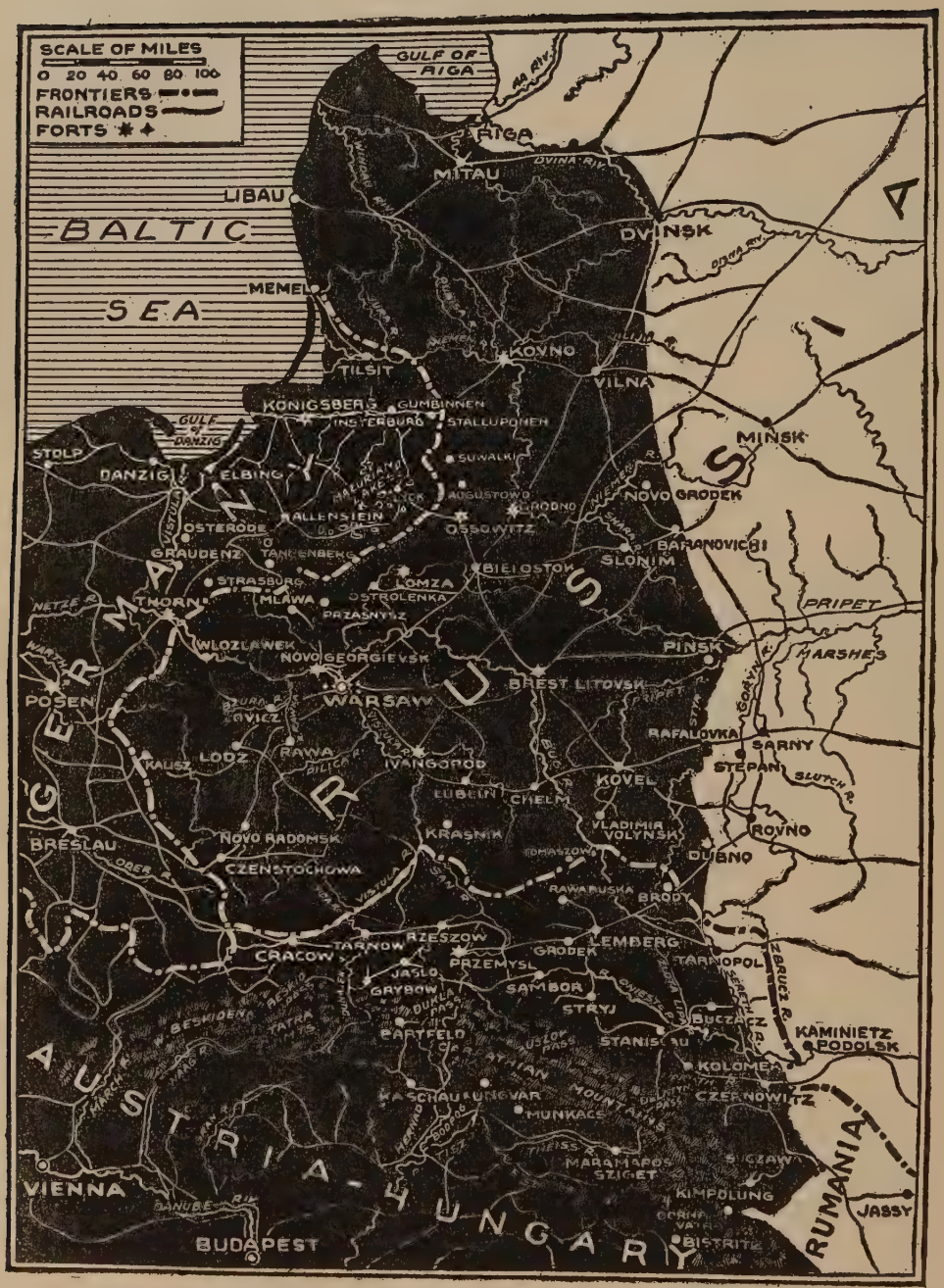
We may assume that the Grand Duke hoped to make his stand on this line, which had been selected long before the war as the first line of Russian defence in a war with Austria and Germany. But on August 17 Kovno suddenly surrenders under circumstances which suggest treachery and later bring the commander to trial for alleged betrayal of his country. Kovno gone, the hope of holding the Niemen-Bug line is at an end and the flank armies on the north are in grave peril, which will culminate in the critical days about Vilna. Two days later the great fortress of Novogeorgievsk, below Warsaw, falls. Its capture was

always inevitable; its mission was identical with that of Maubeuge in the great Anglo-French retreat of the preceding year. It commanded the Vistula, the best line of transport for the Germans, and covered the railroad line coming south out of East Prussia by Mlawa. A large garrison and many guns were taken, but although the defence proved to be shorter than was expected, there was no suggestion of such treachery as had cost the Russians Kovno. Nor did its fall have any effect upon the operations to the eastward save as it opened new lines of communication for the Germans.

Meantime away to the north a joint naval and military descent upon Riga with an attempted landing at Pernau is blocked. In the same fashion the Russians, falling back behind the Dwina from the Gulf of Riga to Dvinsk, hold up a dangerous drive of one of Hindenburg's armies for the extreme northern flank of the Russian line. But on the south Grodno falls on September 4, while Brest-Litovsk has to be abandoned a week earlier, on August 25. And at the precise moment Grodno is lost to the north, Lutsk and Dubno, two of the three Volhynian fortresses, fall. All chance of a stand on the Niemen-Bug line has now disappeared and the Germans are across both rivers, still aiming at the rear of the Russian armies.

Now, on September 5, the Czar takes command of his armies. The Russian Cabinet through Sazonov issues a solemn declaration that Russia will make no separate peace, thus answering German reports. And at this moment the campaign enters its critical stage. The Russian armies are now scattered and that between the Niemen and the Bug is in deadly peril. The disaster of Kovno on August 17 has its sequel about Vilna on September 20, when a great Russian army is enveloped on three sides while large contingents of German cavalry cross its only line of retreat. Berlin begins to hint at a Sedan and the world awaits with tense interest the final act.

Once again, as at Lodz, the Russian escapes. The stolid infantry smash their way through the German cavalry obstacle. By September 21 the road to Minsk is clear—the last Russian army has escaped all real peril of destruction. Far to the south Brusiloff is making a counter-



WHERE THE RUSSIAN RETREAT ENDED IN SEPTEMBER, 1915

offensive which temporarily retakes Dubno and Lutsk and assures the Russians of a permanent hold upon Rovno. Already winter is at hand and the German campaign is visibly slackening.

October 1 the end has in fact come, although there will be struggles about Riga, which will be successfully defended for two years more, and, all along the front, minor contests for certain local positions which have a value in establishing the permanent lines of the two armies, since they are now to return to a war of position, to trench warfare after five months of fighting in the open—five months of a war of movement which in numbers engaged, in prisoners captured, in territory conquered, can only be compared with those great campaigns of Napoleon in his younger days. And even the Napoleonic triumphs will unquestionably seem small when a later generation comes to compare the results of Marengo, Austerlitz, and Jena with the German achievement between the opening battle of the Dunajec and the closing drama at Vilna.

V. AFTERMATH

While Berlin and Vienna celebrated the great successes, London, Paris, and Petrograd rejoiced over a German failure to destroy Russian military organization, capture Russian armies, or get Riga. Allied critics expatiated upon the weakness of German strategy as proved by the escape of Russian armies. Yet the fact seems to be that the German method made the prospect of great captures quite unlikely. Napoleon had said that he won his great victories by the legs of his soldiers. German victories had been won by their artillery.

Such an enormous machine as the Mackensen "phalanx" could only move slowly at best over favourable ground and with good lines of communication behind it. As the German advance when it reached Russian territory had to move over country devastated by retreating armies, employing ruined roads and hastily repaired railroads, its speed was necessarily slight. And when the German and Austrian armies undertook to act without the aid of the heavy guns, they incurred heavy losses and the Austrians frequently suffered real defeats. In the Marne campaign the Germans had outrun most of their ammunition and many

of their heavy guns. This had been an important factor in the ultimate loss of the great battle.

In Russia, a year later, the same mistake was not repeated. The guns were brought up; breaches were beaten in the Russian lines; the infantry entered the breaches, thus threatening a section of the Russian front with envelopment and their troops in this section retreated to a new line. Then the process was repeated. As long as the Germans had to face troops without heavy guns there was but one possible ending to such struggles. The Russian defeats, the destruction of Serbia, the terrible disaster of Rumania a year later, these were all the direct result of the German tactics based upon the German supremacy in artillery.

When the same tactics were employed against the French at Verdun they failed because the French were able to bring up heavy artillery. In the same way the Germans at the Somme, themselves faced by a great concentration of heavy artillery, were able to prevent disaster, although the superiority of Anglo-French artillery compelled gradual retirement and the Somme, on a reduced scale, is a repetition of the great Russian campaign of 1915, with the Germans playing the losing part.

The last days of September mark the real termination of the great eastern campaign, and the end was in small part at least influenced by the tardy but terrific effort of the British and French in the west to relieve the pressure upon their ally. Largely because of this effort the Germans failed to get what must be regarded as their extreme geographical objective—that lateral railroad which descends from Riga to Rovno and would have made an ideal line of communication between the German armies could they have pushed beyond it along the whole front. In the same way they would have profited had they been able to take Riga, which would have been even more useful than Libau as base with the coming of spring. But it was the Russian navy which saved Riga.

Had the British and French been able to make a real offensive in the spring, the German offensive might not have broken in the Polish salient and conquered Poland. An offensive in the summer might have exposed German armies to deadly peril east and west, because while the masses of the eastern armies were committed to a great and difficult operation in

a country devastated by the retreating Russians, they would not have been able to detach any considerable reinforcements, and such reserves as they could send west would have been long in arriving.

But France tried in Artois and failed to achieve any great result. Britain, her new troops in large measure drawn off for Gallipoli, was incapable of any considerable effort whatever. Conceivably the fate of Warsaw was sealed by the Dardanelles venture. Certainly the great and permanent Russian disaster would have been avoided had the British been able to make a real effort between April and the last days of September. And it is small wonder that all through this terrible summer the Russians watched with ever-growing apprehension Allied failure to move in the west; that Warsaw and Petrograd alike cried out for help vainly in July and August.

In her East Prussian campaign in August and the first days of September, 1914, Russia had suffered terrible disaster, but the effect of her rash drive had been to draw off German troops intended for the French field of operations, even if, as is now held to be the case, no German corps were actually transferred from the west to the east before the Marne. But what Russia had done for her Allies they could not do for her and thus the Grand Duke failed where Joffre had succeeded. He saved his armies, but more he could not do.

CHAPTER TEN

THE BATTLES OF YPRES

I

THE BATTLEFIELD

The first campaign in the west ended with the final repulse of the Germans before Ypres in November, 1914. But the Russian campaign in the east proceeded without interruption from the opening operations of August, 1914, until the final halt of the Russian retreat far within Russian territory in September and October of the following year. Actually this campaign changed character when the German victory at the Dunajec finally deprived the Russians of the offensive and ended the endeavour of the Russian armies to dispose of Austria. Thus the real conclusion of the first campaign of the war seems to me to be at the Dunajec and not at the close of the First Battle of Ypres.

In the volume describing the first phase, therefore, I briefly referred to the Second Battle of Ypres, which began before the Dunajec but lasted beyond the period of this great conflict in the east, thus preserving the temporal relation between the eastern and western campaigns. Yet actually the Second Battle of Ypres belongs to the campaign of 1915 in the west, it had consequences fatal to the Allied plans for their spring offensive, and it caused a disorder in Allied strategy which endured for many months. For these reasons and because in addition the Ypres battlefield became in the fourth campaign—that of the summer and fall of 1917—the scene of the principal Allied offensive of the year, and as the First Battle of Ypres was the most considerable British battle in all the history of the race up to the end of 1914, there is, perhaps, warrant for reviewing at this time the operations in the area that became forever memorable as the "Ypres Salient," and for studying the ground and restating the relation of the Second Battle of Ypres to the whole western campaign of 1915.

Turning first to the examination of the country itself, it should be remembered at the outset that Ypres is in the midst of the typical Flanders region—flat country marked by innumerable little brooks and rivulets, many of them canalized for centuries. This country begins as far south as Bethune and stretches north to the estuary of the Scheldt. Hills, mentioned so frequently in the battle despatches, are in reality but gently sloping elevations. Just as the American who is familiar with the history of the Battle of Waterloo and has read of the height of Mont St. Jean stands in amazement looking out upon the field itself when he first sees it and recalls, not the rugged country of the Appalachian seaboard but the prairies of the West, so he would view the district between the Lys and the Yser, on which was fought a battle greater than Waterloo and only less momentous in human history, for, had the Germans broken through to Calais, they might conceivably have abolished most of the consequences of the French victory between Paris and Verdun.

Bearing in mind, however, this qualification as to the stature of the hills about Ypres, it is still necessary to recognize that they played a decisive part in the various contests and that for the possession of the most considerable of them three battles were fought—one in October and November, 1914, a second in April and May, 1915, and the third and greatest, in the size of the armies engaged, from June to the end of the campaign of 1917.

To start at the beginning, there is between Bixschoote, at the edge of the marshes along the Yser River, and Warneton on the Lys, a fifteen-mile stretch of solid ground, that is, ground suitable for the movement of guns, transport, and large bodies of men. West of Bixschoote is the marshy region which was flooded when the Belgians closed the sluices at Nieuport in the critical days of the Battle of the Yser. South and east of Warneton, that is, on the right bank of the Lys, Allied operations were rendered impossible by the German occupation of Lille, with its forts and defences, which were, despite their contemporary condition, too great an obstacle for Allied resources either in 1914 or 1915.

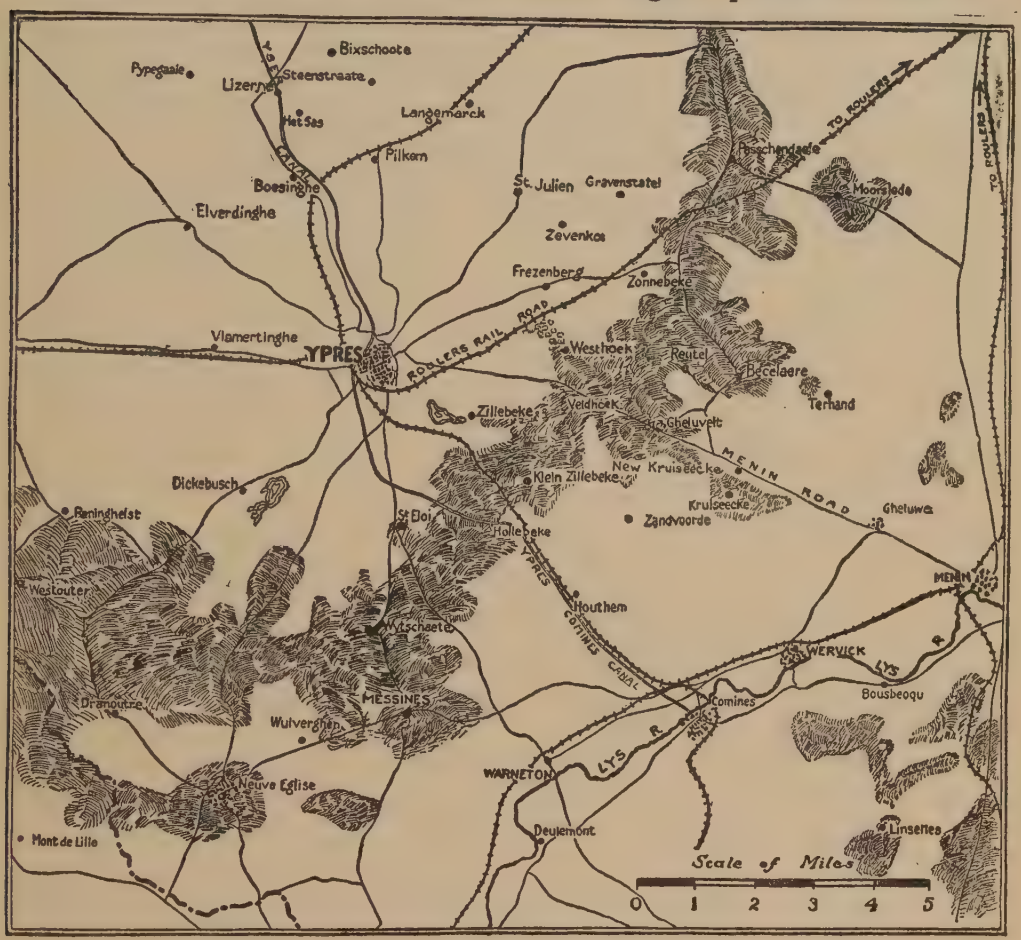
The solid ground between the Lys and the Yser was then in the nature of a sally-port, should an army come north and seek to advance down the Lys valley toward Ghent and Bruges. On the other hand, for an army moving south it was the main gate to Calais and Boulogne, to the Channel ports facing the English coast, once the Yser front had been closed by inundation and the front south of the Yser barred by adequate armies. Could an army moving north push up to Roulers and Menin it would insert a wedge between hostile armies operating on the coast in front of the Yser and those to the eastward about Lille. Could an army moving south thrust through this gateway it would similarly intervene between the army defending the Yser front and the other forces before Lille. And when the British army moved north in October, 1914, its main purpose was to isolate the Germans advancing along the coast from those about Lille, while the German purpose, when the offensive passed to them, was to push down to Calais, isolating all the troops west of Ypres, the Belgian army, and a French force sent to aid the Belgians.

II. THE MESSINES-ZONNEBEKE RIDGE

Ypres, itself, lies in a little basin, about the tiny Yperlee stream which flows west to the Yser. It is the junction of several roads and railways and through it passes a canal from the Lys to the Yser. It was a fortress in the Eighteenth Century and some of the ramparts of Vauban have survived the artillery of Krupp, but these had no value on the contemporary military side. Of the roads and railroads the more important from west to east were: the Bethune-Bruges railway, which came up from the south and, after leaving Ypres, crossed the canal near Boesinghe, passed through Langemarck, and continued thence to Thouroout; the Ypres-Roulers railway and highway, which paralleled each other and ran northeastward to Roulers; and the Menin Road, which ran straight from Ypres southeast to Menin on the Lys. A mile south of this last was the canal connecting the Lys with the Yser and Ypres with Commines.

South, east, and northeast of Ypres, at a distance of rather less than

three miles, is the famous Messines-Zonnebeke Ridge, which is the most important geographical detail in the entire country. This ridge runs from southwest to northeast. It is at no point more than two miles wide and at many not more than one. Its highest point is at the south



THE ENVIRONS OF YPRES AND THE MESSINES-ZONNEBEKE RIDGE

near Messines, where it is 250 feet above the level of the sea; at the other end, beyond Zonnebeke, it is rather less than two hundred feet. At no point is it more than a hundred feet above the surrounding country and it rises in gentle slopes, making a far more impressive showing on the map than upon the vision of the tourist.

Along this ridge, from south to north, are a number of small villages, forever famous in British battle history. These are: Messines,

Wytschaete, Hollebeke, Klein Zillebeke, Zandvorde, Gheluvelt, and Zonnebeke. North of the last it narrows to a point at Paschendaele. Actually this ridge is the watershed between the Lys and the Yser. Down its gently sloping western flanks flow a number of brooks which reach the Yser west of the inundated district. Eastward, over a much shorter course, flow other brooks leading to the Lys. Save in rainy weather—unhappily frequent in this weather-cursed corner of Europe —these streams are not obstacles to military operations.

Separating the streams which flow west to the Yser are a number of lower ridges running at right angles to the main Messines-Zonnebeke Ridge, the only one of importance in the present narrative being that north of Zonnebeke, which first borrows the name of Grafenstafel and then of Pilkem. It is the natural extension of the front of an army standing on the main ridge and troops in position on this Pilkem-Grafenstafel elevation would cover the flank of an army on the main ridge. On the other hand, were both the southern end of the Messines-Zonnebeke Ridge and the western end of the Pilkem Ridge in the possession of an enemy, the position of an army defending Ypres would be exceedingly dangerous because its rear and communications would be under the fire and observation of its foe. And it is worth recalling that the Messines position was lost in 1914, the Pilkem in 1915.

So much for the general topography of the country. Bear in mind again that an army holding all the Messines-Zonnebeke Ridge would look down on a vast sweep of country to the east and southeast. It would be able through its observation balloons to see as far as Lille, to sweep the whole of the upper valley of the Lys. Its heavy artillery in position behind the ridge would be able to command the Menin-Roulers road five miles to the east and play havoc with enemy communications, while its operations would remain hidden to the enemy, save for aërial observation, and its communications would be beyond reach of effective bombardment. Once, however, should the army be driven over and off the ridge, it would lose all these advantages and would be huddled in the Ypres basin, in a position which it would cost a steady and terrible wastage to hold and would always be a danger point.

It is worth recalling, too, that the Battle of Ypres, the first and in many ways the most famous encounter, was accidental, like Gettysburg. Neither army expected to encounter the other on the ground on which the meeting actually took place. And it is equally interesting to recall that the First Battle of Ypres was the last battle of the old-fashioned sort, that is, a battle in the open as contrasted with trench warfare, a conflict in a war of movement rather than in positional warfare on the western front up to the moment these lines are written in October, 1917, after the third anniversary of the opening contests about Ypres.

III. THE FIRST BATTLE OF YPRES

On October 14, 1914, the first British troops reached Ypres. They comprised the immortal Seventh Division, commanded by General Rawlinson, which had landed at Ostend a few days before and had covered the retreat of the Belgian army, aided by some French formations. At this moment the Belgians, closely followed by General von Besseler's army, which had taken Antwerp and was advancing along the coast roads, were already near the Yser line, which they were to hold, and French troops were being railed up from the south to support them. Bad as was the condition of the Belgian army, it was still believed—justly as the result proved—that it would be able to hold the Yser line.

At this moment Allied High Command believed that between the German army approaching the Yser and the northern end of the main German front, which now extended from Switzerland to Lille, there was a wide gap, squarely in front of Ypres and extending from Menin to Roulers. Field Marshal Sir John French had sent Sir Douglas Haig north with the First Army Corps; Allenby's cavalry already about Armentièrres was to coöperate with it; and this force, together with the Seventh Division, seizing the crossings of the Lys from Menin to Courtrai, was designed to turn the extreme flank of all the German armies, aim at their communications, and compel a retirement from the coast toward Brussels, which was not felt to be beyond the reach of the Allies. Such a success would isolate Besseler on the Yser and probably lead

to the capture of his army. In any event, it would release Lille and the industrial regions of northern France, now firmly held by the German armies which had been brought north and west from the Aisne and Lorraine fronts. And in conformity with this strategy, French ordered Rawlinson to move out of Ypres on October 17 and seize the crossings of the Lys at Menin.

Once more, as at Mons, British information was wholly out of accord with the facts. Actually the Allies had, in or approaching the region between the Lys and the Yser, less than 100,000 men, of whom only some French cavalry and Rawlinson's Seventh Division had actually arrived, while the Germans were moving four corps and some other formations, upward of half a million men, into this Ypres sector. Already aware of an impending change, but still unable to measure the extent of the threat, Rawlinson conformed to the imperious order of French and the next day moved the Seventh Division out to Zonnebeke.

On October 19 the Seventh Division sent out a brigade from Zonnebeke which actually reached the Roulers-Menin highroad, but there it encountered the advance guards of two German corps and was compelled to fall back rapidly to Zonnebeke. October 19 thus marks the end of the advance toward Menin and the crossings of the Lys. That night Sir Douglas Haig reached Ypres and the next day his First Army Corps came up. At once there was posed the question as to whether it should be put in to the east to support the Seventh Division on the Messines-Zonnebeke Ridge north of the Menin Road, or sent north to cover the flank from Zonnebeke through Langemarck to Bixschoote. Unless it was sent to the support of the Seventh Division there was now danger that Rawlinson would be overwhelmed, but if it was sent thither, then a gap would open in the Allied line between Zonnebeke and the marshes, and the Germans coming south through Langemarck would outflank both the British and the Belgians, drive a wedge between them, and have an open road to Calais and Boulogne.

Sir John French chose to risk the former peril and sent Haig north. When he was in position the Allied line from Switzerland to the sea was complete, but from the Lys to the Yser it was incredibly thin and for

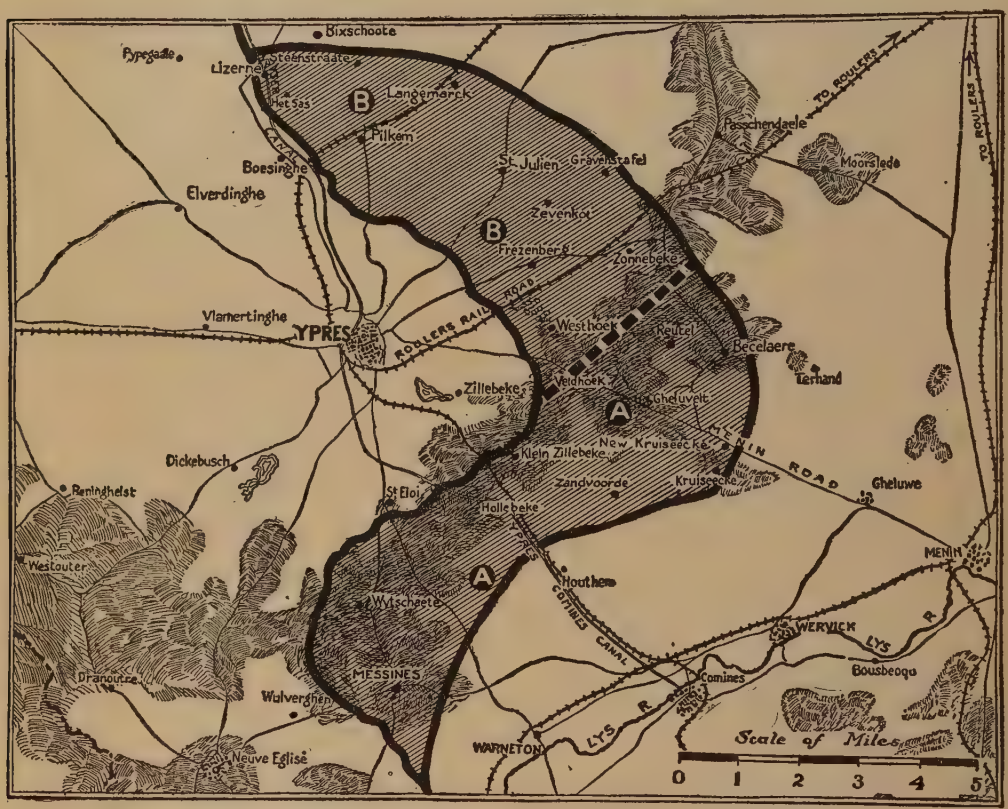
some days no reinforcements were available, as the French troops Joffre was sending up could not arrive before the 23d and did not all come until the 24th. As the First Battle of Ypres began, then, the British held the front from the inundated district at Bixschoote along the Pilkem and Grafenstafel ridges to the Messines-Zonnebeke Ridge east of this town, and thence south along the ridge through Becelaere and Zandevorde to the Commines Canal. South of the canal Allenby's cavalry held the Messines-Wytschaete sector with ridiculously insignificant cavalry screens. October 20 the real battle opens.

From October 20 to October 31 the fighting about Ypres was intense. On October 23 and 24 the arrival of the French Ninth Corps allowed Sir Douglas Haig to bring his First Corps from the Pilkem-Grafenstafel to the Messines-Zonnebeke Ridge and thus reinforce the Seventh Division, which was rapidly approaching the point of annihilation. But despite all effort the British were slowly but surely driven from the crest of the Messines-Zonnebeke Ridge and on October 31 their line was actually broken on the Menin Road, near Gheluvelt. This was the crisis of the whole battle, the moment when Sir John French himself sent the cooks, the hostlers, and every available man to the front line.

A lost battle was saved by the sudden appearance of the 2d Worcesters on the flank of the Germans advancing on the Menin Road west of Gheluvelt. The line was restored, but Gheluvelt was lost, as Zanvorde had been, and the front now ran from Zonnebeke south through the Polygon Woods to a point on the Menin Road just west of Gheluvelt. Like Meade after the first day of Gettysburg, French had been battered into a new but strongly defensible position; from Zonnebeke to the Menin Road the new front was now to endure for many months and never to be lost to a direct attack. But it was an exhausted and almost annihilated force which now held the line.

On November 1 the Germans shifted their attack to the Messines-Wytschaete front and seized the southern end of the Messines-Wytschaete Ridge. This was their greatest success in the whole battle and a French army corps which arrived the next day and retook both

Messines and Wytschaete was unable to hold either. The capture of Messines and Wytschaete really created the Ypres salient. Henceforth the Germans, from the highest ground in the whole region, looked down upon the rear and commanded the communications of the British in and east of Ypres. After November 1, the Battle of Ypres continued



THE FIRST AND SECOND BATTLES OF YPRES

A-A shows the ground lost to the Germans in the First Battle, October 20 to November 11, 1914. *B-B* shows the additional territory lost in the Second Battle, April 22 to May 8, 1915. In the First Battle the Germans won the hills of Wytschaete and Messines; in the Second they took the Pilkem Ridge on the other side of the salient. They held on here till the summer of 1917, when British advances abolished the whole salient.

with diminishing energy up to November 11, when the Prussian Guard made its celebrated attack, temporarily pierced the British line between Gheluvelt and Veldthook on the Menin Road and was thereafter annihilated.

The eleven days between October 21 and November 1 were the days of the great stress on the British front, and in this time that portion of

ITALIAN TROOPS ON A TRANSPORT BOUND FOR GALLIPOLI

"On April 24 [1915], Italy at last made her arrangements with the Allies and on May 3 denounced the Triple Alliance. . . . The country was seized by a patriotic emotion which can hardly be paralleled in history. . . . On May 23 Italy was at war with Austria." This, however, was too late to allow of very effective participation in the campaign at Gallipoli.

ITALIAN ALPINI, SHORTLY AFTER SUNRISE, TOILING UP A MOUNTAIN PASS ON SKIS

ITALIAN INFANTRY ADVANCING IN AN ATTACK

Regulation steel helmets have displaced the picturesque feather-crowned caps once so familiar to Italian tourists

AN ITALIAN OFFICER'S HEADQUARTERS

This eyrie is built into the solid face of the cliff, thousands of feet up the mountain side

WATCHING THE OLD ENEMY

These Italians, at the end of one of their rocky trenches, are watching the movements of the Austrians across the valley. It will be noted that at least three of the four soldiers are supplied with field-glasses

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SNOW IN THE ITALIAN ALPS

After a heavy fall of snow it was sometimes necessary to tunnel through huge drifts like this, in order to clear the communication trenches

A BIVOUAC ON THE ISONZO

This little town in Austrian territory having been captured after a heavy bombardment, these Italian infantrymen have entered it to take possession and—they hope—to rest

ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN ON A MOUNTAIN TOP

ITALIAN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS

A vigilant watch for enemy aircraft is maintained by land and sea. Showing a gun mounted on a summit in the Italian Alps, 8,100 feet above sea-level. A glimpse of the queer-looking craft used in the anti-aircraft motor-boat patrol

THE MOUNTAIN RAMPARTS GUARDING THE ITALIAN PLAIN

An Italian signal outpost commanding a bird's-eye view of the valley thousands of feet below. The canvas-covered object behind the sand bags is a powerful searchlight

the British Expeditionary Army which fought about Ypres was practically exterminated. The Seventh Division alone lost 356 out of 400 officers and 9,664 out of 12,000 rank and file. At Ypres alone the British losses were 40,000. The German loss has been placed as high as 250,000 and certainly exceeded the loss at the Marne. For three weeks the British fought an enemy five times as numerous and equipped with heavy artillery and machine guns, both of which weapons were lacking to the British in any useful number. Probably 60 per cent.—perhaps more—of the British army were killed, wounded, or captured, but in the end they still held Ypres and the lines before it. For such an achievement all praise is inadequare. And at Ypres Britain's professional army perished but its tradition became thenceforth imperishable. Unlike the Spartans, who died in defeat, the British army had held its gate.

IV. THE SECOND BATTLE OF YPRES

The close of the First Battle of Ypres saw the Allies holding one of the most remarkable positions in all the front from Belfort to Nieuport. Pushed eastward from Ypres was a sausage-shaped salient or bulge, extending north-northeast to its greatest depth at Grafenstafel, six miles from Ypres. The base of this salient was the Ypres-Commines-Yser Canal and between the two points where the German line touched the canal, north and south of Ypres, was barely seven miles. South of this canal possession of the Messines and Wytschaete hills gave the Germans direct observation and splendid artillery sweep of the whole rear of the salient. But north of the canal the British still clung to the western slope of the ridge, from the vicinity of Gheluvelt to a point east of Zonnebeke, and from Zonnebeke westward they held both the Grafenstafel and Pilkem ridges as far as the western limits of Langemarck. Between Langemarck and the canal at Steenstrate a division of French Colonials was in line.

In April, 1915, the British were preparing for their subsequent offensive southward near La Bassée. The French had recalled their best troops from this front to participate in Foch's great Artois operation, and most of the few heavy British guns had likewise gone south. There

was no expectation of any considerable German operation in the Ypres sector and Allied journals were heralding the coming of the spring offensive, which was to throw the Germans out of France and Belgium. Toward the last of the third week in April an attack, preceded by the explosion of a mine, had given the British a brief hold on Hill No. 60, a mound near the point where the Ypres-Commines Canal crossed the battle-front. Heavy attack and counter-attack on this point occupied the attention of the world in the next few days.

But on April 22 came one of the most dramatic and terrible episodes of the war. Toward evening the Germans suddenly loosed vast quantities of chlorine gas against the French Colonial division standing between Langemarck and the Ypres-Yser Canal at Steenstrate. The result was a natural and inevitable panic. The black troops fled south and west, toward Ypres and across the canal. Within a brief period the Allied front was broken and for four miles between Langemarck and the canal there was a gap. The German road to Ypres was at last open.

East of the Colonials were the Canadians. When the French troops fled, the Canadian flank was left in the air, while the Canadians were themselves exposed to gas fumes and suffered severe losses from this cause. Yet, despite all the circumstances, the Canadians hung on. They drew back their left flank, forming in a half circle, and fought on, holding up for many hours the onrush of the Germans. Here, on this front, the Canadian contingent won their title to rank with the old British Army which had held the Ypres position in the autumn and with their Anzac brethren, who were soon to win equal glory at Gallipoli.

The next morning, Friday, April 23, the situation was critical in the extreme. The Germans had forced the crossing of the Yser Canal between Boesinghe and Steenstrate and taken Lizerne, while they were in possession of Langemarck and Pilkem and crowding down the roads from these towns toward Ypres itself. Could they push on for but three miles more, Ypres would be in their hands and all the troops in the salient east of Ypres would be caught like rats in a trap. That they did not do this can only in part be credited to the bravery of the Canadians and

their British supports. In point of fact the true explanation appears to be that the Germans had not expected so tremendous a success and lacked reserves at the decisive point at the favourable moment. A better chance than the British had had at Neuve Chapelle therefore slipped through their fingers.

In the next few days the situation slowly improved, although it remained critical during the first days of May. First the French threw the Germans back to the east bank of the canal. At the same time the British brought up troops from all points of their line and closed the gap between the canal and the flank of the Canadians. Even the Belgians from their side of the Yser River sent over reinforcements. Meantime German heavy artillery destroyed the beautiful buildings of Ypres, till then little injured, and the British army suffered from shell fire as it had not suffered even in the first days of the battle about Ypres in the preceding year. To this heavy gun-fire it had neither the artillery nor the ammunition to make answer.

By the first of May, the day on which the Germans were to win their great victory of the Dunajec, it was plain that the old Ypres salient could no longer be held. It had become a rectangle three miles wide by six long, thrust forth into the German lines. From the Pilkem Ridge as well as the Messines-Wytschaete Ridge the Germans had now a sweep over British communications. Accordingly in the second week of May the British sullenly drew back from the Grafenstafel Ridge, from Zonnebeke, from all the ridge between the Roulers Railroad and the Menin Road, and occupied a new front in a narrow semicircle rather more than a mile east of Ypres.

Almost all the high ground was now lost. All the salvage of the First Battle of Ypres, defended with such great gallantry and obstinacy, was surrendered. Second Ypres had been far more costly than the First in territory given up, although it must be remembered that for this the British were not responsible. It was the collapse of the French, under the first gas attack of the war, which precipitated the disaster. Yet even this was a small solace for the Allied publics, which had expected news of a great victory both in the east and in the west and in the

same hour read of the Dunajec and the surrender of all the ground memorable in the First Battle of Ypres.

By May 13 the Second Battle of Ypres closed. The German purpose had been accomplished; there had been greater success than in the earlier attack, but the purpose of the April operation was far less colossal than that of the October campaign. Then the road to Calais had been sought. Now the Germans aimed merely to weaken the Allied offensive to the southward by drawing from it men, munitions, and guns. They sought also to impress the neutral nations—Italy most of all—with their great strength on both fronts. This strength was proven, but Italy was already lost and the use of the poison gas served to arouse the indignation of men of all nations outside the Central Alliance. It was one more circumstance in the indictment of Germany by civilization. After Ypres, quarter was neither given nor taken for many months on the Flanders front and before very long the Germans, in their turn, were compelled to endure the suffering incident to a gas attack.

Without the gas the German success would have been unlikely. As it was, the success was limited and the moral consequences evil in the extreme for the Germans. The sinking of the *Lusitania* while the Second Battle of Ypres was still proceeding was instantly associated in all minds with the crime of the poison gas. And just as the Zeppelins were the best recruiting agency in Britain, German savagery roused Canada to new effort and in the first three years of the war more than 400,000 Canadians crossed the sea to fight in Flanders and Artois.

Such, briefly, is the history of the origin and development of the Ypres salient. In the First Battle of Ypres the Germans, attacking east of the town, mainly on either side of the Menin Road, gained the hills of Wytschaete and Messines. In the Second they took the Pilkem Ridge at the other side of the salient. Thenceforth they held it as in a vise between these two ridges until June and August, 1917, when the British first retook Wytschaete and Messines and then, with the aid of French divisions, swept the Germans off the Pilkem Ridge, retook Pilkem, Bixschoote, Langemarck, and St. Julien, and thus abolished

the whole salient. Until this time the Ypres salient remained the worst point on the whole Allied front, and for a long period there was a sharp debate in British military circles as to the advisability of holding Ypres or retiring to the hills behind it, Scharpenberg and Kemmel.

Ypres was not evacuated mainly because of the moral value that attached to it as a result of the two great battles. Only Verdun could rival the old Flemish citadel, now gone to dust and ashes, in sentimental value in the first three years of the war, and the return of the British to the offensive in this region in the fourth year of the struggle made it probable that Ypres will remain for the British and the Canadian public the greatest incident in the war. Even the Australians, who came to Flanders ultimately and rewon Zonnebeke and its surrounding woods in the last days of September, 1917, will probably rank it with Gallipoli, and thus Ypres will retain a place in British Imperial history above all other battlefields, for here the solidarity of that Empire Germany sought to destroy was proven by its sons from all the lands about the Seven Seas.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

THE WESTERN OFFENSIVES

I

GERMANY'S WESTERN STRATEGY

German strategy in the west in the summer and autumn was simple. German High Command had calculated that British preparations would not between spring and winter enable the British to make an effective attack upon the narrow front which they held. They calculated rightly that the transfer of men and munitions to Sir Ian Hamilton at Gallipoli would leave Sir John French powerless to do more than make brave but useless attacks in Flanders and Artois. The world believed that Kitchener's "Million" was a fact and that British preparations had already reached a point where Britain was a peril to the Germans. The Germans not only knew that Britain was not ready in May, 1915, but already guessed that Britain would not be ready in February, 1916. Knowing this Germany could undertake the Russian operation in 1915 and begin her preparations for the subsequent Verdun operation.

As to the French, the Germans rightly perceived that France was becoming dangerous and that the reorganization of French armies and the similar reorganization of French industry were proceeding apace. Yet they estimated that the French would be unable alone to make a breach in the German lines before the Russian campaign had been completed. They multiplied their machine guns and heavy artillery on the western front. They transformed their old trenches into double and triple lines of positions. They constructed dugouts and permanent works in cement. From the North Sea to Switzerland the German line became a veritable fortress.

Having done this the German High Command turned its back on the west and went to Russia. It left great and powerful armies behind. No large number of divisions were taken from the west to the east, but

practically all the reserves available were marked for eastern use. It became the mission of the German armies in the west to hold on as best they could, even if they had to give over a certain amount of ground. Germany gambled with the Allies of the west that despite all their efforts she could hold her western front and at the same time deal Russia a crushing blow. In this she reversed the venture of August and September, 1914, when she sought to crush France while "containing" Russian armies.

And Germany won the gamble. Nor was she ever in very grave danger of losing, despite the terrific struggles of Loos and Champagne in the autumn and the only less considerable French operation in Artois in May and June. The reason of German success was that German High Command had better read the future than French or British. Germany had not expected to see her great drive at Paris end in the trenches above Soissons. She had not calculated that her tremendous push for Calais and the Channel would terminate in the trenches about Ypres. But German soldiers had studied both the Boer and the Manchurian wars. They had seen the possibilities of trench warfare and Germany had provided herself with the weapons which enabled her, standing on the defensive, to beat off her foes.

Alone of the contestants, Germany had perceived the value of the machine gun and she had thousands where her foes had scores. Her heavy artillery had been designed for a war of movement, but in the war of position it enabled her to destroy her opponents' trenches with high-explosive shells, while British shrapnel proved all but useless in preparing an attack. In addition, German troops were provided with trench mortars and hand grenades, while the British were still making their bombs of jam tins and British and French armies were without trench mortars.

To her foresight as to weapons, to her industry and skill in fortification, Germany owed her successful stand on the western front in the critical summer of 1915 when a break in the west would have meant something approaching ruin, for her main forces were committed to the eastern operation and her reserves were consumed in this great effort.

From the outbreak of the war to the Battle of the Somme this mechanical and technical advantage remained with the Germans, although in a rapidly declining measure. At Verdun the French were still inferior in heavy guns as late as July, 1916, but with the Somme, Germany loses her initial advantage permanently on the west front.

Once more, as in the case of the Russian campaign, it is necessary to recall that the contemporary judgment upon the Allied offensive of the west was entirely wrong. The German purpose was completely realized during the period from May to October, 1915. Allied gains in trenches and positions were unimportant. The much-praised victories of the Champagne and Loos had no valuable consequences. They won guns, prisoners, a few square miles of French territory, but they did not break the German line nor save Russia from the defeat which brought eventual ruin after revolution. They did not even prevent the Balkan thrust, following the gigantic Russian operation.

II. SPRING AND SUMMER

In the last days of April, just before the Dunajec, Germany had attacked west of Ypres, using "poison gas" for the first time and temporarily breaking the Anglo-French lines at the point where the armies of the two nations made contact. All through the first week of May the conflict about the old Flemish town was bitter. But it is plain that the Germans did not intend any new bid for the road to Calais. They sought rather to forestall the Anglo-French offensive which was preparing to the south.

In this, so far as British participation was concerned, they achieved success. When, on May 8 and 9, the great French spring offensive was launched by Foch south of La Bassée, the British share was minor. On May 9 a British operation east of Festubert brought nearly 8,000 casualties in a few hours, because there was lacking ammunition for a proper preparation. After but forty minutes of bombardment the British infantry left their trenches. Such bravery only made the losses greater and Field Marshal Sir John French, returning from the field where he had seen his soldiers slaughtered, met a despatch from the British War

Office asking him to send back 20 per cent. of his reserve ammunition for use at Gallipoli.

The result was the famous shell scandal. Sir John French put the facts of the army condition in the hands of the Conservative members of Parliament, of Lloyd George, and of Lord Northcliffe, who forthwith gave them to the world in the London *Times*. For months French had asked Kitchener for high explosives and had received shrapnel. He had asked for great amounts of munitions and he had seen his guns starved and his men slaughtered because they were without artillery support. Festubert was an unimportant skirmish on the military side, but its political effect in Britain was enormous.

Meantime Foch, attacking on the front of some dozen miles from before Lens to the western environs of Arras, made immediate and considerable gains. The value of Neuve Chapelle had been that it had demonstrated that the German line could be pierced. The attack on that occasion had opened the road to Lille. Only the failure of supports to arrive had allowed the Germans time to restore their shattered front. Thus Foch could hope to do what the British had almost accomplished. In point of fact there was a penetration of the German lines again, but it was impossible to take full advantage because the penetration was only on a narrow front. The main attack was made on the easternmost foothills of the Artois highlands, which near Lens and Arras break down abruptly into the great plain of northern France. The German line clung to the first of these hills, the ridge of Notre Dame de Lorette to the north and of the Vimy Ridge to the south.

In the first days of fighting the French cleared the Lorette Ridge. They took a number of villages toward Arras—Carency, Ablain, Souchez. They mastered the famous German fortification of the Labyrinth, just west of the Vimy Ridge. But in the end the German line held. Advancing at first after great artillery preparation the French captured positions, prisoners, and guns with small loss. But when they endeavoured to expand their gains, their losses became heavy and the prospect of real success rapidly dwindled.

By the first days of June there was a slowing down. The Battle of

Artois, the first since the end of the "Race to the Sea," had terminated in a check for the French. Not until April, 1917, were the Allies to pass the Vimy Ridge and make good their hold on the plain below. Before Lemberg had fallen, while the Germans were still engaged in clearing Galicia of the Russian invader, the first attempt of the western allies of Russia to relieve the pressure upon their hard-pushed comrade failed completely. This failure left the Germans free to go on, after the Galician episode was completed, to their more considerable undertaking. Their offensive about Ypres and the Allied drive about Lens had shown the Allies unequal to a really dangerous attack for the period of the spring and summer of 1915.

Between June and the last days of September there were various French efforts, all with only local value. An attempt to break down the German salient about St. Mihiel failed, both when attempted south of St. Mihiel and north of Pont-à-Mousson. A slight advance was pushed over the Vosges into the upper valley of the Fecht, west of Colmar, but it had no real value. Actually, from June until autumn, the Allied armies stood still—gave themselves over to preparing a new attack. While Russia perished they were still powerless to save their ally.

III. THE AUTUMN OFFENSIVE

It was not until September that the Allies were ready to try again. At the moment when the Russians had won clear of the Vilna envelopment and were approaching the line upon which they were to make their final halt, Joffre and French in Artois and Champagne launched the terrific drives which were the Battles of Loos and Champagne. Both battles were German victories, because they did not break the German lines nor compel the Germans to abandon their eastern operations. Yet both marked real progress on the Allied side, and the French captures of prisoners in Champagne was impressive even in a war of the magnitude of the World War.

In many respects the Allied attack recalled the German strategy employed against the Warsaw salient. In France the German line was a salient almost as sharp as that held by the Russians in the last

THE ALLIED WESTERN OFFENSIVE

The scenes of the various operations between the Somme and the sea in the summer and autumn of 1915.

A-The second battle of Ypres
B-Festubert
C-Loos
D-Foch's thrust in Artois

days of July. From Loos to Souain the distance is about the same as from Lomza to Lublin. A piercing of the German line both at Lens and Auberive would have produced a situation in a degree like that which existed in the east when the Germans had penetrated both sides of the Polish salient. The Germans at Noyon, the point where the apex of the western salient approaches nearest to Paris, would have been in something of the peril of the Russians in Warsaw in the first days of August.

Thus, speaking broadly, what the Allies endeavoured to do was to attack the great German salient in France at two points well removed from the apex. Had they been able to penetrate at both a general German retirement to the Belgian frontier would have been probable. Had either attack been successful in any but a local way, then the German salient in France would have been materially narrowed and sharpened and German communications would have been considerably, if not fatally, crippled.

In this September attack, the fronts chosen for attack were in Champagne and Artois. Both had been the scene of desperate fighting in the spring. In Champagne, between the Moronviller Heights, which rise a few miles to the east of Rheims and dominate the plain, and the Argonne on a front of rather less than eighteen miles, over ground which presented no great obstacle, the French chose to make their main thrust. It was historic ground. A few miles to the south the Hunnish hordes of Attila had been routed. Valmy, which delivered France from another Prussian invasion, was almost within sight of the new battlefield. In Artois, west of Lens and the Vimy Ridge, the British under Sir John French, the French under Foch, were to make a new effort to get the greatest French coal city. Lens was the immediate object of the Anglo-French attack. Vouziers, behind the German lines and a nodal point for roads and railways alike, was the objective of the Champagne effort.

For the two drives there was an artillery preparation unequalled hitherto in the west. In Champagne railroads had been constructed, roads built, enormous engineering work done to make possible the great bombardment, which was to surpass the Dunajec as the Dunajec had

surpassed the British drum-fire at Neuve Chapelle. All the ammunition manufactured by the newly organized French industrial establishments and husbanded during the summer was now available. The French armies had been reorganized, newly equipped. No French army was ever in better spirits and in a better state of preparation than that

THE ALLIES' AUTUMN OFFENSIVE IN THE WEST, 1915

The arrows show locations of the British operations about Lens, and of the French campaign in Champagne. In many respects the Allied attack recalled the German strategy successfully employed against the Warsaw salient during the previous summer. (See map on page 152.)

which under Pétain, soon to command the attention of the world as the defender of Verdun, made the great venture of September 25, 1915.

Nor was Foch's army less worthy of the best traditions of the French. Its commander had delivered the decisive thrust at the Marne, after having saved the beaten army of Lorraine in the retreat from Morhange. His victory at the Yser had saved Calais—and in the winning of it he had been decisively aided by the British, who remained associated with him in the new campaign. Even the fighting of May and June had disclosed Foch as a great master of trench warfare, although he lacked the

guns and munitions to win a real victory. After three years of war Foch and Pétain were to remain the two great fighters on the French side when Joffre had gone, and it is worthy of note that we see them now at last, one commanding a group of armies, the other the army that made the great drive in Champagne.

By the third week of September the preparations were complete. By September 20 the guns were roaring in the greatest bombardment

MAP OF GERMAN TRENCHES AT CHAMPAGNE—WESTERN HALF

This map and the one opposite are reproduced from one prepared by the French General Staff. They show the system of German trenches assaulted by the French, September 25, 1915

of the war, the fire beginning along the whole front and gradually concentrating in the narrow sectors which were to see the real attack. The guns gave the Germans full warning of what was to come, but there was no need of warning for the Germans were already fully aware of the preparations being made.

IV. CHAMPAGNE

On the morning of September 25, just as daylight broke, the French left their trenches between Souain and Massiges on a front of more than

fifteen miles and advanced in successive waves against the German lines. On the western flank of the attack, about Souain, they had before them only rolling country, destitute of cover—the familiar sterile and monotonous chalk plain of the "Dusty Champagne." In the centre the ground was broken by bits of woodland and by more considerable hills. On the extreme east the ground before the French was much higher and more difficult and culminated in that oddly shaped elevation

MAP OF GERMAN TRENCHES AT CHAMPAGNE—EASTERN HALF

The curling, twisting, tentacle-like railroads that seem to end nowhere are narrow-gauge lines built by the Germans for the purpose of serving their trenches

called by the soldier the "hand" of Massiges because on the map its outline resembled that of a hand with clearly defined fingers.

The artillery preparation had been so complete that the French crossed the first system of German trenches with small loss in almost all sectors. Only here and there were they held up, chiefly in the centre, by machine guns hidden in underbrush and by concrete defenses of the sort which the British "Tommy" later named "pill-boxes." But the effect of the partial checks along the front was to give the advance a wholly irregular outline. It had started as a great wave, moving in

perfect alignment at a given moment. But by afternoon it resembled the toothed edge of a handsaw.

For a great success it was essential that the weather should be clear and thus the field of observation for the aëroplanes unobstructed. But before noon rain began to fall, transforming the chalk soil into mud, making observation next to impossible at the precise moment when it was essential that the guns should be brought to bear upon the various German defences of the first line and its support trenches which had survived the first drum-fire. At the moment of victory the French advance now began to slow down.

The next day the attack was resumed. The whole of the German first line was methodically reduced, but the Germans had learned their lesson at the Dunajec and behind the first line was a second, not nearly so strong, but strong enough to hold, particularly as the French artillery had to be moved forward to reach it. Yet the French did at some points breach the second line. A Moroccan brigade north of Souain actually won clear of the whole German position, only to be annihilated by the concentrated fire of the guns behind the German trenches.

Meantime the Germans had begun to draw reserves from all portions of their western front. They seem to have had no real strategic reserve for portions of more than fifty different commands were presently identified. Men and guns arrived from all sides and the German second line still held. Moreover, the French, having won their first advance with small loss, were beginning to pay heavy prices for each new foot gained. The old experience of Neuve Chapelle and Artois was being repeated. Already it was clear that the Dunajec triumph was not to be duplicated.

Wherefore, in the first days of October, the French determined to "cut their losses"—to take such profit as they had made and abandon all effort to get more. They had now advanced on a front of fifteen miles on an average above a mile and a half and at points more than two miles. They had taken more than 25,000 prisoners and 150 field and heavy guns, together with an enormous booty of munitions and small arms. It was a bigger bag of guns and prisoners than Napoleon had won at Jena or at Austerlitz and not since 1806 had any Prussian army shown

GALLIPOLI

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THE LANDING OF THE AUSTRALIANS AT ANZAC BEACH, GALLIPOLI

"The landing was one of the ghastliest incidents of the whole war. For a month the Turks had been preparing. Not only was the shore fortified, but the beaches, the shallows were covered by submerged barbed wires. Against this position the British were sent in open boats, partly but not effectively covered by the fire of the fleet. They made the landing . . . but not less than 15,000 casualties was the price of the effort. As many troops as the United States sent to Cuba in the first Santiago expedition were killed, wounded, or captured on this first day [April 25, 1915] of the Gallipoli fighting."

BRITISH BLUEJACKETS COMING ASHORE AT MUDROS

Sir Ian Hamilton's force for the Gallipoli campaign was mobilized in Egypt and transported to Mudros Bay, on the Island of Lemnos, which lies in the Ægean opposite the entrance to the Dardanelles and about fifty miles away

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AT CAPE HELLAS

View from a British officer's dugout on the cliffs. The splash in the middle distance was made by a Turkish shell which passed over the photographer's head and fell uncomfortably near the transports lying at anchor. The main British force landed near this point—at the toe of the boot—and was never able to advance farther than three miles from here.

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A SANDBAG RAMPART FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE AUSTRALIANS AT ANZAC BEACH

The tragedy of Gallipoli was the hopelessness of it all. "Never in British history was there a more splendid example of the tenacity and the courage which have made the great empire. Nothing in English or world history surpasses this devotion of the men of Britain, of Australia, and of New Zealand, fighting under conditions beyond belief, enduring hardships beyond exaggeration."

A DARDANELLES HEADLAND

"The whole area was a series of confused gullies, steep hills, and deep ravines. . . . The climatic conditions were indescribably bad. In winter the peninsula was swept by the cold blasts from the Black Sea. In summer it was baked by a tropical sun which dried up all the water courses and turned the country into a desert and a furnace. All water for drinking purposes had to be brought from Egypt or Lemnos."

A BRITISH CAMP ON THE SUN-BAKED PENINSULA

"No movement could be made without first advertising its character by preparations carried out under Turkish eyes. A more helpless, hapless position for a great army cannot be imagined, nor is there anything in military history since the Crimea to compare with the hardships of the men of Gallipoli"

A TURKISH STRONGHOLD

The interior of one of the Turkish strongholds during a heavy bombardment. Looking out to sea, the smoke-clouded Allied fleet is just visible

A FRENCH RECONNAISSANCE

A well-aimed Turkish shell has just exploded on the right. Two men are seen crawling toward positions of comparative safety behind a sandy rampart which a third has reached

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THE END, AT GALLIPOLI

Their stores at Suvla Bay were set afire by the British when the hapless enterprise was finally abandoned.

In December German successes in the Balkans opened the road between Turkey and her great ally and insured the speedy arrival of German artillery at Gallipoli. Evacuation became inevitable, and on December 19 the troops were withdrawn from Suvla.

such readiness to surrender in detail. Of course there was no surrender of large units. As to losses, that of each side certainly passed 100,000; the French was approximately 120,000; the German materially greater.

In the moral sense the French were therefore justified in claiming the Champagne as a victory. The sight of the thousands of German prisoners, the parks of Prussian cannon in the courtyard of the Invalides in Paris, the stories of German troops surrendering, all contributed to raise the spirits of the French people and break the long period of depression which had come after the spring efforts had failed and the Russian defeats had demonstrated that France was not to be liberated from the invader during the current year. Artois had been in a measure a cause for optimism in the spring, but the Champagne was in much greater degree a cause for rejoicing.

Yet it is plain that considerable as was the local and tactical success in Champagne, it did not affect the main issue or modify the German purpose. Some German divisions were rushed back from the east. The extreme objectives of the Germans in Russia were not all reached. There was a prompt reduction of pressure upon Russia. But the western offensive came too late to save Russia, now doomed to fall to Revolution and subsequent military powerlessness, and it did not force the Germans to give over their Balkan plans now maturing.

V. LOOS

The Artois operation was entirely subsidiary. The Allies, unlike the Germans, did not attempt to break the hostile salient on both sides. Their hope was to smash it in Champagne and by pressure in Artois prevent the enemy from sending troops from west to east. Hence there was no large expectation and no adequate preparation, particularly on the part of the British, for a real success. And, as it happened, when the British did break the German line, they were totally unable to turn to permanent advantage a success which, for the moment, promised greater real profit than was attained by the army either of Pétain in Champagne or of Foch in Artois.

The Artois operation was assigned to the northernmost army of the group commanded by Foch and the southernmost army of French, which was commanded by Sir Douglas Haig. The immediate objective of the French was the Vimy Ridge, the last highland of the Artois Plateau, which breaks down sharply into the plain east of the Vimy Hills. The British aimed at the German lines covering the great road which runs north from Lens to La Bassée over high ground. The only considerable village in the British sector was that of Loos, two miles northwest of Lens and situated just at the western slope of Hill No. 70, which dominates Lens from the north. The French attacked upon a front of rather less than ten miles; the operative front of the British was hardly half as wide.

The French attack was successful and on September 25 and the succeeding days they pushed to the top of the Vimy Ridge, but were unable to clear the summit. In some places the Germans held the eastern slope, the French the western, and the crest was a "No-man's land." There was a moment when it seemed that the whole ridge would be won, but the British to the north became involved in difficulties which made it necessary for the French to go to their assistance and abandon their own operation. The result was that Vimy was only half taken and later in the war, when the British took over this sector from the French, a German attack won back much of the lost ground. It was not until Easter Monday, April 9, 1917, that the Canadians were to clear Vimy of its German garrisons.

Turning now to the British attack, the problem was this: The ground rolled gently upward from the British and was seamed with German trenches, two complete systems interposing between the British and the Lens-La Bassée highroad. The main obstacles were found in the coal pits and slag heaps—the characteristic features of the whole Lens district. The northernmost of the British attacks was aimed at the famous Hohenzollern Redoubt, just south of the La Bassée Canal; the southernmost at the village of Loos, with Hill No. 70 behind it as an ultimate objective. Various defensive works between these two points along the highway were the objectives of the centre.

The British attack got away handsomely after the customary bombardment at daylight on September 25. In the early hours the success was complete. The Hohenzollern Redoubt was captured, the works covering the highway were reached and taken, and the highway crossed at various points. But the great triumph was to the south, where the Highlanders took Loos, pushed on and captured the redoubt and slopes of Hill 70, and pressed on over the eastern slope of the hill. A great success was now within sight. The last German trench line had been penetrated. The Germans were hastily moving their heavy guns out of Lens and the evacuation of the town had begun.

But again, at the critical moment, the British staff broke down. The success was out of proportion to the expectation. Such immediate reserves as were available—two divisions of the new army—were pushed up, but under the strain they broke down and fled, repeating the performance of the French Fifteenth Army Corps at Morhange. The Scottish troops had neglected to disarm and send to the rear the garrison of the redoubt on Hill 70 and these troops now took up their arms and reoccupied their old fort. Not until midsummer, 1917, were the British again to occupy this height.

From the afternoon of September 25 until the morning of September 27 there was a chance that the great success might be made permanent, but, just as at Neuve Chapelle and Suvla, the golden opportunity passed. The Scottish troops were either destroyed or pushed back from their vantage points, Hill 70 was retaken by the Germans, who again pushed west of the Lens-La Bassée highroad. By September 27 their line was restored, their counter-attacks were beginning to threaten the safety of the British, and Sir John French had to appeal to Foch for assistance. The lines became stationary again. The thing that happened in Champagne also occurred in Artois. In both places the Germans had lost ground, but had preserved the continuity of their front and parried a deadly thrust.

At Loos the British took 3,000 prisoners and twenty-five guns. They lost rather more than 60,000 men—a loss greater than the combined casualty lists of the Northern and Southern armies at Gettysburg.

Their gain in ground was nowhere much deeper than a mile and over a front of less than four miles. And within a brief time the British realized that another great opportunity had been missed. Neuve Chapelle, Loos, Suvla Bay—these are all illuminating examples of the cost to a nation of unpreparedness and the fallacy of the notion that armies can be improvised or staffs created when the fact of war has surprised a nation totally unready.

Loos sealed the fate of Sir John French. His return to England was there assured, although it did not come for several months. It is probably true that the chief blame rested upon the nation which had failed in peace to prepare for war. The main faults of Loos were the faults incident to just such an army as Britain had been compelled to improvise. Yet it is hard not to believe that a portion of the blame rested with the commander-in-chief in the field. In a few months after Loos, French gave way to his immediate lieutenant, Sir Douglas Haig, while Sir William Robertson became chief of staff and there was a consequent reorganization of the whole British military establishment.

Thus, in a sense, Loos marks the lowest point in British military tide during the first three years of the war, although the evacuation of Gallipoli and the surrender at Kut-el-Amara, which came later, were evidences of the same conditions. On the morrow of Loos the German General Staff could justly calculate that Russia had fallen and Britain had failed. France alone could not pierce the German lines on the offensive. Could she, on the defensive, resist the German attack, still deprived of effective aid from Britain? The German officers decided not and we may see in the result of Loos a strong stimulus toward the Verdun attack that was to come a few months later. At Ypres in April, at Loos in September, Germany had tested British strength; both tests had proven satisfactory to the Teutonic mind. If Germany had failed to dispose of France at the Marne and by a single blow, she had now disposed of Russia and could risk another blow at France, before Britain could arrive. Loos, after all, was the preface to Verdun.

VI. ITALIAN OFFENSIVES

To complete the story of western offensives during the campaign of 1915 it is now necessary to glance at the Italian operations. When Italy entered the war the Allies promptly expected great results with brief delays. That Italy would take Trieste, break through the narrow gap between the Adriatic and the Julian Alps, and follow the route by

THE ITALIAN FRONTIER

As soon as the Italians entered the war they swarmed over the frontier north of Verona and west of Gorizia, and took Cortina and a few other towns outside the Austrian fortifications. But they nowhere penetrated Austrian territory twenty miles, and as soon as they came within range of heavy artillery, fixed behind permanent trenches, they themselves were forced to take to earth. The Italian campaign of 1915 thenceforward continued to be an affair of trench warfare.

which the young Napoleon in 1797 reached the Semmering Pass and grasped the key to Vienna, seemed assured.

But once more, as so frequently in this fatal year, Paris, London, and Petrograd quite ignored the facts. When the World War began, trench conflict was still unexpected and for the first two months the war moved down into France and then back toward Belgium with such campaigning as had been looked for before the struggle opened. The first battles were analogous to those of 1870. The Marne was still a battle of movement. It was only at the Aisne that war of position began.

In the Italian campaign the war started in the trenches. Austria, long aware of the menace of Italian preparation, began early to construct trenches along her whole western front, from Switzerland to the Adriatic. For months the work went on. Thus when Italy at last struck, she ran her head instantly against long lines of prepared positions, such as those in France and Belgium had become. She was halted, and the third anniversary of the war found her still held between the Julian Alps and the Gulf of Trieste.

In the very first days of their war the Italians swarmed over the frontier north of Verona and west of Gorizia; they took Cortina, Ala, Gradisca, and a few other towns outside the trace of Austrian fortifications. Nowhere did they get twenty miles into Austrian territory; nowhere did they make any real breach in the trenches the Austrians had prepared. Like the French and the British advancing from the Marne to the Aisne, they suddenly came within range of heavy artillery, fixed behind permanent trenches, well prepared. And, like the French and the British, they were forced to take to earth.

This is the story of the Italian campaign of 1915. Along most of the front from Lago di Garda to the lower valley of the Isonzo the Italians were operating in a region of great mountains, some of them rising to 10,000 feet. The summits, the foothills, all the roads and approaches had long been covered by Austrian defences. There was little chance to blast a way through this barrier; there was none to rush it. Slow, steady pressure, the capture of a summit here, a trench there; a difficult and tedious effort—not to break through, but, on this front, merely to dig in so firmly that if the Germans should join the Austrians in a drive into Italy the Italian position would hold. This was, and for two years and a half remained, the Italian campaign. Remember that this frontier was traced by Austrian military engineers intent on keeping for Austria every military vantage point, and the Italian task is comprehensible.

Between the Adriatic and the mountains, along the Isonzo River, there is a district of relatively level character perhaps thirty miles broad. This is the Gorizia front. Here the Italians could undertake precisely the operation the French twice attempted in Champagne.

By concentrating heavy artillery here they might hope to blast a way into Austria. In the month of November they made the greatest of their many attempts, striving to exert a pressure that would prevent the Austrians from detaching troops to help the Germans in Serbia, as the English and French in Champagne and Loos had sought to relieve the Russians.

But, despite the repeated attacks—and the Austrians conceded that both infantry and artillery played a desperate part—Gorizia was not taken, the Austrian line held, the Italians were checked with losses estimated by the Austrians at 150,000. Italy gained trenches, as France did in Champagne, although she took no such bag of guns and prisoners; but the Isonzo line held.

The French and British hopes of victory in the west were shattered at Champagne and Loos. Their expectation of an early and decisive success by the Italians over Austria was soon shown to be futile. Italy did not by her entrance save Russia; she did not immediately endanger Austria; she could not even exert enough pressure to prevent the destruction of Serbia in the autumn. What was far worse, from the Italian point of view, the campaigns of 1915 and 1917 did not clear the Austrians out of Trent and the great salient, which, like an enormous cape, projected into the Venetian plain.

Until this great bastion was taken Italy must always face the danger of a sudden thrust south, either through the valley of the Brenta, the valley of the Adige, or along the shores of Lago di Garda. Such a thrust, if it reached the plain, would envelop all the Italian armies between the Brenta and the Isonza and threaten one of the greatest disasters in military history. Despite all her exertions Italy could not bar this road in 1915, and the spring of 1916 was to bring a grave menace in the Austrian offensive which sought to reach the plain by the Brenta valley and did almost succeed while November and December of 1917 were to bring still deadlier peril from the same direction.

Like Britain and France, then, Italy failed to get forward in 1915. Like France she was now soon to be menaced by a deadly peril already preparing behind the screen of the Dolomites, as the Verdun drive was

being organized in the forests east of the Meuse fortress. In Artois, in Champagne, in Trent, and on the Isonzo, the Central Powers had made good their defensive, while disposing of Russia. They were to maintain their lines successfully now, while Serbia was destroyed and the road to the Golden Horn and the Persian Gulf flung open. Afterward it would be time to come west and strive to win the war.

CHAPTER TWELVE

BACK TO THE BALKANS

I

As early as mid-July, when the Russians still held Warsaw and the real extent of the Dunajec disaster was yet unknown, there began to come from Belgrade, Bucharest, and Athens warnings that the Balkan situation was about to enter a new phase. Hardly had Warsaw fallen when the reports became more ominous, and it was no longer to be doubted that there was being organized north of the Danube and along the Serbian frontier a new Austro-German operation. Actually Mackensen was already laying the foundation for his next great campaign.

German strategy was then hidden from the Allied statesmen and generals, who were still unconscious of the true magnitude of Russian disaster and the real impotence of French and British offensive campaigns on the western front. In July, 1915, the Allied press and publics still expected the fall of Gallipoli and the successful defence of Warsaw; they were still awaiting news that should assure them of the possession of Constantinople and the end of the German blockade of Russia.

German statesmanship and High Command saw things much more clearly. It had become time to move southward. The situation in Turkey was not immediately perilous; German officers in the Sultan's service could assure the Kaiser that the lines of Gallipoli would hold; but the political conditions were such that it was plain to perceive an hour was coming when Germany would need to be represented by real force at Constantinople and at Sofia, when Athens would need a practical example of German power.

In Turkey there was a strong party which still leaned to the Allied cause. Enver had driven the nation into war, but he had not yet won any considerable triumph, apart from the defeat of the British fleet at the Straits. A Turkish army had been heavily defeated in Armenia; a British army was moving up the Tigris toward Bagdad and was still

unchecked, and the British army at the Dardanelles was receiving reinforcements and more guns and munitions. Despite all efforts the flow of munitions from Germany and Austria to Turkey was far from adequate; Turkish losses were mounting rapidly; the suffering of the population of Constantinople was great; the war was becoming unpopular, and Enver was growing weaker, if not immediately in danger.

The situation in Athens, in Sofia, in Bucharest will be examined in detail presently, but it is sufficient now to point out that, while in the Greek and Bulgar capitals the influence of the Thrones still protected German interests, the conditions were such that it was unwise to postpone too long the transformation of the promises made to the Balkan sovereigns into a reality proven by German arms. The situation was favourable, but it was unlikely that it could forever remain favourable, for Allied diplomacy, however inept, was already beginning to pass from the domain of idealism to the region of solid fact, which alone has value in the Balkans.

With the fall of Lemberg and the expulsion of the Russians from all but a corner of the Austrian territory near the Rumanian frontier, the Rumanian problem could be adjourned. Germany could afford to ignore Bucharest since after the Dunajec the chance of an immediate entrance of this small Latin state was slight; but Bulgaria and Greece, having goods to dispose of—armies and ships—and having ambitions which were popular as well as royal, were now pressing their wares, and if their kings were already German possessions the peoples were not. And more than this, these peoples were quite as willing to serve the Entente as the Central Powers, provided the bribe of the former were greater than that of the latter.

In a word, the Balkan situation had now reached a stage at which, both because of diplomatic and political conditions, further German neglect might have fatal consequences. Turkey might crack; Bulgaria, despite its king, might make a bargain with the Allies. Venizelos might prevail over Constantine. Enver might presently fall to an assassin and his successor restore the old situation in which British and French influence was supreme at the Golden Horn.

All this the Germans had foreseen. As early as the days when Lemberg was falling, their attention had been turned to the Danube. On July 17, while Warsaw was still seemingly impregnable, Germany had set her hand to a treaty with the Bulgarian Czarlet whereby, in return for the promise of Bulgarian aid, she had contracted to send an army south before Christmas. Yet, so blind were the Allied diplomatists, that for weeks thereafter they still sought to purchase a Sovereign and a state already visibly marked "sold."

II. MILITARY ASPECTS

The political aspects of the new Balkan programme of the Germans were hardly less obvious than the military. When the Allies went to the Dardanelles they had embarked upon a "sideshow" not alone foolish because it was beyond their resources, but fatal because it removed many thousands of men from the decisive field, which was the western front, and deprived them of any strategic reserve should they need it elsewhere. The British campaign in Mesopotamia was a similar example of bad strategy, destined to have evil effect in the future no longer distant.

But a German campaign to Constantinople was another affair. Until Serbia was eliminated the Austrians would be compelled to keep large armies along the Danube and the Drina. They were bound to watch over their Serb subjects; they were bound to suffer in the eyes of all their Slav subjects because of the two Serbian victories of Valievo and the Jedar. But if the Germans once crushed Serbia and opened the road to Byzantium, then the mission of watching over a conquered Serbia could be confided to a Bulgar ally. Bulgaria had the men and the material to take over the Balkan front, once Serbia was crushed.

More than this, Turkish troops, once the road to Austria was open, could be brought to the eastern front to fight against Russia, as did actually occur a year later. They could be brought north to the Bulgar frontier to watch Rumania and to join in a general attack upon this state, if it should enter the war. This, too, did occur in the following

year and strong Turkish forces were with Mackensen when he took the Dobrudja and pushed north through Constantza to the mouths of the Danube.

When they sent their troops to the Dardanelles and Mesopotamia, the British locked them up in the peninsula, but when the Germans sent their armies to the southward they still kept them in close communication with the main masses in the east and the west. Troops from the Balkans could always be promptly recalled if necessary and sent to Galicia or Champagne with the briefest delay—a thing quite impossible in the case of the British troops at Gallipoli. But more than this, the Germans by crushing Serbia would actually make available for their own purposes both the Bulgar and the Turkish armies. Success would mean not opening a new front, but turning an old front over to new allies and in addition gaining divisions to use on the old fronts. The recruiting officer went with the conquerer on the road to the Near East.

The Bulgarian army was not under 300,000 strong. The Turks still possessed a million men under arms and very large reserves of man-power still awaiting guns and equipment. By the new campaign Germany could hope to abolish the Serbian front, releasing Austrian troops for the Italian campaign; turn over to the Bulgars any problem raised by the sending of an Allied army to Salonica, if this should occur; and still count upon Bulgar and Turkish troops to overawe Rumania, whose real hostility was never doubted in Berlin. Further than this, German guns and ammunition would enable the Turks, fighting at a disadvantage now in Mesopotamia, to turn and save Bagdad.

And beyond all these immediate possibilities loomed the larger horizon. Russia was being crushed. Her collapse was already inevitable in the German mind. Either a separate peace or a revolution would follow the campaign of 1915, the German quite correctly calculated. He would then have to deal with France, but for France he was already preparing the Verdun blow which would put the Republic out of the war, since he was satisfied that France could not successfully resist and he knew that Britain was unready.

With France and Russia out, there was left Britain. But once

German armies had opened the route to Asia Minor, the Bagdad and Hedjaz railroads pointed the way to an immediate invasion of Egypt by Suez and an eventual invasion of India by the route of Alexander the Great. Threatened in Egypt and India, deserted by French and Russian allies who had been forced by the Dunajec and a Verdun defeat separately to make peace, Britain, the Germans could expect, would abandon the battle, or, if she refused, Germany could confront with equanimity the prospect of a war with Britain alone, fought mainly by Turkish troops under German control in remote Asiatic regions, its European phase chiefly noteworthy because of the intensive submarine warfare which Germany was now considering.

And if Britain yielded, then there was left to Germany the most astounding prize of modern history—the mastery of Central Europe and of Western Asia. Indemnified by France, who would bear the costs of the war; assured on her eastern frontier against Russia by the possession of Poland, Ukraine, and the Courland; controlling Bulgaria and Greece through their kings and Turkey by her agents, Germany could adjourn her other purposes until "next time."

Never did the German genius for organization shine more brilliantly than in this Balkan episode. For just this moment Germany had been preparing for years. Her agents in all the Near East had laid the foundations of that German rule which was some day to come south across the Danube and reach Byzantium and Bagdad, Salonica and Smyrna, Suez and Basra.

The moment had now come, but the political and military aspects had both been carefully weighed. Germany had delivered the blow at Russia which was becoming effective and would presently become well-nigh fatal. She was meditating and preparing the blow against France which was to be the Verdun campaign; and in the midst of these colossal operations she was already sketching the blow against Britain, to be delivered at Suez, the Heel of the British Achilles, as German writers had long insisted.

Is it cause for wonder that the German, seeing these things face to face, made no effort to restrain his contempt for the Allied press and public men who, in the summer of 1915, were shouting about

trenches gained in Artois and Champagne, prospective advances in Gallipoli and Mesopotamia, and seeking to gloss over Russian disaster by false conclusions drawn from imperfect information?

III. THE CZAR FERDINAND

It remains now to discuss the actual Balkan facts during the period between the outbreak of the war and the moment when Bulgaria formally allied herself with the Central Powers. We may ignore the Rumanian phase because Russian diplomacy quite foolishly refused to make fair terms with the Rumanians while Russian armies were still advancing victoriously in the Carpathians, believing that Rumanian aid was unnecessary; and Rumanian statesmen, after the Russian defeats, quite wisely decided that neutrality was their only safe course. It remained so even in the subsequent summer, when the great decision was made at Bucharest. But now it is safe to say that the Allies might have had Rumania at any moment before the Dunajec, and through Russian arrogance, lost aid which would have been of incalculable advantage.

In the case of Bulgaria the Allied defeat was due to other causes. At the close of the Second Balkan War, Ferdinand, who had provoked the war at the instigation of Vienna, was saved from exile only by the financial aid given to his country by Germany and Austria. Since he was always the creature of Vienna and of Berlin this did not change his status, but it should have warned the Allies. Here was a mean, cowardly, altogether abhorrent kinglet, whose allegiance to the enemies of the Allies was based alike on fear and on selfishness, who was still the cleverest diplomatist in German pay. He had neither a sincere nor an honest thought. His character was known to all. Yet for a whole year Allied diplomacy continued to deal with this man, basing its action on the theory that he was both a patriot and a friend.

Ferdinand's subservience to the Central Powers was personal, not expressive of the will of his subjects. From the Second Balkan War Bulgaria had emerged shorn of her conquests. She had been plundered by Rumania. She had lost Macedonia to the Serbs, who had taken what, in their ante-bellum treaty, they had pledged to Bulgaria; she

had lost Kavala and Drama to the Greeks after taking them; she had even lost Adrianople to the Turk. The victor of Lule Burgas, the state which had made the greatest sacrifice of all the Balkan nations, had emerged from the war the least benefited.

Now Bulgaria—every man, woman, and child in Bulgaria—was determined to abolish the iniquitous Treaty of Bucharest, to regain what she had lost, and the Bulgarian army was at the service of the Alliance which would offer this restoration. The Bulgar was quite as willing to fight the Turk as the Serb, provided that the reward were equally good, and this willingness was not based upon sordid considerations. Macedonia was his Alsace, Adrianople his Trieste, the Dobrudja a recently amputated Lorraine still bleeding.

But the difficulty within the situation lay in the fact that while the people of Bulgaria were ready to take either side, their Czar was already committed. Hence there never was any chance of winning Bulgaria to the Allied side short of eliminating Ferdinand, and this was beyond the conception, if not beyond the power, of the Allies. Instead they set out to persuade Serbia, Greece, and Rumania to restore the Bulgar's lands. Even had there been no question of bad faith this was a dangerous experiment. Serbia had rendered magnificent service to the Allied cause and in so doing suffered terribly, while the Allies had done nothing for her. It came with bad grace from London and Paris then, this appeal to Serbia to surrender what she had won at the Bregalnitza, while her great allies had still failed to open her road to the Adriatic. Once this road was open, once she had a window on the sea, she was ready to give up Monastir, but even this was not easy, for she still had a treaty with Greece which bound her to keep her contact with the state which had been her ally in the recent conflict.

Serbia, however, was the least difficult of the obstacles. The Serb might yield, but what of Greece? She had once, with bitter anguish, consented to see Kavala remain Bulgar, despite its overwhelming Greek population. But although she had agreed to this, Bulgaria had attacked her; and the atrocities of the Bulgars committed against the Hellenes of the Kavala district had roused all Greece in the Second Balkan War.

Kavala had been won, Drama and Seres had been taken by Constantine after the great victory of Kilkis. Now the Allies, who desired Greek aid and the assistance of Greek armies, began their negotiations by calling upon Greece not to receive territory but to yield it, to surrender what she possessed against a possible future profit, after a bloody and doubtful struggle.

IV. CONSTANTINE AND VENIZELOS

Such a proposal as the cession of Kavala opened a new situation. The Greek King was as thoroughly committed to the German cause as Ferdinand. His wife is the sister of the German Emperor. He was a German Field Marshal and his military training had been German. He had accepted the Kaiser's mediæval notions of royalty; he shared the Kaiser's hatred of the British and the French. He believed Germany would win; he desired that she should; and he was ready at all times to aid Germany when to do so was physically possible.

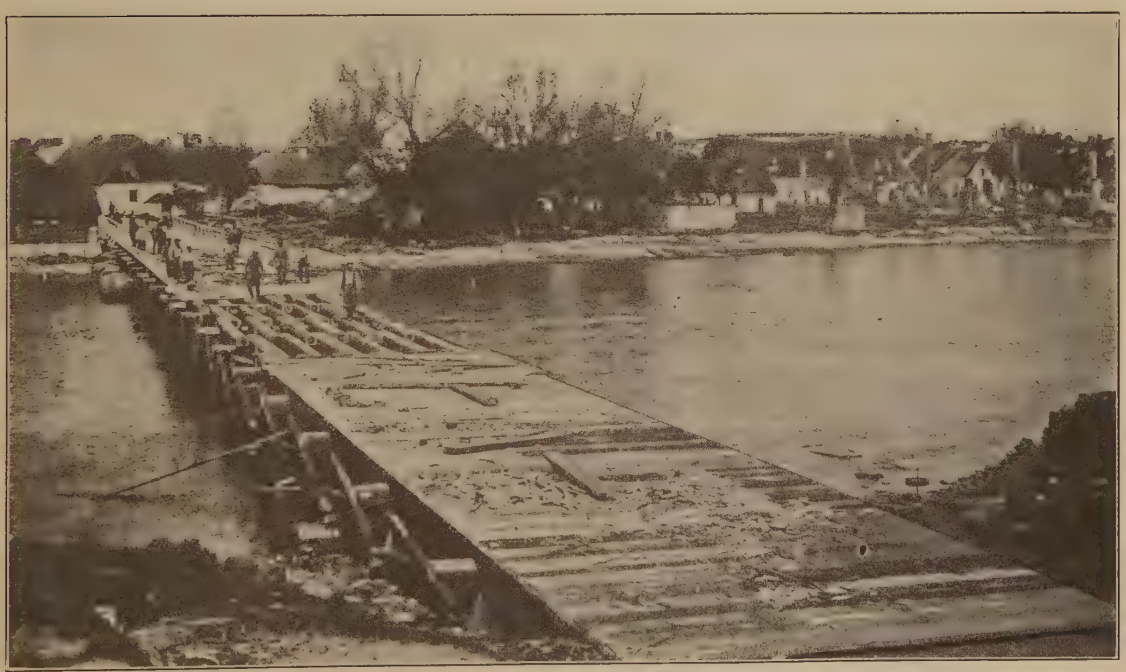
All Constantine's natural sympathies were heightened by the fact that his great minister, Venizelos, was pro-Ally. Of all the Balkan figures Venizelos alone is both great and admirable. New Greece had been fashioned by his hands. He had come from Crete in 1909 and saved the Hellenic State and the Danish dynasty. He had planned the Balkan confederation which conquered the Turk. He had organized the armies that defeated both the Osmanli and the Bulgar and gave Athens its first experience as a victorious capital in nearly twenty-five centuries. Inevitably the great minister clashed with the weak king.

Again Allied statesmanship was blind to the fact. Venizelos was deservedly popular in Greece, but he was not an absolute master. The Greek people, having driven Constantine into exile but a few years before, were now loyal and admiring servants. He had brought military victory. He had expunged the shame of the earlier Turkish War. He had defeated Turkish armies and captured Salonica and Janina. He had routed the Bulgar hosts at Kilkis and pursued them into the remote fastnesses of the Upper Struma.

Thus, when the Allies first sent their ships to the Dardanelles, Veni-

THE RECAPTURE OF PRZEMYSL—I

A big gun used by the Germans in the siege



THE RECAPTURE OF PRZEMYSL—II

Pioneers of the Austro-German forces building a bridge over the San River near Przemysl.

On March 23, 1915, the city of Przemysl in Galicia surrendered to the Russians after a siege which had lasted 200 days, and 119,000 Austrians were taken prisoners. Ten weeks later, when the Germans had come to the aid of the Austrians, the city was recaptured after a furious assault which lasted about a week. The comparative length of the sieges is significant.

SCENES IN GALICIA AND RUSSIAN POLAND—I

A young officer of the Polish Legion cavalry troop questions a scout who has just returned from a reconnaissance

SCENES IN GALICIA AND RUSSIAN POLAND—II

A German scout finds a mortally wounded sentinel who had crawled to a stream to quench his thirst

THE GRAND DUKE AND THE CZAR

"I hear constant talk of peace," he said. "I hear story after story that the pro-German influences at this Court are having their effects on you. I want to know if these reports are true?" (*See page 386*)

GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE RUSSIAN ARMIES, TILL DISASTER OVERTOOK RUSSIA IN THE SUMMER OF 1915

THE GERMAN ARMY ENTERS WARSAW

On August 4, 1915, the army of Prince Leopold of Bavaria entered Warsaw, one year to a day after the British declaration of war had transformed the contest into a World War. The Battle of the Dunajec had been won on May Day; less than a hundred days later the Germans were in Warsaw. Prince Leopold is here shown reviewing his victorious troops

THE RUSSIAN IDEA OF TRANSPORT—

Unexpectedly mild weather melted snow and ice and made hard going for this transport sledge, which finally skidded sidewise into the river

BURNING OF BREST-LITOWSK

After the Russian defeat on the Dunajec, May 1, 1915, disasters came thick and fast. To mention only a few: Warsaw was lost on August 4; Kovno on the 17th; and Brest-Litowsk had to be abandoned on the 25th. This picture shows the burning of the stores, with citizens attempting to make salvage of some of the grain, for their private hoards

AND THE WAY THE GERMANS HANDLED IT

Miles and miles of German transport wagons creeping across the Polish plains

RUSSIAN PRISONERS CROSSING THE VISTULA

These men fought bravely, but they were betrayed by the government. Time and again at the most critical hours during 1915 ammunition failed. Hundreds of thousands of lives were sacrificed, great regions of Russia were devastated and lost, because of German intrigue in Petrograd and German influence among the reactionaries who surrounded the Czar

HORDES OF RUSSIAN PRISONERS PATIENTLY WAITING TO BE FED

"The campaign of 1915 destroyed the monarchy in the eyes of the people of Russia. . . . While the military aspect of the great Russian disaster has hitherto claimed the attention of the world, it is probable that generations to come will see the military events as significant chiefly in that they were the prelude to the political changes, to the Russian Revolution"

zelos was unable to persuade Greece to send an army because the King opposed the project. Had this army been sent in February the Gallipoli Peninsula would have been taken, because it was unfortified, and Greece would have admitted the Allies to Constantinople. But the King vetoed the proposal and the veto received the endorsement of a people who accepted the decision of the soldier Constantine over the advice of the civilian Venizelos. The King said that the operation was a military impossibility. To the Greek the judgment of the victor of Kilkis stood irrefutable.

Once more, when the Allies sent their armies to the peninsula, Venizelos sought to send Greek contingents, as Sardinia had sent troops to the Crimea. But again the King interfered, dissolved the Boulé, forced an election, and in the period before the election the Allied operations had taken such a turn that even Venizelos could no longer confute the military judgment of the Greek sovereign. The Dardanelles campaign was failing as Constantine had forecast.

Unhappily for Venizelos, his worst obstacle was Allied diplomacy. To placate Bulgaria the cession of Kavala was demanded of Greece. To this Venizelos was willing to consent, did consent, accepting in return the promise of Smyrna and the Greek shore of Asia Minor. But the King promptly interposed his veto. He had conquered Kavala once, after Venizelos had signed it away; should it be resigned again after so much sacrifice? Delegations of the Greek populations of the whole Trans-Struma region filled Athens. They gave force to the words of the King. Greece stood with its sovereign against its statesman.

The entrance of Italy brought a new complication. Italy had taken Rhodes and the Dodecaneses in her Libyan War. These islands were as Greek as Athens itself. Italy had vetoed the union of northern Epirus with Greece after the First Balkan War and reserved these districts, also Hellenic by tongue and tradition, for herself, temporarily including them in the patchwork state of Albania, which had now crumbled to ruin. Greek troops were again in northern Epirus, but Rome had insisted that the occupation should be recognized as temporary.

Italy was the one rival of the Greeks in the eastern Mediterranean. Italy sought to rebuild the Venetian Empire of the Ægean and to lay hold upon the cities and provinces of Asia Minor and the islands of the Ægean, which had been Hellenic in their population and their tradition since the remote days when they had provoked a Persian invasion by a resistance to another great and predatory empire. When Italy entered the war Greek sympathy with the Allies naturally and visibly cooled. When the Allies promised the Greeks Smyrna after the war against the cession of Kavala without delay, the Greek public rallied to the side of the King who opposed the cession.

For months this sordid comedy went on. Ferdinand demanded for Bulgaria, as the price of adherence to the Allies, provinces which the Serb hesitated to yield, the Rumanian refused to cede, or the King of Greece roused his subjects to patriotic fury by declining to surrender.

In all this it is impossible not to believe that Ferdinand and Constantine played together, because, when the Germans did come south, Constantine not only abandoned the Kavala district to the Bulgars, but directed the Greek garrison to surrender the forts, the garrisons, and the guns to the invader. Inevitably one is bound to conclude that the mission of Ferdinand and Constantine was to engage the Allies in impossible negotiations until the right moment arrived and then to throw off the mask. And never was a game more skillfully played.

In all this time Allied diplomacy wholly failed to see the truth. It still dreamed of restoring the Balkan League which Sir Edward Grey had allowed to be slain at the Conference of London. While Germany promised Bulgaria and Greece territory not theirs as the reward of service, the Allies besought Greece and Serbia to surrender what they possessed to a Bulgaria known both by the Serbs and the Greeks to be actually bound by promises to the Central Powers and ready at any moment to transform the promises into performances.

And while Allied diplomacy was asking the Balkan States to make sacrifices for its friendship, Allied prospects and prestige were rapidly falling. Bulgar and Greek soldiers alike had fought and conquered the Turk. The victors of Lule Burgas and Yenidze-Vardar looked with

amazement upon the failure of French and British troops at Gallipoli, where they confronted armies which had been driven out of Europe, save for Constantinople and Gallipoli, in the few weeks of the opening act of the First Balkan War. In the same fashion Russian disasters in Galicia and Poland made new echoes in Sofia and Athens.

Had the Allies in May, 1915, sent to Salonica some of the troops which they wasted on the Gallipoli Peninsula, Greece would have been stampeded into the war and even Bulgaria might have broken away from its king. Backed by Allied men and fleets Venizelos could have carried Greece with him. At the least Serbia would have been saved and Bulgaria would have remained neutral. And Serbia, the faithful soldier of the Allies, was the only certain element in the situation. Yet to the end Allied diplomacy sought, not to save Serbia, but to compel the Serbs to make sacrifices; and those sacrifices, at last agreed to by Belgrade, were announced almost at the moment when Bulgaria was ready to strike.

V. THE FINAL FOLLY

But the supreme miscalculation of the Allies was in their estimate of the contemporary value in the Balkans of a treaty made in different circumstances to cover wholly dissimilar conditions. After the Second Balkan War the victors, Rumania, Serbia, and Greece, had framed an alliance not unlike that made by the three states which had partitioned Poland. In case of a Bulgarian attack upon any one of the contracting nations, the other two were bound to make the attack a *casus belli*.

Hence London and Paris at all times remained confident that, if Bulgaria should enter the war and attack Serbia, Rumania and Greece, faithful to their agreement, would spring to the aid of the Serb. To the very end Sir Edward Grey, and presumably Delcassé, clung to this belief. Yet no belief could have been more unwarranted. Germany had torn up her treaty guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium. She had done this merely because she needed an avenue of approach to an enemy she sought to strike down. Would Rumania and Greece hesitate to ignore another "scrap of paper" when their existence would be imperilled by fulfilling their commitments?

Bulgaria having definitely committed herself to the Central Powers by the agreement of July 17, began to mobilize within a brief time. Turkey solemnly ceded to her old foe the strip of territory west of the Maritza along which ran the railroad from Sofia and Philippopolis to Dedeagatch, the sole Bulgarian seaport. There was now no question as to Bulgarian purpose. But still the Allies hesitated. A despairing cry came from Belgrade. "Let us attack the Bulgar before he is mobilized," the Serb cried. But the stern moralists of London and Paris, still listening to Ferdinand's soft words, his assurances that he was mobilizing solely for defensive purposes, forbade the Serb and sealed his doom.

While Bulgaria was mobilizing, Constantine and Venizelos alike consented to Greek mobilization. But subsequently, when the mask was off, and Constantine kept Greece neutral, Bulgaria declared war upon Serbia. The situation was this: A great Russian army was, seemingly, on the point of capture about Vilna. All Russian armies were in retreat after a summer of unparalleled disaster. Russia was out of the war for months—Berlin said forever. The victor of the Dunajec was at the Danube with a strong army and a huge park of artillery. Austrian and German troops were at the Rumanian borders and Rumania was powerless.

Accordingly Rumania renounced her obligations—to do otherwise would have been to invite the ruin that came soon enough, as it turned out. There was left Greece. Should she, without Allied assistance—for no Allied troops were immediately available—undertake the task of holding off the whole Bulgar army while Serbia struggled with Mackensen? The end of that struggle was assured from the outset, for the Serbs had no heavy artillery. Granted that the Bulgars were checked for the time, what would happen when Mackensen had disposed of the Serbs, as he was bound to dispose of them in a few short weeks?

The pathway of honour was clear. But Rumania, with a considerable army and a frontier touching Russia, had renounced it. Was it likely that Greece would seek to earn the glory that Belgium had acquired by inviting the fate which Belgium had met, which Serbia was

now about to meet, which Rumania faced one short year later? The Allies believed so to the end. In the closing hours Sir Edward Grey offered Greece Cyprus as compensation for fulfilling her obligations. Venizelos endeavoured to lead his country along the pathway of duty, the duty which he still saw. But with the consent of most of his subjects Constantine intervened, Venizelos fell and went out of power. Greece declared her neutrality and Serbia was left to perish.

Constantine's decision cost him his crown. It was a decision which had been reached long in advance of the fact. His bad faith was soon to become notorious. He had ruined the Allied hopes at the Dardanelles when there was still a chance of victory in February and March. He had kept Greece neutral in later months before Germany was ready to strike, when Greek participation might have been really useful to the Allies and of permanent profit to his country. But when, in September, 1915, he intervened to keep Greece out of the war, he acted in accord with the will of his countrymen. The heavy artillery of Mackensen along the Danube was already making echoes in Athens.

Looking backward it is plain to see the extent of Allied folly. In the Balkans, men, money, and guns alone count. No Balkan state has any reason to trust the Concert of Europe or the component parts thereof. Again and again what has been won by Balkan blood has been returned to the Turk by European statesmanship. From San Stefano to the Conference of London the story is the same. Experience, bitter experience, has made realists of the Balkan peoples, and it was only by recognizing this fact that the Allies could hope to draw profit out of the Near East.

Yet of the four considerable states, three—Serbia, Rumania, and Greece—were always friendly to the Allies. One entered the war in 1914, another in 1916, and the third in 1917. Had they entered at the outset or at any moment before Midsummer, 1915, this fact would have spelled disaster to the Central Powers. All could have been enlisted before the summer of 1915 and even Bulgaria might have been bought by concessions, after the Bulgars saw their neighbours enlisted. The Pro-Russian party at Sofia might have disposed of the Austrian Czarlet, none too popular after the Second Balkan War.

But unless the Allies were willing to send men and guns, armies and fleets to the Near East—troops to Serbia, fleets to Salonica—there was no chance of a favourable outcome in 1915. When the Allies sent their troops to Gallipoli they disposed of their last strategic reserve. Division after division disappeared in the mud and dust of Gallipoli. These divisions would have saved Serbia, enlisted Greece, impressed Bulgaria. But the Allied attention was focussed, not upon the Danube but upon the Dardanelles. The consequence was the Serbian tragedy, with its concomitant circumstances which changed the whole character of the war.

In July, 1914, Sir Edward Grey utterly failed to grasp the European situation. He could not face the facts. He continued to base his action upon his ideals and his aspirations. His failure was inevitable, but it was less to be condemned, perhaps, because all efforts were doomed to fail in the presence of inescapable war. In the Balkans, on the other hand, Grey had every chance. As usual his purposes were honourable, his methods above reproach; but his failure was more complete than anything in recent British history, and few failures have been more expensive in all history.

In the past, British foreign ministers have not infrequently been reproached with having displayed more perspicacity than principle. Sir Edward Grey's Balkan policy combined the maximum of principle with the irreducible minimum of perspicacity. His character and good repute survived the shock of all his defeats. But his country narrowly escaped permanent injury and his administration of British foreign policy made it the jest of the world.

The spectacle of the successor of Disraeli tricked, duped, played with, by a Bulgarian Czarlet must remain as the extreme contrast to the scene at the Congress of Berlin, where Beaconsfield divided with Bismarck the authority of Europe. The Balkan episode finally led to the fall of Grey as it promptly eliminated Delcassé. But, unhappily, opportunity in the east had preceded Sir Edward; he might return, it would not.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

THE SERBIAN TRAGEDY

I

SERBIA'S PROBLEM

The story of the Serbian campaign is briefly told. At the outset of the war Serbia had the best army of its size in Europe. It had destroyed the Turkish Macedonian Army at Kumanovo in 1912, winning one of the most decisive victories in the history of war. It had completed its achievement at Monastir in a struggle of real importance although little known to the world, and its aid to the Bulgar had made the capture of Adrianople possible. Indeed, the Turkish commander had surrendered his sword to a Serb, not to a Bulgar.

In the Second Balkan War, the victory of Bregalnitza, won after a treacherous attack by the Bulgarians during a truce, had cleared Macedonia of Ferdinand's troops and decided the issue of the war. At the Jedar Serbia had won the first great victory for the Allies in the World War and again at Valievo had routed and destroyed an Austrian force. Despite the horrors of the typhus epidemic of the winter of 1914-15 the Serb armies still held the line of the Danube and the Save—that of the Dwina had no longer a military value, since two attempts by the Austrians had proven that this was not the road to Nish.

With something like 150,000 veteran troops Marshal Putnik faced the gathering hosts of Mackensen. Behind him the railroad ran clear to Salonica through Nish, and from Salonica he drew his munitions and supplies from Allied ships. As long as this road remained open the escape of the Serb army was assured and the Serbs could calculate that before they had been driven south of the Morava Valley, aid would come to them from the western powers. The sole weakness of the Serb army, of real moment, was its lack of heavy guns. Behind the great Danube and the considerable Save its trench lines were admirable.

They far surpassed those of Radko Dimitrieff at the Dunajec. Yet before such a concentration of artillery as had won the Dunajec it was always clear Serbian defence must crumble.

But if the Serb position against an attack from the north was fairly satisfactory—wholly satisfactory save in the matter of heavy artillery—the menace of a Bulgarian attack from the east was unmistakable. Coming south from Belgrade the Vienna-Salonica railroad, after it leaves Nish, the temporary capital of Serbia, approaches the Bulgarian frontier. It is not a day's march from the border at Vranja. It then turns west again, but below Uskub, in the Vardar Valley, it again draws near to the territory of Ferdinand.

Should the Bulgarians enter the war and push west, as they were bound to do, then the Serbs recognized from the outset that the Salonica railroad would shortly be cut, unless the Allies were able to send aid in time. If the railroad was ut, then the Serbs would lose their line of munitionment and their single avenue of escape to their Allies at Salonica. There would then be left only the mountain tracks from Prisrend down the Drin Valley to Scutari and Durazzo, or up the Black Drin Valley to Ochrida and Monastir. And a Bulgar advance to Monastir would cut this road.

The Balkan winter was in sight and retreat through these regions—utterly lacking in roads, in food supply, inhabited by hostile Albanian tribes—meant the probable destruction of the Serb army under conditions more terrible than those which overwhelmed the Grand Army on its retreat from Moscow. As long as the peril came only from the north the Serb could make head. He could oppose a gallant resistance and by a slow retreat make his way down to the Ægean, where he would find supplies and supports. His fate depended upon the Allied ability to cover his retreat between Nish and Salonica against the Bulgarian attack.

As early as September 19 the first shells of Mackensen fell in Belgrade and the same day Nish reported that Bulgaria was mobilizing. On September 27 came the despairing appeal of the Serbs to be permitted to attack Bulgaria, still mobilizing. But Ferdinand told the Allies and

the Allies told the Serbs that there was nothing to be feared from this mobilization; and since Greece, too, was mobilizing, London and Paris were satisfied that a Greek army would be ready to cover the Serb communications if Bulgaria entered the war.

But on October 11 Bulgarian troops at last crossed the Serbian frontier. Venizelos fell, Constantine proclaimed his neutrality, and Serbia's sole hope now lay in the ability of the Allies to get troops from Gallipoli to the Vardar before the small Serb force in this region was disposed of.

II. GERMAN AND BULGAR

We have now to examine a twofold operation. Mackensen, with two armies, crossed the Danube between October 7 and 11, east and west of Belgrade. Thereafter his troops pushed south slowly, their heavy artillery preparing the way. His objective was Nish, where he aimed to make junction with the Bulgars, who were coming west out of Sofia and by Pirot.

The Bulgars, in the meantime, were pushing three forces west. They moved along one side of the Serbia square, the eastern, as the Germans moved along the northern. One Bulgar army moved up the Danube to join hands with the Germans who had crossed the river east of Belgrade. When they met the Danube would be cleared and one line of communication between Bulgaria and her Allies—between Berlin and Constantinople—would be open. A second Bulgarian army advanced toward Nish, seeking to cut off the Serbs to the north from their capital and also to cut the Belgrade-Salonica railroad. Finally a third Bulgarian army, the most important, pushed over the low passes from Kustendil and moved at the Salonica railroad in the Varda Valley with Veles as their first and Uskub as their ultimate objective. October 17 saw the Nish-Salonica line cut near Vranja.

Meantime, on October 5, the first Allied troops had landed at Salonica, disregarding the formal protest of the Greek government. By October 12 Sarrail had arrived and taken command and while the British pushed a division out toward the Struma to cover the flank,

the French moved up the Vardar Valley and by October 19 were at Strumnitza station, just across the Serb frontier. Eight days later they were at Kriviolak. Here was the desperate crisis of the campaign.

On October 20, while the French were just passing Strumnitza,

THE DESTRUCTION OF SERBIA

The black area denotes the territory of the Central Powers.
The checkered area shows neutral territory.
Note how Serbia was cut off from Saloniki, whence the Allied relief was to come.

a strong Bulgar army had reached Veles and thus definitely cut the Salonica-Nish railroad. Two days later they were at Uskub; a wedge was thus inserted between the Serbs and their Allies. Unless the wedge could be removed the position of the Serb army to the north was critical. Still, even at this moment, there was left the road south via Prisrend, Dibra, and Ochrida to Monastir, provided that the Serbs—hold-

ing Babuna Pass, the gateway to Monastir from the Vardar valley near Veles—could hang on until Sarrail arrived. And on November 5 the French were less than ten miles from the Serbs at Babuna Pass.

Once more, however, the Allies had come too late. Babuna Pass was now forced, the Serbs flung back upon Monastir, which was indefensible, and the French troops found themselves in deadly peril in their dangerously advanced positions along the Vardar south of the Babuna. There was nothing for it but to retreat rapidly, and in the next few days the French were drawn back to the Greek frontier, while the Bulgars pushed in from Monastir.

Meantime Mackensen's armies had moved slowly. They were awaiting the moment when the Serb retreat should be cut off before seeking a decision. The time had come and German activity was now redoubled. The only roads open to the Serb armies to reach the seacoast, to escape from the far-flung net, were by the Drin through Prisrend or over the Montenegrin Mountains; and the Bulgarians pushing north from Uskub were forcing the Katchanik Gorge and threatening these remaining roads.

What followed was not war but tragedy. In the next few weeks the wreck of Putnik's army, together with thousands of Serb peasants, fled over the Albanian Mountains down to the Adriatic. Thousands and thousands perished of hunger, of cold. The army which reached the shores of the Adriatic was an army of skeletons, not soldiers. Nor was Scutari a safe halting place, for Austrian troops were pushing south through Montenegro. Still southward the remnant of the Serbs pressed, now attacked by Albanian bands in Austrian pay.

Yet the marvel of this episode is not the number of Serbians that perished, but the number that escaped. Thanks to the Italian navy many thousands actually got away to Corfu and there on that island was presently assembled the Serbian government, the Serbian army, all that was left of independent Serbia. The fate of Belgium had now overtaken another little people and King Peter, like King Albert, had waited in vain for his allies. The loss of Belgium was inevitable, but the Serbian tragedy was the more terrible because it was unnecessary.

III. THE END OF THE EASTERN CAMPAIGN

On November 28 the German Government announced the end of the campaign in the Balkans. The remnant of the Serb army had fled into the mountains of Albania. All of Serbia and Montenegro were either in Bulgarian and German hands or soon would be. More than 100,000 prisoners had been captured and most of the Serb field artillery and equipment. Forty thousand square miles had been occupied besides northern Albania, which was destined to fall to Austrian and Bulgar forces at no distant date.

As for the Anglo-French forces, they were back in Greece, covering Salonica. Their position was not unlike that of Wellington in the lines of Torres Vedras, but with the difference that the Kaiser could leave to his peninsular allies the task of containing this army whereas Napoleon could not assign a similar task to the Spanish.

But the essential fact was that the Germans had now broken down the Serbian barrier between their Turkish ally and themselves. The Danube and the Bulgarian railroads provided an immediate road for men and munitions sent from Germany to Gallipoli. The Belgrade-Sofia-Constantinople railroad, temporarily wrecked by the Serbs, would soon be restored. The British position on Gallipoli had long been recognized as hopeless, so far as offensive success was concerned, but it had now become perilous by reason of the arrival of German troops and guns at the Golden Horn. It was no longer a question of taking Constantinople, but of saving the Allied army.

More than this the Salonica problem became daily more pressing. The folly of divergent operations, "side shows," was now apparent and there was an insistent demand to abandon Salonica, since Serbia was lost. But this meant to abandon Serbia permanently and to give Greece over to the Germans, for no one could doubt that the moment the Allies left Salonica, Constantine would welcome his brother-in-law to Athens and Greece would follow Bulgaria into the orbit of the Central Powers.

After long delays the Allies decided to stay—the voice of France was emphatic, although Joffre objected and Kitchener protested. To

abandon Serbia was to kill all chance of Rumanian aid. It was to surrender the Balkans to the Germans. It was also to insure an attack at Suez. But if the decision to stay was sound, it carried with it very obvious disadvantages, not the least of which was that of imposing a real burden upon transport to supply a huge army overseas. It locked up troops which would be needed on the western front. It consumed men and munitions on a minor operation and against Bulgaria, not Germany.

The evacuation of Gallipoli was now assured and the transfer of some of the troops to Salonica would reduce the burden of the Allies in the east, but Britain was at this very moment pushing forward another "side show" far off in Mesopotamia, also doomed to disaster as a result of Germany's successful thrust to the Golden Horn, because at no distant date German officers were to aid Turkish troops in the capture of a British army on the Tigris. Kut-el-Amara in the next spring is a very real consequence of the German success in the Balkans in the autumn of 1915.

The Serbian tragedy is not the last act in the Balkan drama. Another year was to see Rumania destroyed, this time by treachery not folly—by Russian betrayal, not by British or French fatuity. But with the fall of Serbia the Balkans were lost to the Allies. The main purpose of Germany before the war was now achieved in one campaign. The great barrier between Turkey and Germany, erected by the two Balkan Wars to the great satisfaction of Britain, France, and Russia, was in ruins. Austria, backed by Germany, had risked a World War rather than permit this Serbian barrier to endure. It had fallen now; it had fallen at the hour when Russia also lay in ruins; it had fallen in one of the most brilliant campaigns of the war, inexpensive as it was short. And the campaign had not committed Germany to new expenditures of men. On the contrary, it had provided Bulgar and Osmanli divisions to serve German ends and released Austrian armies for service against Italy.

In all respects, the Balkan campaign was for the Kaiser a fortunate episode in a fortunate year. It made a happy last act to a drama which quite justly filled Germany with confidence as to the future and complete satisfaction as to the past.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

THE END OF THE CAMPAIGN

I

THE ACHIEVEMENT

The campaign of 1915 ends with the Balkan operations. Between the campaigns of 1914 and 1915 there is no clear frontier. If in the west the termination of the First Battle of Ypres supplies a dividing line in late November, the operations in the east continued without cessation all through the winter. Austria's peril compelled untiring and incessant German effort. But between the campaigns of 1915 and 1916 there is a distinct break and the end of that campaign which we have now examined is one of the memorable moments of the first three years of the war.

At the close of 1914 the Germans were faced with the fact that on the larger side they had failed. The Marne and its succeeding phases from the Aisne to the Yser had been a defeat, their major purposes had not been realized, and while this was the situation in the west, in the east Austria was unmistakably beaten and threatened with complete collapse. The real as contrasted with the apparent situation at the end of the year 1914 was unfavourable to the Germans.

A year later the change had been almost immeasurable. German armies had marched from victory to victory. More than a hundred thousand square miles of Russian territory, with a population of twenty odd millions, had been occupied. Poland, Courland, Volhynia, were in German hands. Only Riga, of all the towns marked by the Pan-Germans on the eastern marches of Teutonism, had escaped Hindenburg and Mackensen, and Riga was always to be had for a price—was, in fact, to fall ultimately without the payment of any price. Warsaw, Libau, Vilna, Grodno, Kovno, Brest, Bielostok, Lomza, Lublin, Ivangorod—who could count the number or tell the names of all the cities taken?

And in addition, thirty thousand square miles of Austrian territory had been rescued. On New Year's Day, 1915, Russian troops were occupying most of Galicia and the Bukovina; they even clung to a material fragment of East Prussia itself. Now all was changed. Only a few thousand square miles—a thin strip about Tarnopol—remained of Russian conquests. And Russia herself was beaten, was doomed to fall the prey, first to as tate of reaction and then of revolution. Time would complete the work begun by Mackensen at the Dunajec, even though Brusiloff was to win a few great battles in Galicia before the ultimate crash came.

Turning southward Germany had broken through the wall that separated her from Turkey. Serbia had fallen and more than forty thousand square miles of Balkan territory were at Germany's command and in the hands of her allies. Bulgaria had enlisted and the Bulgar army was a new weapon in the armoury of the German General Staff. Turkish man-power was now at the service of German drill sergeants. Constantine was but waiting for a German army of deliverance to throw his country into the hands of the master of Central Europe.

In the west the German line had held; the conquests of August and September, 1914, were still intact: the mineral districts of France, of Belgium; the factories of the Latin north. From Antwerp to the Golden Horn, from Scutari to the Gulf of Alexandretta, German railroads bore men and munitions; down the Hedjaz railway from Aleppo were moving the advance guards of the force that was to assail Egypt through Suez when the right moment came. The British army at Gallipoli was condemned to evacuation and might be captured. The Allied force at Salonica was impotent for a long period. The British army in Mesopotamia had already involved itself in ruin and was presently to surrender.

In sum, the eastern situation had been disposed of, while the western perils had been arrested. Germany had eliminated Russia, as she had sought to eliminate France in the campaign of 1914. She was now free to try again. England was unready—could not be ready for six months. Russia was incapable of any effort in this same period. The Balkan situation was satisfactory and would remain so for two years,

finally changing only to a still more favourable aspect with the destruction of Rumania and the onset of the Russian Revolution.

There was left only France, stricken but resolute, mutilated but still opposing strong armies and an unshaken spirit. Between Germany

THE GROWTH OF MIDDLE EUROPE—A
The territory occupied by Germany and her Allies in April, 1915

and supreme victory France was the single remaining obstacle, and German hands were now free to deal with France, far freer than they had been in August and September, 1914.

II. GERMAN SPIRIT

Despite all Allied calculations, too, the Germans were neither starving nor dejected. The war had turned out longer than they had fore-

seen; the first attempt had not brought the complete victory expected, but it had brought results that endured upon the map; while the campaign against Russia and the march to the Golden Horn had fired the Teutonic mind and set in motion an imagination which is ever active

THE GROWTH OF MIDDLE EUROPE—B
Middle Europe completed: the situation on December 31, 1915

when German progress is in the picture. The British blockade had not brought actual misery. It had only begun to bring moderate privation.

The German people wanted peace, but so did all peoples; and the German people, looking with natural pride upon what had been accomplished, could believe their leaders who declared that one more great effort would bring peace, victorious peace, peace with its subsequent

prosperity already insured by the German expansion from the Baltic to the Persian Gulf. Mitteleuropa was a fact. The German place in the sun desired by all Germans was stamped on every map of Europe. It remained only to have a final reckoning with a blind and obstinate France who refused to face facts that were undeniable, which appealed from the map to the imaginations of their statesmen and newspapers.

London, Paris, New York did not see the things as they were and therefore could not grasp the German emotion. They could not perceive, because the British and French press missed the facts; could not realize that Germany had won the war, won her main objectives, not merely so far as the map was concerned, but also in the minds of the German people. These newspapers continued to describe the Germans as dejected and desperate when German optimism was still mounting and German hopes, temporarily shaken in 1914, again taking on vitality.

The German, on his side, believed that the Allies saw things with his eyes, knew themselves defeated and merely uttered vain boasts and idle prophecies to cover chagrin and despair. If the French believed him to be starving, he was convinced that the French were at the point of moral and material exhaustion. For him France was "bled white." As for the British, he was convinced that they would never arrive. And the German still believed that they never meant to arrive. As he thought the Gaul unstable, so he believed the Briton perfidious. He believed that the British nation was incapable and unwilling to pay the price in blood of continental warfare on the new scale.

Through the neutral press and the neutral correspondent the two camps trumpeted forth their conflicting claims. Each saw a part of the truth hidden to the other and affirmed that the other was dealing in wilful mendacity and calculated dishonesty. This was the strangest war ever carried on, but it should have been enlightening to those whose business it was to analyze the evidence that came from opposite camps. Yet German statesmen solemnly informed their fellow countrymen that the French and British people, already knowing themselves beaten, were wickedly driven to slaughter by Briand and Grey (*sic*). While British and French statesmen encouraged the absurd belief that Ger-

many was crumbling to her ruin, her armies despairing, her civilians starving.

Of the two views it is impossible not to believe that the German was more nearly in accordance with contemporary fact. All the actual gain, all the immediate profit in Europe, had been German and it had been colossal. The task was not completed, but much, very much, had been done. The German was right about the map. He was also right about his own will to conquer. His only error was in believing that his foe was both beaten and conscious of defeat. He was ignorant, too, of the terrible consequences of the crimes of his armies. He could not know that his enemies were prepared, and for long would remain prepared, to die in defeat rather than live under conditions imposed by a German victory, because of the deeds of German soldiers.

For the peoples at war with Germany the contest had become a spiritual contest. It remained for the German a material thing and on the material side his victory seemed incontestable. Actually the war was of course still undecided; the Germans had miscalculated the extent of their success; the Allies had underestimated German strength and the capacity of the German nation for organization and endurance. The first campaign had been a German defeat, the second a great German victory, but there were to be a third and a fourth, reducing to dust the calculations of each contestant, making the beliefs of each in 1915 seem ridiculous in 1917. And yet, since out of these mistaken calculations and conceptions grew the subsequent decisions and the later military operations, their value to the student of history is manifest.

III. A WONDERFUL YEAR

Until the coming of the World War, men had been accustomed to turn to the pages which describe the Napoleonic cycle and read and reread with unfailing wonder the narrative of those mighty campaigns of the young Emperor—Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland—which in three years made him master of Europe. At their close he had surrounded France with subject states. Italy was a dependency, the Confederation of the Rhine a tool, the Grand Duchy of Warsaw a paper creation, subject

to his pleasure. The map of Europe of 1807 is the final demonstration of the magnitude of French achievement.

Yet it seems far from unlikely that when the World War has become as remote as the Napoleonic struggle seemed in the last years of the Nineteenth Century, German achievement of 1915 will have acquired something like the glamour, the marvellous character that the Napoleonic possessed for the generation that was middle-aged when the World War came.

Between May and December German armies marched into Warsaw and Vilna, Belgrade and Constantinople. German domination descended from the Danube to the Morava, from the Morava to the Vardar; it passed the Balkans and tarried briefly at the Golden Horn; it passed over into Asia and arrived at Suez and Bagdad. The victory of the Dunajec had immediate and eventual consequences beyond those of any single Napoleonic victory. What Napoleon failed to do in the Iberian Peninsula, the Kaiser achieved in the Balkan.

Russia, France, Britain, Italy, Belgium, Serbia were allied against the German with all their great resources and all the great resources of their colonies. The United States became in fact, if not admittedly, the workshop and the granary of the Allies. Yet in the face of the most tremendous coalition known to history, the German in 1915 marched from victory to victory. Though another Leipzig and another Waterloo abolish this empire and the material consequences of this achievement, is it too much to believe that it will endure in legend and history, even though not one evidence survives upon the map to testify to the German conquests of 1915?

New Germany, like the New France born of the Revolution, went forth to fight the world and in 1915 her fight rivalled the struggle of France on the military and material side. Between January and December, 1915, the Germans built an empire comparable only to the creation of Napoleon. They remade the map of Europe and stretched a mailed hand across the Hellespont to Asia Minor. Dreams and aspirations at which Europe had laughed for a quarter of a century became realities.

To the nations and peoples she conquered, Germany did not, like

France a century before, carry any new gospel. Her coming did not free serfs or spread the ideal of personal liberty. Her faith was the sterile faith of force. To those who yielded she brought order of the uncompromising sort; to those who resisted she brought death. Her pathway was indicated by ruin, and peoples as well as rulers fled before her armies. Her progress was marked by slaughter and by ashes. Hers was a conquest like to that of the successors of Mohammed. One idea and one alone possessed her soldiers and her statesmen—she condemned those whom she conquered to become Teutonic or perish; she spared neither the monuments of the past, which came within range of her artillery, nor the women of her enemies whose destruction or dishonour might serve a German end. Wherever her armies passed they sowed hatred and aroused resentment. But in their power, in their force, there was something that inspired awe as does the thunderbolt.

And in 1915 the German might was still unchecked. The confidence of the German people in victory, the belief of the German race in its high destiny and world mission, was unshaken. From Ostend to the environs of Riga, from the Elbe to the Euphrates, German will was absolute, German power unchallenged. One of the mightiest empires of history had been erected and there remained only the task of making its foundations secure against another Napoleonic débâcle.

IV. CONCLUSION

With the close of the Balkan campaign the second phase of the World War, as I see it, comes to an end. Already German guns were being assembled in the Forest of Gremilly under Verdun for the third act. In the first, Germany had sought to crush western civilization. Her failure at the Marne had been the central episode in the first phase. In the second she had assailed Russia, the east; and her success had been complete, her victory at the Dunajec one of the great victories of human history.

In this second phase Germany had erected her long-contemplated Mitteleuropa upon the ruins of Russian military power and Serbian

independence. It remained to perpetuate this Mitteleuropa by a final victory in a new conflict with the west. The decision of the Marne must be reopened and Germany had already chosen her battle-ground along the Meuse. At the Dunajec, in her Russian campaign and her Balkan promenade, Germany had fashioned a new weapon, a new method of attack. On her experience at the Dunajec she had based a new system of attack which she purposed to employ against France. It was not with any vainglorious words that the Kaiser bade his soldiers endure one more campaign which should be short and bring peace. He believed what he said and his belief was warranted, although his faith was misplaced.

And as the Marne and the Dunajec were the central episodes in the first two phases of the World War, Verdun was to supply the unity for the third. At Verdun Germany was to make her second bid for world supremacy. Failing, she was to lose the offensive and stand at bay, while the superior numbers, resources, and weapons of her enemies at last began to break her lines. She was to be driven to the submarine warfare which would draw the United States into the contest at the moment Russia retired from the battle line, and transform the war from a struggle of Europe with the Teuton to a crusade of the World against the German Empire.

All this belongs to another phase, yet it must be considered in estimating the situation as the second phase closed. On January 1, 1916, Germany was at the highest point in her history, and while she prepared for the final blow—methodically, meticulously, with a clear vision as to the issues—her enemies still chattered about her imaginary ills and their even more imaginary successes. Neither the French nor the British people saw the war as it was—saw Germany as she actually existed. Not until the Kaiser's troops stood on the ruins of Fort Douaumont and approached the last line of Verdun's defences was the truth to be realized in London, to be spoken in Paris. As the second phase ended the most tremendous blow that was ever levelled against a nation was preparing, and one will search in vain through all the Allied press to detect a contemporary appreciation of the real situation.

There is a legend of Napoleon at St. Helena, which describes the great Emperor, after having reviewed all the events of the Waterloo campaign, as breaking forth with the impatient exclamation: "And still I should have won." Looking at the situation as it existed in February, 1916, will there be less reason for the German in the future to make the same observation?

THE END

Mr. Simonds's History of the Progress of the War Will Be Carried Forward in the Succeeding Volumes

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I

THE WORK OF THE PATROL FLEET OFF THE BRITISH COAST, AND DESTROYERS IN ACTION*

By RUDYARD KIPLING

"A COMMON SWEEPER"

My sponsor and chaperon in this Elizabethan world of eighteenth-century seamen was an A.B. who had gone down in the *Landrail*, assisted at the Heligoland fight, seen the *Blücher* sink and the bombs dropped on our boats when we tried to save the drowning ("Whereby," as he said, "those Germans died gottstrafin' their own country because *we* didn't wait to be strafed"), and has now found more peaceful days in an Office ashore. He led me across many decks from craft to craft to study the various appliances that they specialize in. Almost our last was what a North Country trawler called a "common sweeper," that is to say, a mine-sweeper. She was at tea in her shirt-sleeves, and she protested loudly that there was "nothing in sweeping." "See that wire rope?" she said. "Well, it leads through that lead to the ship which you're sweepin' *with*. She makes her end fast and you make yourn. Then you sweep together at whichever depth you've agreed upon between you, by means of that arrangement there which regulates the depth. They give you a glass sort o' thing for keepin' your distance from the other ship, but *that's* not wanted if you know each other. Well, then, you sweep, as the sayin' is. There's nothin' *in* it. You sweep till this wire rope fouls the bloomin' mines. Then you go on till they appear on the surface, so to say, and then you explodes them by means of shootin' at 'em with that rifle in the galley there. There's nothin' in sweepin' more than that."

"And if you hit a mine?" I asked.

"You go up—but you hadn't ought to hit 'em, if you're careful. The thing is to get hold of the first mine all right, and then you go on to the next, and so on, in a way o' speakin'."

"And you can fish, too, 'tween times," said a voice from the next boat. A man leaned over and returned a borrowed mug. They talked about fishing—notably that once they caught some red mullet, which the "common sweeper" and his neighbour both agreed was "not natural in those waters." As for mere sweeping, it bored them profoundly to talk about it. I only

* From "Sea Warfare," by Rudyard Kipling, copyright Rudyard Kipling, 1917.

learned later, as part of the natural history of mines, that if you rake the trinitrotoluol by hand out of a German mine you develop eruptions and skin-poisoning. But on the authority of two experts, there is nothing in sweeping. Nothing whatever!

A BLOCK IN THE TRAFFIC

Now imagine, not a pistol-shot from these crowded quays, a little Office hung round with charts that are pencilled and noted over various shoals and soundings. There is a movable list of the boats at work, with quaint and domestic names. Outside the window lies the packed harbour—outside that again the line of traffic up and down—a stately cinema-show of six ships to the hour. For the moment the film sticks. A boat—probably a "common sweeper"—reports an obstruction in a traffic lane a few miles away. She has found and exploded one mine. The Office heard the dull boom of it before the wireless report came in. In all likelihood there is a nest of them there. It is possible that a submarine may have got in last night between certain shoals and laid them out. The shoals are being shepherded in case she is hidden anywhere, but the boundaries of the newly discovered mine-area must be fixed and the traffic deviated. There is a tramp outside with tugs in attendance. She has hit something and is leaking badly. Where shall she go? The Office gives her her destination—the harbour is too full for her to settle down here. She swings off between the faithful tugs. Down coast some one asks by wireless if they shall hold up their traffic. It is exactly like a signaller "offering" a train to the next block. "Yes," the Office replies. "Wait a while. If it's what we think, there will be a little delay. If it isn't what we think, there will be a little longer delay." Meantime, sweepers are nosing round the suspected area—"looking for cuckoos' eggs," as a voice suggests; and a patrol-boat lathers her way down coast to catch and stop anything that may be on the move, for skippers are sometimes rather careless. Words begin to drop out of the air into the chart-hung Office. "Six and a half cables south, fifteen east" of something or other. "Mark it well, and tell them to work up from there," is the order. "Another mine exploded!" "Yes, and we heard that too," says the Office. "What about the submarine?" "*Elizabeth Huggins* reports . . ."

Elizabeth's scandal must be fairly high flavoured, for a torpedo-boat of immoral aspect slings herself out of harbour and hastens to share it. If *Elizabeth* has not spoken the truth, there may be words between the parties. For the present a pencilled suggestion seems to cover the case, together with a demand, as far as one can make out, for "more common sweepers." They will be forthcoming very shortly. Those at work have got the run of the mines now, and are busily howking them up. A trawler-skipper wishes to speak to the Office. "They" have ordered him out, but his boiler, most of

it, is on the quay at the present time, and "ye'll remember, it's the same wi' my foremast an' port rigging, sir." The Office does not precisely remember, but if boiler and foremast are on the quay the rest of the ship had better stay alongside. The skipper falls away relieved. (He scraped a tramp a few nights ago in a bit of a sea.) There is a little mutter of gun-fire somewhere across the gray water where a fleet is at work. A monitor as broad as she is long comes back from wherever the trouble is, slips through the harbour mouth, all wreathed with signals, is received by two motherly lighters, and, to all appearance, goes to sleep between them. The Office does not even look up; for that is not in their department. They have found a trawler to replace the boilerless one. Her name is slid into the rack. The immoral torpedo-boat flounces back to her moorings. Evidently what *Elizabeth Huggins* said was not evidence. The messages and replies begin again as the day closes.

SUBMARINES

I was honoured by a glimpse into this veiled life in a boat which was merely practising between trips. Submarines are like cats. They never tell "who they were with last night," and they sleep as much as they can. If you board a submarine off duty you generally see a perspective of fore-shortened fattish men laid all along. The men say that except at certain times it is rather an easy life, with relaxed regulations about smoking, calculated to make a man put on flesh. One requires well-padded nerves. Many of the men do not appear on deck throughout the whole trip. After all, why should they if they don't want to? They know that they are responsible in their department for their comrades' lives as their comrades are responsible for theirs. What's the use of flapping about? Better lay in some magazines and cigarettes.

When we set forth there had been some trouble in the fairway, and a mined neutral, whose misfortune all bore with exemplary calm, was careened on a near-by shoal.

"Suppose there are more mines knocking about?" I suggested.

"We'll hope there aren't," was the soothing reply. "Mines are all Joss. You either hit 'em or you don't. And if you do, they don't always go off. They scrape alongside."

"What's the etiquette then?"

"Shut off both propellers and hope."

We were dodging various craft down the harbour when a squadron of trawlers came out on our beam, at that extravagant rate of speed which unlimited Government coal always leads to. They were led by an ugly, upstanding, black-sided buccaneer with twelve-pounders.

"Ah! That's the King of the Trawlers. Isn't he carrying dog, too! Give him room!" one said.

We were all in the narrowed harbour mouth together.

"'There's my youngest daughter. Take a look at her!'" some one hummed as a punctilious navy cap slid by on a very near bridge.

"We'll fall in behind him. They're going over to the neutral. Then they'll sweep. By the bye, did you hear about one of the passengers in the neutral yesterday? He was taken off, of course, by a destroyer, and the only thing he said was: 'Twenty-five time I 'ave insured, but not *this* time. . . . 'Ang it!'"

The trawlers lunged ahead toward the forlorn neutral. Our destroyer nipped past us with that high-shouldered, terrier-like pouncing action of the newer boats, and went ahead. A tramp in ballast, her propeller half out of water, threshed along through the sallow haze.

"Lord! What a shot!" somebody said enviously. The men on the little deck looked across at the slow-moving silhouette. One of them, a cigarette behind his ear, smiled at a companion.

Then we went down—not as they go when they are pressed (the record, I believe, is 50 feet in 50 seconds from top to bottom), but genteelly, to an orchestra of appropriate sounds, roarings, and blowings, and after the orders, which come from the commander alone, utter silence and peace.

"There's the bottom. We bumped at fifty—fifty-two," he said.

"I didn't feel it."

"We'll try again. Watch the gauge, and you'll see it flick a little."

DEATH AND THE DESTROYER

The easiest way of finding a mine-field is to steam into it, on the edge of night for choice, with a steep sea running, for that brings the bows down like a chopper on the detonator-horns. Some boats have enjoyed this experience and still live. There was one destroyer (and there may have been others since) who came through twenty-four hours of highly compressed life. She had an idea that there was a mine-field somewhere about, and left her companions behind while she explored. The weather was dead calm, and she walked delicately. She saw one Scandinavian steamer blow up a couple of miles away, rescued the skipper and some hands; saw another neutral, which she could not reach till all was over, skied in another direction; and, between her life-saving efforts and her natural curiosity, got herself as thoroughly mixed up with the field as a camel among tent-ropes. A destroyer's bows are very fine, and her sides are very straight. This causes her to cleave the wave with the minimum of disturbance, and this boat had no desire to cleave anything else. None the less, from time to time, she heard a mine grate, or tinkle, or jar (I could not arrive at the precise note it strikes, but they say it is unpleasant) on her plates. Sometimes she would be free of them for a long while, and began to hope she was clear. At other times they

were numerous, but when at last she seemed to have worried out of the danger zone, lieutenant and sub together left the bridge for a cup of tea. ("In those days we took mines very seriously, you know.") As they were in act to drink, they heard the hateful sound again just outside the wardroom. Both put their cups down with extreme care, little fingers extended ("We felt as if they might blow up, too"), and tip-toed on deck, where they met the fo'c's'le also on tip-toe. They pulled themselves together, and asked severely what the fo'c's'le thought it was doing. "Beg pardon, sir, but there's another of those blighters tap-tapping alongside, our end." They all waited and listened to their common coffin being nailed by Death himself. But the things bumped away. At this point they thought it only decent to invite the rescued skipper, warm and blanketed in one of their bunks, to step up and do any further perishing in the open.

"No, thank you," said he. "Last time I was blown up in my bunk, too. That was all right. So I think, now, too, I stay in my bunk here. It is cold upstairs."

Somehow or other they got out of the mess after all. "Yes, we used to take mines awfully seriously in those days. One comfort is, Fritz 'll take them seriously when he comes out. Fritz don't like mines."

"Who does?" I wanted to know.

"If you'd been here a little while ago, you'd seen a commander comin' in with a big 'un slung under his counter. He brought the beastly thing in to analyse. The rest of his squadron followed at two-knot intervals, and every thing in harbour that had steam up scattered."

II

THE BRITISH NAVY AND THE WAR

By ADMIRAL SIR JOHN JELLICOE, G.C.B., O.M., K.C.V.O.

(Formerly First Sea Lord of the Admiralty)

We of this generation owe a great debt to the naval strategists of the past. I have studied with great profit and admiration their guiding principles of strategy, and have been influenced by the high devotion to duty of Lord St. Vincent and others who laid the foundations of Britain's naval greatness. There are great differences, however, between the conditions of to-day and those of a hundred years ago. These lie in the greater speed of ships; in the longer range of guns; in the menace of the torpedo as fired from ships, destroyers, and submarines; in the menace of mines; and in the use of aircraft scouts, and of wireless telegraphy. In the Napoleonic era the ships opened fire with guns at ranges of about 800 yards; the ships of to-day open fire at 22,000 yards' (or over eleven nautical miles') range, and gun-fire begins to be very effective at 18,000 yards. The torpedo as fired from surface vessels is effective certainly up to 10,000 yards' range, and this requires that a ship shall keep beyond this distance to fight her guns.

As the conditions of visibility, in the North Sea particularly, are frequently such as to make fighting difficult beyond a range of 10,000 yards, and as modern fleets are invariably accompanied by very large numbers of destroyers whose main duty is to attack with the torpedo the heavy ships of the enemy, it will be recognized how great becomes the responsibility of the admiral in command of a fleet, particularly under the conditions of low visibility to which I have referred; as soon as destroyers tumble upon a fleet within torpedo range the situation becomes critical for the heavy ships.

The submarine is another factor which has changed the situation, as this class of vessel, combined with the use of mines, entirely prevents the close blockade resorted to in former days. In addition, these two weapons add greatly to the anxieties of those in command. It is one thing to fight an enemy that you can see. It is a different matter to deal with a hidden foe. Thus modern conditions add immensely in this respect to the responsibility of those commanding fleets. They cannot get warning of the enemy being at sea until the enemy is well at sea. Nelson, watching Villeneuve off Cadiz, had his inshore squadron close into the enemy's port, and could see what was actually going on inside that port. The British fleet of to-day, watching the German High Seas Fleet, is not in the same happy position. The farther the watching ships are from the enemy's port the greater is the facility with

SOLDIERS OF MANY RACES AT THE FRONT

A SOLDIER OF FRANCE FROM SENEGAL

A WAR-DANCE ON THE BRITISH FRONT IN FRANCE

These African troops have discarded their uniforms and are seeking relaxation in a war-dance. The British colonial governments interfere with native customs as little as possible. Few things are "verboten." That is one reason why the British colonies are so successful.

FRENCH DRAGOON

FRENCH CHASSEUR D'AFRIQUE

AN AUSTRALIAN RECRUIT

A BRITISH INFANTRY SERGEANT

A BELGIAN INFANTRYMAN

A FRENCH ENGINEER

TRIBESMEN OF THE BELGIAN CONGO

These troops did good service in German East Africa. Of fine physique and enlisted for a period of nine years, they make excellent warriors under white officers

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BRITISH INDIAN CAVALRY

Soon after the outbreak of the World War their officers petitioned the War Office asking for service in France. Their request was granted

A MADAGASCAR NATIVE KITCHEN IN FRANCE

Domestic scene within the lines of the French colonial troops on the western front

BRITISH INDIAN TROOPS AT GAS-MASK DRILL

Native East Indian regiments served England well on many fronts, and despite persistent German intrigue and the lavish expenditure of German money there was no revolution in India

SPAHIS REVIEWED BY THEIR COLONEL

The spahis are native Algerine troops in the French service. The use of the native troops has proved somewhat of a mixed blessing to the Allies because of the natives' insistence upon practising their playful customs in cutting off white men's heads, ears, and fingers, and preserving them as trophies.

FRENCH COLONIAL TROOPS FROM INDO-CHINA PREPARING A MEAL

These Asian soldiers wear the steel helmet it will be noted, though many of the colonial troops cling to their own characteristic styles of headgear

A STUDY IN PUGAREES

There are scores of different styles for arranging the Indian Sepoy's *pugaree*, or turban. Those who know can name at a glance any individual's native place by observing his pugaree's arrangement

A BAYONET CHARGE BY THE LONDON SCOTTISH

French peasants, when the war began, were amazed at the costume of these British "savages." But the valorous deeds of the "Kilties" soon won for them both fame and friendliness throughout the whole of France

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A BRITISH SOLDIER IN MESOPOTAMIA

His equipment includes gas-mask, wrist-watch, and "shorts," which are far more comfortable than breeches in the fiery heat of this sun-baked region

which the enemy can escape, and the greater is the difficulty of intercepting him. There was never any likelihood in the olden days of the enemy's fleet escaping unseen unless the blockading squadron was forced from its watching position by bad weather, which, of course, occasionally occurred. In our day submarines and mines compel the watching force to take up their station farther and farther away. In spite of this, and in spite of the German boast as to the occasions on which the German fleet has searched the North Sea for the British fleet, our enemies have only on one occasion ventured sufficiently far with their main fleet to give us an opportunity to engage them. No vessels, neutral or British, have sighted the High Seas Fleet far from its ports on any other occasion. It is true that on the 19th of August of last year the enemy's fleet came within measurable distance of the English coast, being sighted by some of our patrols, but they turned back, presumably because the presence of our fleet was reported, perhaps by their aircraft. Raids on the British coast with fast cruisers or battle-cruisers have been carried out, but on each occasion the passage from German waters has been made apparently under cover of the night, the enemy appearing off our coast at dawn and retiring before comparatively small forces. Such feats were, of course, impossible in the days of slow speed, and are now undertaken probably only in the hope of enticing us into the adoption of a false strategy by breaking up our forces to guard all vulnerable points. I do not criticise the Germans for their strategy or for not running any risks with their fleet. On the other hand, their boasts of searching the North Sea for the enemy must be pronounced as without justifiable basis.

The next point to which I would like to draw your attention has reference to the world-wide nature of the war so far as the British navy is concerned. It is not perhaps always realized how far-reaching are our naval activities, and how great, therefore, is the call on our naval resources. It may be interesting to state that the approximate number of vessels of all classes which comprise the British navy of to-day is nearly 4,000. This includes battleships, battle-cruisers, light cruisers, destroyers, submarine boats, mine sweepers, patrols, and many other miscellaneous craft, all of which are necessary for the effective conduct of a war of to-day. Our activities range from the White Sea, where we are doing our best to assist our gallant Russian allies, past the North and South Atlantic, where cruiser squadrons are at work, on to the far Pacific, where we are working in coöperation with our gallant Japanese allies. In the Mediterranean, the navy took no inconsiderable part in the Dardanelles campaign, assisted by our gallant French allies, and is now working with both the French and Italian navies in connection with the Balkan campaign and in the Adriatic. On the West Coast of Africa the navy played a useful part in the fighting in the Cameroons. On the East Coast of Africa the naval forces, including our river gunboats,

monitors, and aircraft, have rendered great service to our kinsmen from the Union of South Africa. In the Persian Gulf and up the Tigris River numerous river gunboats and other vessels are assisting our army in the Mesopotamian campaign. Our East Indian squadron, which is working from Port Saïd through the Canal and the Red Sea, is helping the army of Egypt and safeguarding the communications with India, and thence to far-eastern waters. In the early days of the war the navy was pleased and honoured to work along with our Japanese allies in the capture of Kiaou Chau.

In fact, it may be said that there is no part of the world where the navy has not duties and responsibilities in connection with this war. And I might draw attention to the arduous and continuous work of the cruiser squadron in home waters, which is mainly engaged in preventing supplies from reaching our enemies. Ships are intercepted and boarded in great numbers under every condition of weather. Some idea of the work may be gathered from the fact that, on an average, eighty ships per week are intercepted and examined on the high seas by the vessels of this squadron.

The task of keeping the enormous mass of ships working in all parts of the world, of supplying them with fuel, munitions, etc., can only be recognized by those in possession of all the facts. The work, too, involves a great effort on the part of the mercantile marine. Without our mercantile marine the navy, and, indeed, the nation, could not exist. Upon it we have been dependent for the movement of our troops overseas, over seven millions of men having been transported, along with the guns, munitions, and stores required by the army. The safeguarding of these transports, both from the attack of such service vessels as have been at large and from submarine attack, has been carried out by the navy. We have had to draw also upon the *personnel* of the mercantile marine, not only for the manning of the transport ships, but also very largely for the manning of the whole of our patrol and mine-sweeping craft. Nearly 2,500 captains being employed as skippers, R.N.R.,[1] the number of R.N.R. executive officers has increased almost four-fold since the outbreak of war. Indeed, it is impossible to measure fully the debt which the country owes to our mercantile marine.

In the old days it used to be said that there was jealousy between the mercantile marine and the Royal Navy, but whatever may have been the case in the old days, there is no room now in the navy for anything but the most sincere admiration and respect for the officers and men of the mercantile marine. I think I know sufficient of those officers and men to believe that the feeling is reciprocated. Those of us who have been closely associated with the officers and men who man our armed merchant vessels and patrol craft have realized from the first day of the war how magnificent were their services, how courageous their conduct, and how unflinching

[1] Royal Naval Reserve.

their devotion to duty under the most dangerous conditions. The value of the services of the officers and men of the mercantile marine goes also far beyond their work in armed vessels. When one thinks of the innumerable cases of unarmed ships being sunk by torpedo or gun-fire far from land in a heavy sea, with the ship's company dependent alone upon boats for their safety, one is lost in admiration of the spirit of heroism of those who not only endure dangers and hardships without complaint, but are ever ready to take risks again and again in repeated voyages in their ships.

The submarine menace to the merchant service is far greater now[1] than in any period of the war, and it requires all our energy to combat it. It must and will be dealt with; of that I am confident. But we have to make good our inevitable losses, and in order to do this we are dependent upon the shipbuilding industry of this country. The munitions organization has done a great work for the output of munitions; it now remains for the shipbuilders and marine engineers to rival that work. The first essential is the wholehearted coöperation of the men in the shipbuilding yards and in the engineering workshops. In the same way as Sir Douglas Haig has appealed to the munitions workers to give up holidays and devote themselves to the supply of those munitions which are essential for the safety and success of their comrades in the trenches, I now appeal to the men in the ship-yards and engineering shops to put forth their best efforts continuously and ungrudgingly to keep up the strength of our mercantile marine, and to provide those gallant fellows, who have gone through innumerable dangers and hardships when their ships have been sunk, with new vessels with which to carry on the transport of the necessary supplies of food and material for the manhood and the industries of the country. Let there be no question of strikes, no bad time-keeping, no slacking, but let masters and men remember how great is their responsibility, not only toward the navy and the nation, but also toward our allies.

Before I leave this subject may I presume to remind the big shipping companies of the privilege which is theirs to see that some provision is made out of the war profits for the wives and children of those gallant fellows who have given their lives for their country when their ships have been sunk, as truly as those who have lost their lives in the battle line. It is not for me to make suggestions, but I venture to say that the hearts of the officers and men would be lightened in the continued presence of danger and the recurring possibilities of disaster if those they may leave behind them would be cared for and educated.

In this hasty survey of the naval side of war I have not as yet said a word on the point which is really nearest to my heart, and that is the subject of the spirit of the officers and men of the fleet of which I have so recently given up

[1] In January, 1917.

the command. During two and a half years of war the endeavour to keep that fleet at a high pitch of efficiency has necessitated strenuous and unceasing effort on the part of every one connected with the fleet, either afloat or ashore. I said at the outset of my remarks that conditions affecting naval warfare differed to-day from those of a hundred years ago. That applies almost exclusively to *matériel* and is due to the advance in applied science, which has brought vast progress, almost revolutionary change, to the navy, as to other departments of activity. In some cases these changes can be commended if war is the only means of settling differences; in other respects they are reprehensible, and have been wantonly used by our enemies. There has, however, been little change in our men, except in the development of higher principles and in fuller recognition of individual responsibility in the national cause. The spirit of our forefathers lives on in all its vigour and devotion to King and country in the officers and men of to-day, with this added, that there is a higher standard of personal worth, of mental alertness, and of moral rectitude. No one could ask for a finer *personnel* than we have in the navy. Education has enabled every man to arrive at a just appreciation of the justice of our cause, and to conduct himself as becomes a man, fighting for the freedom of the smaller nations and for the liberation of humanity from the threatened thraldom of military slavery. Can there be any doubt of the issue when this fundamental belief is associated, as it is, with all-pervading patriotism and unflagging zeal to accomplish the end we and our allies have in view? Every man in the navy is eager and prepared to do his duty. He asks, and he is entitled by his services and sacrifices to ask, that the nation shall do its part by working with a self-denying diligence equal to that of our soldiers and sailors, so that there may be provided that great variety and enormous volume of material which is required for the fighting forces; and that all men and all women shall by practising strict economy render possible the maintenance of adequate financial sinews of war. If we all do our part, all will be well with us. Of one prominent fact I can speak with full confidence born of experience—the nation can depend on the navy's being ready, resourceful, and reliable.

III

SEA FIGHTERS

IMPRESSIONS OF THE BRITISH NAVY DURING THE WAR'S FIRST SIX MONTHS

By HENRY REUTERDAHL

Under the light of incandescents, great maps glare white, lining the walls like sheets hung up to dry, with black blobs and flags pinned on to represent the positions of ships. The shades are drawn, and not a ray of light pierces through to the murk of the darkened streets of London—a London hiding itself from Zeppelins. Here in the innermost room of the "Chambers of Strategy," in the new wing of the Admiralty building at Whitehall, is the council chamber of the British War Staff. It is the real nerve centre of the British navy.

Wireless has turned the Nelsons of to-day into mere subordinates. Their orders come not from the deck of the flag-ship, but from one of the heaviest, solidest flat-top desks in the heart of London, behind which sits the First Sea Lord of the Admiralty. His orders flash night and day across the seven seas, in the secret code, relayed from fighting ship to fighting ship until they reach their man, though he be the captain of a lone cruiser on the far side of the world. The command of the British navy and the command of the British army are to-day both "desk jobs" in London. The navy fights as it is ordered to fight by the War Staff. There is no roar of big guns at the Admiralty, no smoke of battle; and yet there is no lack of tense dramatic interest.

Let us imagine ourselves present at one of these dramatic moments. It is in November, 1914. Cradock's ships have just been wiped out off the Chilean coast. All England is demanding naval revenge.

A door of the inner chamber jerks open, typewriters are heard clicking, clerks are seen running about carrying baskets of letters. In bolts a man with gold braid up to his elbows, heavy set, bull-dogged of jaw, gray and wrinkled by experience: Lord Fisher of Kilverstone, Admiral of the Fleet, again on the firing-line, and then the active master mind of the British fighting ships. Years ago I saw him first on board the *New York* in Bermuda, a typical roast-beef John Bull minus the side whiskers; and alongside him Admiral Sampson, the victor of Santiago, was æsthetic in his scholarly frailness.

Like Lord St. Vincent, Admiral Fisher is a fighting man whether in office, drawing room, or on the quarter-deck. His cry, "War is violence and moderation is imbecility," stamps the character of this man who, from the ease of a retired officer's life, answered his country's call to put vigour into the war policy of the British navy. At seventy-four he is the biggest man with the biggest job in the United Kingdom—bigger than the King, the ill-fated Kitchener, or Churchill, already somewhat discredited by his Quixotic Antwerp adventure.

As Lord Fisher enters the Chamber there is a growl from the jaws, a snap of the teeth, and in his general appearance the suggestion of a bull pricked by the picador's darts. The First Sea Lord has cleared for action and is eager to avenge the defeat in the Pacific.

Bending over maps and plans heaped on a large table, parallel rulers and dividers in hand, is Vice-Admiral Sir F. C. Doveton Sturdee, K.C.B., C.V.O., C.M.G., Chief of the War Staff, tall, spare—in consultation with his fellow juniors—all grave, grayish.

"Sturdee, you made all these nice plans," snarls Fisher with a trip-hammer salvo of sarcasm, "why don't you carry them out yourself?"

Sturdee, the discredited strategist, smarting under the defeat of Cradock's ships, for whose destruction he was partly responsible, exclaims:

"Will you let me?"

"Yes, go!"

Sturdee's plans or their bungling had doomed Admiral Cradock's ships. Now his chance has come. Von Spee's ships must be sunk. And he is the man selected to do it.

Sturdee writes out his own orders to the squadron which is to do the trick. The battle cruisers were under repairs. There was no time to be lost and the workmen were taken along to complete their jobs, to be dropped off at the first coaling point. It was touch and go. At the break of a signal the course is laid down the South American coast.

THE FIGHT OFF THE FALKLANDS

At the Falklands the enemy is met—the rest is history. All was over within a few hours. There was no hitch in Sturdee's plans this time, when he himself met the German fleet in the South Atlantic. By assembling for this engagement a British fleet that in gun-power could blanket the Germans, he made a mathematical certainty of victory. And the mathematics were the mathematics of the War Staff in London. Admiral Von Spee went down with his flag-ship, the *Scharnhorst*, and the little flags that had marked the probable location of his fleet on the great maps in the Chamber of the War Staff were thrown into the discard.

And Sturdee, the cast-off strategist of the Battenberg régime, became the great hero. The war is full of strange things, but nothing stranger than this solitary excursion: Admiral Sturdee one day in London more or less under a cloud—a few weeks later a conqueror, who has placed the last rivet in Great Britain's command of the seven seas.

So Cradock and his gallant band did not die in vain. His defeat made a moral victory.

IT TOOK A DEFEAT TO AWAKEN THE GREAT BRITISH NAVY TO THE TRADITIONS OF NELSON

I saw Rear-Admiral Sir Christopher Cradock last in April, 1914, on the quarter-deck of the *Chester* in Vera Cruz. Sailing his gig, he came alongside in true Bristol fashion to call on Captain Moffett, the skipper of the American cruiser. Cradock, debonair in shining white, sauntered over the side carrying his Airedale—awfully unmilitary, but he was a chum of the skipper's; besides, a British admiral, senior, on a foreign station, does just as he pleases. Though ranking as admiral, he tactfully gave the right of way to the American commander-in-chief at Vera Cruz. Over the silver in the Admiral's cabin on the *Wyoming* he cracked his last joke with a German, Captain Koehler of the *Dresden*, later of that unlucky will-o'-the-wisp, the *Karlsruhe*.

Poor Cradock, finest of men, courageous to a fault, the kind of seaman who would give battle in a steam-launch to a dreadnought—he fought to the last, going down with his flag unfurled as the setting sun sank behind the rollers of the Pacific. He was the first admiral to go—the martyr of bungled strategy. Left unevenly matched, with poor, antiquated ships manned by landsmen, he faced an enemy superior in guns, men, and speed, and his personal courage had to make up for the weakness of his ships. Even the old tub of a battleship sent as reinforcement was two hundred miles away. Cradock realized his inferiority, and that he held the Admiralty directly responsible is indicated in a letter written by his secretary: "We feel that the Admiralty should have a better force—but we will cheerfully fight whatever odds we may have to face." His epitaph he wrote himself—"The navy defends nothing; it attacks."

Only the *Otranto* and the *Glasgow* of Cradock's squadron escaped. One touch in a letter from an officer on the *Glasgow* shows clearly the fine fighting spirit of the British naval man. When you read it, try to visualize the scene and realize what kind of a hell such a fight as this is with the weight of guns against you and the shells tearing your ship like tissue-paper. Says the letter:

"After about one and a half hours' fighting, the *Monmouth* caught fire, too, but fortunately we got it under. The *Monmouth* then reported 'I am taking

water badly forward, engines disabled, and in a sinking condition, but am making toward the enemy to try and torpedo her.'"

The technics of the game that brought about the British defeat off the Chilean coast were forged with a master hand. We must give credit to the Germans for keeping the sea for four months while being continuously chased, Von Spee's assembling of his far-flung units in battle formation will stand out as one of the brilliant touches of historic naval campaigns. Of course, it was all a game of wireless, involving many a breach of neutrality. Admiral Von Spee's agents in Ecuador and Colombia held the fate of Cradock in their hands—he could not move without the German's knowledge. The skill of the German hand was diabolically fine—keen brain-work this, admirable to the craftsman, contemptible to the righteous sentimentalist.

THE FIGHT OFF HELGOLAND BIGHT

I did not see the fight in the Helgoland Bight, the first naval engagement of the war. No one not in uniform saw it, except the crew of the Norwegian steamer *Kong Guttorm*, which, after being hit in the line of fire, hustled away in a fright. But a friend of mine who was in the thick of it, told me how the Admiralty trap was set.

"Yes, we baited the snare," he said. "And they bit. It cost the blighters four ships, and we smashed a few. It was a bit of all-right, and we had a good smack at them. And this is how it worked:

"Suddenly 'blows' a submarine. As it pops out above the water, the conning-tower hatch is opened and men come out on the narrow deck and look around sort of helplessly and fiddle about the rudders, peering over the side. The craft appears sadly disabled, and that right before the enemy. Up bobs another 'sub' close by; its people get on deck and begin shouting to the first—making signs of general distress; a tow-line is broken out, an attempt is made to save the disabled one. Finally the tow-line is passed, and, backing and filling, the pair slowly start—one towing the other. From the background the *Fearless* is standing in to be of help and principally to draw the fire from the poor submarines.

"At last the German ships spot them. Their destroyers begin to move, the cruisers are getting under way. Capture is imminent—one helpless submarine, at least—what a cinch! Can't you see the gleam in the eye of the Germans? As the enemy's destroyer flotillas steam out and approach to get in range, a gum-booted, whistling British sailor steps out on the deck of the 'sub' and slowly casts loose the tow-line, which is hauled in from the other fellow. An officer looks about from the conning-tower hatch, descends, and closes it. With filled tanks both 'subs' drop out of sight and, unseen almost—just slender, upright sticks, surmounted by little ob-

long disks—creep along in the shadow of the breaking swell, turn finally seaward, and, sinking, swim away like fishes. And the *Fearless* is retreating to the northwest.

"The decoy game has worked—they've taken hook, sinker, and all. The Germans are coming out in chase.

"Tearing through the mist, the cruiser *Arethusa* leading, speed the British destroyer flotillas, spread out in fan formation like a sun-burst—but in black—throbbing, panting devils, tearing leanly through the sea, the green of their wakes cut by trailing smoke. They are the additional lure in the ruse piled on to draw the enemy under the guns of the British cruisers outside."

The fight was sharp, with equal bravery on both sides. Only a skirmish, it was Great Britain's first success in the open since the capture of the United States frigate *Chesapeake* over a hundred years ago. But it was by no means the glorious victory heralded by the ha'penny press. In spite of poor shooting by the Germans, the British were badly mauled. The battle cruisers saved the day.

"And now let me tell you the strangest incident of that whole fight.

"One of our boats was left behind, the one from the *Defender*. There she was, filled with rescued Germans, sea kicking up, no water aboard, Helgoland fort but twenty-five miles distant, the enemy's ships steaming up and shells falling right and left. But a submarine had taken in the whole affair through her periscope, and up pops our E 4 to the surface, blows her tanks, opens her conning-tower, takes our boat crew aboard, puts grub and medicines in the boat, tells the Germans to shove off and be good, and then dives and ducks for home and England. . . . No—it's God's truth. You could fancy it as a story-book by Jules Verne; but it happened—it's in the official despatches."

The escape of the *Goeben* in the Mediterranean will go down in English history as a naval humiliation.

There is a story that wireless instructions from the Admiralty were confusing. Perhaps, if the admiral on the spot could have used his discretion this time, instead of merely carrying out wireless orders from the Admiralty, the result might have been different. However this may be, the *Goeben* did slip into the Dardanelles. An action outside would have ended her career and the *Breslau's*, and the war party in Turkey would never have dared a declaration of war. But the arrival of the *Goeben* primed the Moslem mind as the final spark for a Jehad. In consequence, the senior British admiral in the Mediterranean was recalled, the second in command court-martialled.

THE MENACE OF THE MINES

The sinking of the *Audacious* has been ascribed to a submarine. Although the news of the loss of this big ship was not at once published in England, it was known in naval circles within six hours. She was sunk by a mine—the greatest prize a mine ever had. As an event affecting the future of ships this looms up as a very important incident of the war. The world's naval architects would give much to know all the circumstances.

Seven dreadnoughts were in line, the *Audacious* being third. The entire squadron was bound for battle practice. The ship struck a mine about 9 : 30 in the morning. There was at first no outward evidence that she had hit. The information came to the admiral by signal, and the rest of the ships scattered. In such circumstances flight is sometimes more than justified. It is the order.

The *Audacious* kept afloat for twelve hours, filling gradually. The *Olympic* tried to tow her but she listed to port and foundered. The mine had sprung the turbine shaftings out of alignment. If the machinery had worked, the ship could have been saved. These details are common property; of some other particulars I have given my word not to speak.

Mines have played a deadly rôle in this war. To hem in the German fleet, keep it from escaping through the Channel, frighten away blockade-runners and mine-layers, England announced the mining of the North Sea, and declared it a "military area." The sea-borne commerce of Scandinavia was knocked into a cocked hat. Some neutral shipping was blown up by gale-torn mines. *But yet—there are not enough mines in the whole world to close this area effectively.*

Above all, this mine-field has not stopped the action of German submarines. Even to this day one sometimes hears the naïve question: "Why have the German submarines been so much more successful than the British?" For one reason, and it is a simple one. The German fleet stays in port, and save for raids the Germans have evacuated the North Sea; while the British ships have been on the seas, fair targets for the officers of the Kaiser's U-boats. But considering the seventeen-hour winter nights on the North Sea, and the great number of ships traversing the Barred Zone, the Germans should have done still better. The heavy toll levied by the submarines has brought out very clearly this fact—that the best defence against them is speed plus zigzag courses.

The German campaign of attrition during the early part of the war succeeded because the British had not yet learned this lesson. The three cruisers of the *Cressy* class went to the bottom because they were patrolling at a speed of seven knots in waters infested by the enemy's submarines and unattended by destroyers. So the *Hogue* and the *Cressy* were sunk because they stopped to

save the lives of the crew of the sinking *Aboukir*. Von Weddigen in his submarine had ample time to reload his torpedo tubes after sinking the *Aboukir*, and finish up the slaughter of the other two ships almost at his leisure.

When the survivors of these submarined cruisers were brought to Harwich, I talked to many of them. These fellows had been in the water for hours. They had lost their ships and their mates, twelve hundred in all. I expected curses on the Germans—hard words. Instead, Jack's first say was: "The Dutchers did a fine job. They got us all."

The *Hermes* and the *Hawke* also went to the bottom because they were cruising at a speed slower than that of their invisible enemy, the submarine. The *Niger* lay peacefully—and carelessly—at anchor in the open roadstead of Deal, dead in the water.

THE BRITISH SUBMARINES

All things considered, the English submarines are giving as good an account of themselves as the German U-boats. Their work in the Baltic has been splendid. They are in the hands of young men who are full of enthusiasm, a brotherhood of daredevils, cousins of those in the destroyers. The British submarine B 11, passing under five rows of mines in the Dardanelles and sinking the old bucket *Messoudiyeh*, did only a part of a day's work. There was an American element in this feat—the Sperry gyroscopic compass, which gives the "subs" their true bearing under water, and without which their course would be mere guesswork. Looking for game, the British "subs" have ventured far up the Baltic, based on the Russian coast. And one from the Harwich flotillas came up to the very chain-slung gates of the Kiel Canal.

The naval game of secrecy is played to its limit regarding the action of submarines. At the beginning of the war, when the first British submarine came into its base at Harwich flying the skull and crossbones flag, indicating that an enemy's ship had been sunk, the crew and some of the officers described in detail how their torpedoes had gone home. The Admiralty discouraged that kind of conversation thereafter by threatening no shore liberty for any member of the ship's company who spun yarns.

The man in the street used to shout "Why doesn't Jellicoe eat up the German fleet?" He wanted a Trafalgar served hot with his breakfast, preferably near the coast, with parquet seats on Dover Cliffs.

The killing of a hundred women and children on the East Coast with no British ships to stop the attack was another black eye for the Admiralty. Why were the Germans allowed to stay about right under the cliffs of Hayburn Wyke, only awaiting dawn to open fire?

THE GERMAN'S COAST RAIDS

The answer is not far to seek. No navy can be strong enough to prevent occasional raids upon its coast by an enemy. The Germans can make many raids, but they cannot land an expeditionary force on British soil while the British navy is afloat. The very fundamental principle of naval strategy demands that the English fighting fleet stay outside the Channel and the North Sea, and that only scouts and ships of secondary value be kept inside for blockading and patrol. That the British navy thus far has splendidly accomplished its great purpose—the command of the sea—is quite unquestionable.

There was a little panic of distrust because of the loss of the *Formidable* by submarine attack. The British public condemned the navy for it. As a matter of fact, the *Formidable* was but a small part of the price for sea-mastery. She was a smallish ship of low freeboard, and could not fight the gale at full speed ahead, but had to slow down. Under slow engines she was an easy mark for a German submarine, and she was torpedoed. She had been engaged in bombarding the Belgian coast, and it was simply remarkable luck that the Germans did not bag more of these coast bombarders, all ancient crocks.

It cannot be denied that every success which the Germans won in their campaign of attrition during the early part of the war succeeded because the British were asleep. The British sea-lion had snored for a hundred years in splendid peace strength. Until Germany came seeking her "place in the sun" it knew no rival; no one counted, not even our navy. It was the greatest navy in the world. Every one said so, even those who commanded it.

It relied a bit too much on the tradition of the glorious past. It had all the theories of make-believe manœuvres—though it never had fired an angry shot in battle. It raised its own type of naval officer, slim-faced and lithe—so unlike any other Englishman—with but one game to play, the navy's. But in its days of unquestioned greatness the British navy came to be governed by old men, conservatively wise. The day's work was done by "the youngsters," some nineteen hundred lieutenants, full of vim, resource, and double-barrelled nerve; but the young ones had nothing to say in the bigger things; they had only to obey the seniors, full of titles and alphabetical honours—the ninety-two admirals. So routine took the place of energy—the red blood simmering slowly away with increased gold braid and waistband. Thus tradition established rank at the expense of keenness.

In spite of its strength, the British navy has been back up against the wall, fighting the new game of the Germans, the game of attrition, the guerilla thrust in the dark, the knife hidden under the cape. At first the British made the

usual mistake of despising the enemy. But that is no more. In the little action off the Dutch coast four German destroyers with nothing but popguns stood up for an hour against the murderous fire of the British flotilla ten times as strong, never surrendering. That is the sort of stuff which thrills even an enemy—and makes him think, too.

GERMAN NAVAL COMPETITION

At one time the Germans caused the British admirals great anxiety. Not the youngsters in the ships—they were cool as always—but the authorities. This extract, from a letter written by one who is on the inside, represents fairly well what was then the official attitude: "I believe that we are in for the tightest thing that we have ever been up against. I believe that unless we are damned careful we shall be licked. . . . We shall lick the Germans, in the end, but God only knows what will happen in the interim."

Now that, too, is over. The complacency of a hundred years is gone, the pin-pricks of the Germans have had their moral effect, and the British navy has settled down to its work.

Far-sighted Fisher did a good deal to arouse the navy more than twelve years ago. He realized that the Kaiser's navy had but one objective—England—and so, instead of being all over the earth, the British fleet stayed in the North Sea. And his imagination visualized the dreadnought, which at one fell swoop made junk of the German fleet, compelling a fresh start on a new basis. He was the official introducer of this type, almost its adaptive creator. The submarine came from America to England through his efforts. And twelve years ago he actually remade the British navy by wrecking every useless ship and man; scrapping some fifty millions of dollars' worth of fighting craft as an encumbrance to efficiency. Brass polish went by the board, and ability, not smart paint, stood for promotion. A bull in a china-shop, he overturned all naval precedents, challenged every conservative, and came near being impeached by Parliament. But he has been amply vindicated.

There were many important naval lessons for us in the first six months of fighting with weapons that by some had been looked upon as experiments. We learned the importance of mines and of submarines. The *Goeben* episode forced home the lesson of trusting the professional man, the naval officer on the spot, not the civilian office-head. Von Spee's action off the coast of Chile and Sturdee's off the Falklands brought out the soundness of the American principle of gun-fire—get the drop on the other man first. Our entire system of long-range firing rests upon delivering the first salvo three seconds or more before the enemy. Above all, this was a warning to set our house in order. We are setting our house in order, the efficiency of the American navy spurred

by promotion by selection has reached a high level. In target practice we lead the world, at least we believe so. Congress has felt the public pulse and responded with an increased navy. The great lesson of this war is the force of sea power—without the first navy in the world England might now be German—sea power with its government in the hands of trained professionals.

IV

THE INCEPTION AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE SUBMARINE BOAT

By JOHN P. HOLLAND, JR.

The history of submarines extends over a period of three centuries or longer. It is one long series of failures, with here and there a few meagre successes, up to the time my father turned out his first successful submarine boat in 1877. It is difficult to tell who invented the first submarine. The first boat of which history makes any record was built by a Dutchman named Van Driebel, in 1640—twenty years after the Pilgrims landed in New England. This boat was built in England, with money advanced by King James I. She had a rather unique ballasting system. There were a number of goat-skin bags placed under the deck, between two large planks. These bags, when filled with water, caused the boat to sink. To cause the boat to rise the two planks were pressed together with a windlass arrangement, forcing the water out, which gave the boat reserve buoyancy. It is said that on one occasion King James was taken for a trip from London Bridge to a point about a mile down stream submerged in this boat. We do not know, however, what eventually became of her.

The first submarine that attained any measure of success was built by David Bushnell, in Connecticut, during the American Revolution. Money was supplied by the state of Maine. The submarine was tested on Long Island Sound. It was a small boat, built to accommodate only one man, and was called the *Turtle*, owing to her peculiar shape. Her ballast tank was beneath the floor, and she carried a detachable lead keel to give reserve buoyancy in case of trouble. The inlet valve was beneath the operator's foot, and the water was expelled from the ballast tank by a hand-pump. The boat was propelled by a screw propeller, turned by a hand-crank. Above the operator's head was a screw which was to be used for attaching a torpedo to the bottom of the boat attacked. When the torpedo was secured by this screw to the bottom of the boat, the submarine made its escape. A time fuse attached to the torpedo would operate after the submarine had gotten clear. After testing the boat on Long Island Sound, Bushnell found that he could successfully blow up a ship in this manner.

Bushnell, not being very strong, prevailed upon Sergeant Lee, of the Continental Army, to attack the British ship-of-war *Eagle*, then at anchor off Governor's Island. He filled his ballast tank and sank to what we call the

"awash" position and slowly proceeded in the direction of the *Eagle*. The current took him out of the way, but he finally managed to get beneath the ship. He then proceeded to drive the screw into the planking, but every time he attempted it the submarine would back away because he had not sufficient reserve buoyancy. Had he remembered to cast loose his lead keel he would have overcome that difficulty. Breathing becoming difficult, he cast loose his torpedo and made his escape. A short time afterward the torpedo blew up, but it had drifted too far from the ship to do any harm.

Next we have Robert Fulton's submarine boat, built in 1801. He tried to obtain money in this country to further his ideas, but met with no success. He went to France, where a company was organized and financed by the French Government. Agreement was made to the effect that for every English ship Fulton should destroy his company would receive a certain royalty, the amount of the royalty depending upon the size of the ship and the number of guns she carried. Fulton's boat was the same in principle as Bushnell's. The shape of the hull, however, was different. On the surface, instead of being propelled by a screw propeller, she had a collapsible mast and sail. The French Government soon lost interest in the submarine, however, when Fulton did not go out to destroy the English fleet lying outside Toulon Harbour. Becoming discouraged, Fulton went to England, but the British Admiralty, while they admitted that it was a good idea and might be useful to some nations, stated it would be absolutely of no use to the English navy. He finally came back to America, where he devoted his time and energy to the development of the steamboat. Before his death Fulton started work on another submarine, the *Mute*, but his death cut short the work, and it was never completed.

The first German submarine, on her trial trip in 1850, collapsed in the harbour of Kiel. It was not built strong enough to withstand the water pressure at the depth the pilot tried to navigate. However, he managed to get the conning tower open and to come to the surface alive. The boat was raised in 1887, and is now in the Museum of Oceanography in Berlin.

The Phillips boat, built on Lake Erie in 1851, was the forerunner of Simon Lake's. His submarine was designed with wheels to run on the bottom, and was intended for salvage purposes. It was propelled by steam and was fairly successful, but it had a shifting centre of gravity, and on that account it was finally abandoned.

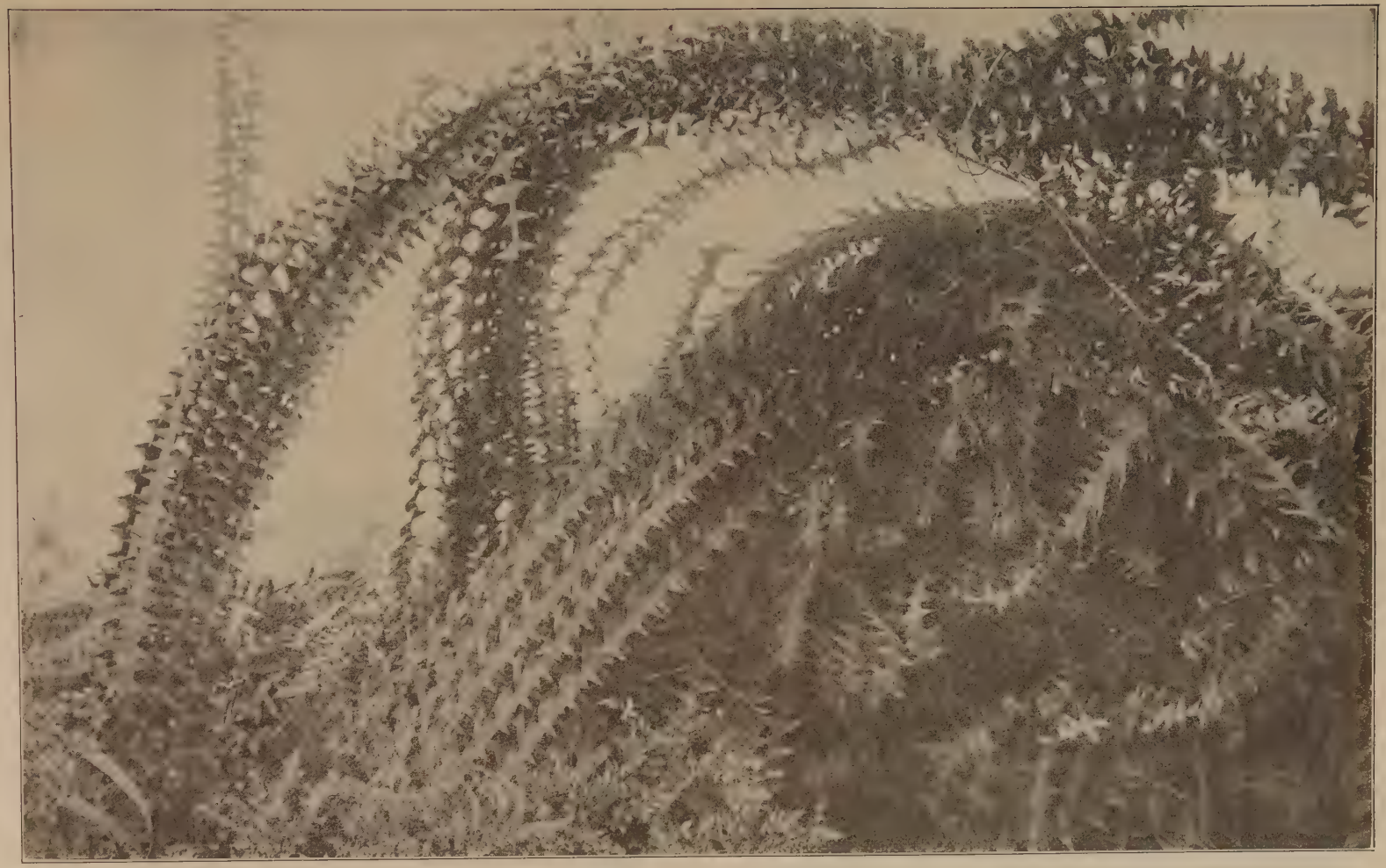
The Confederate submarine, the *Huxley*, was the first submarine up to the time of the Russo-Japanese War that ever destroyed a battleship. She was constructed of boiler iron, and had a crew of eight men. Her ballasting system was the same as used by Bushnell. A crank-shaft ran the length of the boat, and the crew turned it and thus propelled her. There was an officer stationed in each conning tower—fore and aft. Upon the first attempt

THE RETURN TO CHAOS ON THE WESTERN FRONT

"And the earth was without form and void—"

A FRENCH CHARGE ON THE ENEMY'S TRENCHES

These men are rushing forward with fixed bayonets, and in extended order so as to offer as poor a target as possible to the enemy's fire. This open style of fighting is that in which American troops traditionally excell. It affords an opportunity for the display of individual initiative



GERMAN BARBED WIRE

This photograph was taken near Arras, France. It shows an improved style of entanglement considerably later in date than the one (pictured on page 72) which encircled the town of Tsing-tau

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THE FIRING LINE IN EASTERN FRANCE

The upper picture shows three French sharpshooters; the lower, a file of French soldiers cautiously entering a trench. It will be noted that the corners of their overcoats are buttoned back out of the way, around their bayonet scabbards

RED CROSS WORK IN FRANCE

British Red Cross stretcher-bearers are shown (*above*), bringing in a wounded French soldier.
Below, one may see what happens when a loaded hospital train arrives at a base. Each ambulance driver scurries off to his or her own machine, to start the engine.

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WHY THE BRITISH SOLDIER IS UNCONQUERABLE

He goes to war hilariously shouting "Are we downhearted? No!"

Copyright by American Press Association

A TYPICAL BRITISH WAR GRIN

Even in extremely uncomfortable situations he is able to smile as though positively enjoying himself

Copyright by Kadel and Herbert

A REMARKABLE VIEW OF A GAS ATTACK

This photograph of a French gas attack in Flanders was taken from an aeroplane

WAR BY NIGHT

A British gun on the Flanders front in the act of firing

to dive, this boat was lost with her whole crew. She was in an awash position and had not left the dock when an excursion steamer passed setting up a wash which passed through an open hatch and flooded the boat. She was later raised and equipped with a torpedo—a boom carried forward, on the end of which was a small contact mine. The mine was to be exploded against the side of the ship attacked. Unfortunately on one of their trials they became entangled with some growth on the bottom, and the man-power of the propeller was not sufficient to back them out. When she was found at the end of a week, of course the crew were all dead. Later another test was made, but the lieutenant in the forward conning tower stumbled and knocked the diving rudder control, causing the boat suddenly to dive while the conning tower was open, and again all hands perished. Finally, on February 17, 1863, Lieutenant Dickson, of the Confederate Navy, decided to attack with the *Huxley* the *Housatonic*, Union sloop-of-war, then blockading Charleston Harbour. He started out with eight men, and they got within a couple of hundred feet before they were discovered, when the sentry gave the alarm and fired at them. It was too close then to sheer her off, and a second or two later the torpedo exploded against the *Housatonic* and she went down. The *Huxley* went down also, because her hatchway was open.

My father became interested in the subject of submarining when teaching school in Ireland in 1863. He read of the battle between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* at Hampton Roads, and he saw, of course, that the Ironclad had come to stay. He set about devising some weapon—something new—that could successfully combat an ironclad, and he finally decided that the submarine was the thing. He drew a plan for one at the time, but, of course, as is often the case with inventions, everybody thought it was nonsensical, and he had to abandon it. It was not until he came to Paterson, N.J., in 1871, that he succeeded in obtaining capital to build a small boat which he tried out on the Passaic River. It was designed to carry only one man. This boat was not armed nor fitted with a tube, and she had one great defect, as he found later. He had placed his diving rudders amidships instead of aft, as they should have been. His motor, which was supposed to be a petroleum engine, would "freeze" as soon as it got hot. He finally decided that it would be cheaper to build a new boat than to rectify the mistakes in the old one, so they took out the engine and fittings and sank her in the Passaic River, opposite West Side Park, Paterson, N.J.

This new boat, the *Fenian Ram*, was built at the foot of West Thirteenth Street, New York, in 1881. The money was appropriated by the Fenian Brotherhood. The idea was not, as some people supposed, to build a boat to destroy the English navy. At that time certain claims between the United States and England had not been definitely settled, and there was some talk of war. The *Fenian Ram* was to cruise in the Atlantic lane between Canada and

England to destroy what traffic she could. She was thirty-three feet long and carried a crew of three men—the pilot, engineer, and gunner. She was propelled by a Brayden petroleum engine of 30 horsepower—the first successful one ever built. Beneath the floor were the ballast tanks and valves. There were no air flasks on this boat; instead, two large compartments, one forward, the other aft, were used. From both the compartments air lanes ran to the torpedo tube forward and supplied air to the interior of the boat, to the engine, and to expel water from the ballast tanks. The diving rudders were placed aft.

The *Fenian Ram* was first tried in Morris and Cummings's breakwater in Jersey City. The first diving tests were very successful, and proved that she could do everything claimed for her. A short time after her first dive a reporter from the *New York Sun* visited my father and requested that he be allowed to inspect the interior of the boat, but permission was not granted so the reporter returned to New York and wrote a very elaborate article on the *Fenian Ram*, and she was ever after known by that name. The boat had no periscope, so it was necessary to come to the surface and then dive and run on dead reckoning. This was only the work of a moment, however, as the boat was very easily handled.

There is a rather funny incident I should like to tell in connection with the bow tube, the first time it was tried out. The test was made in Morris and Cummings's docks in Jersey City. Captain Ericsson, who designed the *Monitor*, was at that time building his destroyer, and he offered my father the use of two or three projectiles to make the test. My father accepted his kind offer, and they submerged the boat three feet to fire the first shot. The projectile travelled thirty feet from the nose of the boat; rose up in the air about forty feet; came down; buried itself in the mud, and was never found again. The second projectile travelled about the same distance; cleared the water; went over the breakwater bounding the basin; and struck some piling on the end of a pier, behind which a man was sitting, fishing. Fortunately, the man was on the right side of the pile. Later, when they fired a different type of projectile from that tube, it proved very successful, and they had very few misses.

In 1895 the United States Navy Department advertised for plans for submarines. Three hundred thousand dollars had been appropriated to construct a submarine boat built in accordance with the best designs submitted in competition. My father submitted plans which were finally accepted. This boat was built from the money appropriated by the Government at the time, and was known as the first *Plunger*. She was built by the Columbian Iron Works, Baltimore, Md., in 1894, and was propelled by steam engines.

After the *Plunger* was abandoned, the Holland Company went to Mr. Lewis Nixon, who was at that time the proprietor of the Crescent Shipyard,

in Elizabethport, N.J. He said that he would build a hull under certain conditions. My father said, "All right, go ahead," and construction was started in the fall of 1897. Before the work progressed very far a wealthy woman of New York gave us $25,000 to defray expenses.

This boat was launched shortly after the destruction of the battleship *Maine*, and it was pretty closely watched during that period. Her first trial was made on St. Patrick's Day, 1898. When they first tried to submerge, it was found that the boat had too much reserve buoyancy, so they took pig iron on board for ballast. From that time on the eyes of the world were concentrated on her as really the first successful submarine.

This boat was propelled by a 50-horsepower Otto gasolene engine. When she was nearly completed they despaired of getting a suitable engine. My father happened to go to an electrical show in Madison Square Garden, where he saw an exhibit of an electric lighting plant for a country home. The generator was driven by a 50-horsepower Otto gasolene engine. He said, as soon as he saw the engine: "That is what I want for my boat," and he purchased the engine, which was placed in the *Holland*. In the other seven boats constructed for the United States Government Otto engines were installed.

During one of his dives in the lower New York Bay my father came near colliding with a lumber schooner. He came up just in time to see that he was pretty close, so he immediately dived fifteen or twenty feet to clear her. The following day a man came to see my father in his office in New York, and said: "You are Mr. Holland, are you not?" My father said "Yes." "Well," said the visitor, "I am the captain of the lumber schooner—" naming her and stating where she was from, and so forth—and he said: "Yesterday you dived under my schooner as I was coming up the Narrows and your boat struck the bottom of my boat and seriously damaged her copper sheathing, and I want to collect damages." My father replied: "Well, if such a thing had been the case your copper bottom would have ripped off the top of my conning tower, and I would not have been here to talk to you now."

After a dive the men lose no time in getting some fresh air, as there are all sorts of odours to be encountered in the interior of the boat; and, even though they have a plentiful supply of air on hand, it is not as pure as the air outside.

After the *Holland* had been accepted by the United States Government, a contract was made with the Holland Company for seven more submarines to be built on the same lines.

At the time my father was building his first boat in the Columbian Iron Works, Baltimore, Md., Mr. Simon Lake was constructing his first one, about twenty-five feet to one side of my father's. Mr. Lake's boat was designed for salvage purposes and dived on what we call the "even keel" principle. Instead of having one set of diving rudders, she had two. In order

to dive it was necessary to be moving with considerable speed and gradually to tip the diving rudders, or planes, as he called them.

This was the first boat Mr. Lake built, and he did considerable salvage work with her around Baltimore. She was not designed as a war submarine, and he did not take up that subject until later on.

V

AMERICAN INVENTION AND THE WAR

By J. MALCOLM BIRD

(Associate Editor, *Scientific American*)

A nation of inventors, we are at once a peaceful nation and peaceful inventors. We like to think that we are by nature inclined to turn our energies to making the world a better and an easier place to live in, rather than to elaborating instruments of death and destruction. The cotton gin, the reaper and its large progeny, the sewing machine, the telegraph, the telephone, the typewriter, the type-setting machine, the web press, the motor truck, the tractor—these are but a few of the more familiar examples that come to mind. Even in seizing and developing the inventions of others, a form of activity which modern invention so often takes, we show the same pacific tendency. Steam locomotives, electric transportation, automobiles, machine tools, the wireless telephone—these are some indication of the sort of field in which we ordinarily try to beat the European at his own game.

And yet we are quite capable of turning our inventive genius into less benevolent channels, of putting it at the disposal of those who make war. Long before the World War was thought of, save in the wildest flights of the novelists and the most secret deliberations of the statesmen, Americans of mechanical ability and scientific inspiration were working in preparation for it. A survey of the modern technique of offence and defence will make clear America's great contribution to the accepted paraphernalia of the war.

First of all, the submarine. Bushnell in 1775, Fulton in 1801, built boats that would sink and rise again—if the occupant were born under a lucky star. Holland, beginning his labours in 1875, made the Twentieth Century submarine possible, with his idea of a boat that would dive like a fish instead of sinking of its own weight, like a stone. After these men had done their work, it required only the collateral development of the storage battery, the internal combustion engine, and a few other accessories to bring the thing where Germany's eagle-eyed technical scouts found it worth appropriating. In many of its details the fruit of German genius for *minutiæ*, the U-boat with which the Kaiser drove us into the war is nevertheless in its essence our own child come home to plague us.

Even the torpedo with which it executes its deadly mission is in a sense of American origin. For while the latest automotive Whitehead or Schwarzkopf is a development of British or continental builders, the fundamental idea of wrecking a ship by a detonation against her hull came from Fulton—our extraordinary genius who was so very far ahead of the world in which he

lived that that world could offer him facilities for adequate trial of but few of his ideas. And if we have not participated greatly in the final fixation of the torpedo mechanism, nor made any contributions to the list of high explosives equal to those of Nobel, Abel, or the German chemists, we have always successfully produced our own projectiles without borrowing from foreign models, and we have been among the most active in warship and big gun design. In fact, the built-up gun originated with Dr. Woodbridge, and in spite of the incidents of the Crimean War the names of Stevens and Ericsson take precedence in the annals of armoured war craft. And while we cannot lay full claim to the dreadnought, the armoured cruiser, and the destroyer—the three types that now dominate the surface of the sea—our naval constructors led the way through more than one period in the evolution leading up to modern practice.

The big gun problem on land is identical with that on sea; except that in fighting on land it is not necessary to invent a place to stand on. Accordingly land warfare offers hardly such scope for inventive genius as does sea fighting; but American genius has had a fair share in developing this field also. In the person of Gatling we put the last touches upon the multiple gun which was the dream of mediæval artillerists, and made it for the first time a success qualified only by the inherent defects of the idea. In Hiram Maxim we have at least equal claim with England to the honour of having created the true automatic machine gun, which uses part of the energy set free by each round to load and fire the next one; and the names of Colt and Lewis give us a distinct preponderance in the subsequent development of this arm. Then, too, while a catalogue of our ordnance experts past and present would hardly make an interesting page, our rifles and revolvers, our cartridges, our ranging and sighting instruments, have not for a long time been copied from those of others, nor suffered from comparison with the best.

Neither have we lagged behind in the production of devices intended primarily for peaceful purposes but available for wartime use, as a few outstanding examples drawn from widely different fields will show. The barbed wire used in military entanglements dates back, for all practical purposes, to the Glidden and Vaughan patents of 1874; and even the attempt to trace the bare idea down to its ultimate source brings us only upon American names. Again, while plenty of Europeans, from the inventor of the Dædalus legend down to sober-minded scientists of the present generation, have dreamed of flying and sought to fly, it remained for the Wrights to realize the dream and teach the world the art of aviation. Finally it is the Yankee genius for mechanical details that stands behind the machine development of the present age, with its great lathes and presses and drills and cutters that treat metal quite as nonchalantly as our forefathers treated wood, and with its instruments of shop precision that make possible the standardized product

with interchangeable parts. It is this genius, in which we particularly excel, that makes Providence synonymous with machine tool super-excellence, that makes Schenectady mean all that is superior in electric apparatus, that makes the name of Connecticut conjure up the image of giant automatic machines which, in a few seconds, by continuous processes, convert blocks of raw brass and steel into highly complicated finished parts. In a word, it is this genius that makes possible the present gigantic conflict of machinery and machine products.

In summary, then, it appears not only that American invention can claim its share of the doubtful credit for the frightful character which Twentieth Century warfare has assumed, but that when it turns its attention to such things it is quite as efficient in them as in its more accustomed field of benevolent activity. Yet in spite of the imposing array of names and achievements cited, we must recognize that we have not given to the devices of war the same attention they have received from European engineers and inventors, that even where we have made an outstanding contribution which has changed the whole scheme of warfare—a contribution like the airplane or the machine shop—this has usually been the result of foreign activity in seizing upon an idea of peaceful intent and applying it to the purposes of war. The reason for this is not an obscure one. Europe has made a more deliberate and sustained effort to develop instruments of fighting; she has shown far greater ingenuity in diverting every apparently harmless innovation to war-like ends, simply because the grim spectre of war has always been present to drive her inspirations into these channels. Our ability to equal her fighting apparatus has always existed, but it has lain dormant without the ever-present urge of hostile menace.

The progress of the war, however, has brought that menace nearer and nearer to our doors. In spite of our desire to live at peace with other nations and to let them live at peace with us; in spite of our ability to do this, proved by three thousand miles of undefended frontier between us and our greatest neighbour; in spite of our fancied water-bound security, we have at length been driven unwillingly to recognize the presence of a spirit of aggression so strong that we must take up arms in the hope of driving it permanently off the face of the earth. And from the moment of taking our place in the fighting ranks we have found it necessary to put redoubled energy into the business of wartime invention; for we must at once catch up with our allies, educated as they are by three years' experience, and do our share to keep ahead of the common enemy.

The very fact that our inventors have been able, with their faces turned toward peace, to give the world such an array of war-making implements, is distinctly encouraging. It augurs well for their success when they address themselves exclusively to the problems of war. It makes us look with con-

fidence to American invention to do its share toward bringing the war to a successful conclusion.

No man can say just where opportunity to do this may be found. It is at least within the range of imagination to picture some new and fearful application of the wireless principle—some means of making electricity accomplish from a distance and without wires a tithe of the destruction of which it is now capable under standard conditions—which will make further resistance shrivel into nothing. Or in default of this we are always privileged to dream of the coming of some other instrument of long-range annihilation that will admit of no rebuttal. But the probability of such an outcome is negligible. In the present state of science the artificial lightning bolt is quite as unattainable as the long-range magnet with which thousands of our amateur inventors would have us go a-fishing for U-boats. The proposal of Mr. Giragossian that we employ the energy of the universe is, to put it mildly, premature. To be sure, there is plenty of this energy; but we do not yet know how to catch and tame it; and the possibility that the worthy Armenian can show us how is altogether too tenuous a thing to serve as foundation for hopes of ultimate victory.

Rather we may expect American invention to settle the war, if at all, by what Steinitz, world's champion chess player, used to call an accumulation of minor advantages. If we can make our guns and those of our allies range a little farther than those of the Germans; if we can make our projectiles a little deadlier—our ranging apparatus a trifle more certain; if we can make our airplane a wee bit superior in speed, armament, and general efficiency; if we can keep our forces and our allies better supplied with all the paraphernalia of war than the enemy troops facing them; if we can contrive to give our merchantmen and our "chasers" a shade the better of the argument with the submarine; if, in short, we can make the equipment of the forces fighting the Germans just a little better in every essential feature than that of the Prussian hosts—then indeed victory is ours.

The manner in which we have gone to work upon these problems is in itself well calculated to bring our labours to a successful issue. It has not been left to the individual inventor or employer of inventors to work out his own salvation—developing such ideas as he might happen to conceive, covering such ground as he might be more or less familiar with, trying to do the things which some suggestion might put in his mind, but always in more or less profound ignorance of what others had done or had tried and failed to do, of what others at the moment were doing, and above all, of what needs were urgent and what were not. We have replaced this casual type of invention by a thorough mobilization of all our technical resources, and the means by which we have accomplished this—the Council for National Defence—is itself perhaps the greatest of all our inventions for making war.

There is no space here to set forth the complexities of the organization and the work of the Council and its many subsidiary bodies. Enough to say that it, and they, draw membership from among the heads of the greatest businesses and the leaders in every branch of science and technology; that it has at its disposal, by common consent of all concerned, the entire technical personnel and equipment of the United States; that in an advisory capacity it has complete direction of all things connected with the war except the actual fighting. Under such auspices, it is needless for the American inventor to fall into the old pitfalls of futile, misdirected, and duplicated labour.

The Council knows every need of army, navy, and industry, whether it be for material, for apparatus, for processes, or for that most precious of all commodities, ideas. It knows every source of supply for these things; it is in closest contact with all the specialists in every line; through it these men are in contact with one another. It is accordingly able to act as a gigantic clearing house, to refer every need, however technical, to the channel, however obscure, through which it may best be filled. The need for new ways of doing things, even the need for the genius who can meet an emergency by devising a new thing to do, is no exception. At a word from the Council, all the electrical wizards or all the explosives experts or all the aviation engineers or all the authorities on internal combustion engines, from the very top down, are made cognizant of a certain need, and at once set to work to meet it, in conference or in a long-distance collaboration that works nearly as well. Thus, in the fields of pure physics and chemistry alone, some two hundred problems have been formulated and referred to carefully selected groups of men; and many of them have already been completely solved.

As a consequence of this intimate contact between workers in the same and in allied fields, we have for the first time produced inventions in the designing of which manufacturing values have had from the start equal consideration with those of use. The most wonderful device in the world is worth comparatively little if our factories cannot make it as fast as our armies use it up. It would doubtless be possible for any one of a number of our internal combustion engineers to go into the silences and, in the course of time, emerge with an airplane engine that would startle the world. But such an engine would be exclusively a sporting proposition; its manufacture would be too tedious to be possible except in minimum numbers and with a maximum of delay. So in the present emergency we have combed the whole field of gas-engine experts in search of the select few whose entire training makes them most competent to handle the matter; we have put the designing of a new standard American aviation engine wholly in their hands; and they have produced the Liberty Motor—a wonderfully efficient machine, and withal one in the making of which our own peculiar production methods can fairly

revel, one which we can turn out, *now*, in multiples of a thousand rather than in mere multiples of one.

The extraordinary organization of the Council for National Defence is in more ways than one to be recognized as having made possible this and parallel achievements. It is not merely that through the Council all our technical men, great and small, individually and, through their societies, collectively, have been glad to make themselves available for this work and have been put in a position to work with maximum effectiveness. Of equal importance is the fact that the work is so conducted as to free it of all commercial considerations. It has at no stage been appropriate for the workers to stop and speculate as to whether the market was ready for their prospective product, whether this could be made and sold in sufficient quantities to pay a profit on their experiments, whether it was expedient to throw over just yet the invested capital represented by older standards. These questions and many others like them normally create a wide gap between the laboratory and the factory, so that many years may elapse between the time when we are first able to do a certain thing and the time when we really begin to do it—years during which phrases like "not on a working basis" and "not yet a commercial possibility" rule. But in the present case, government control and coöperation between workers, both raised to the *n*th power, have bridged the gap long before it was reached, and made these phrases strictly out of order.

This point of view has dominated throughout. Our inventors have been mobilized to serve our mobilized industries. For we are embarking upon what is for us a wholly novel undertaking—that of war. We are not equipped for war, and we must set out to make good this deficiency. In every instance we have strained our engineering skill and inventive genius—which after all are, in these days, almost synonymous—to produce a machine which at the same time shall be preëminently usable and preëminently makable, one without a peer for its purpose, yet one which we can produce in any quantity which may become necessary.

It is thus that we have attacked the problems of army transportation. We have not stopped with the designing of a standardized army truck which in durability, reliability, versatility, and adaptation to our manufacturing resources throws every predecessor into complete eclipse. We have developed in addition a multitude of special service units like the shoe-repair truck and the motorized ice factory, every one of which presented a distinct problem in invention, for the truck had to be modified to accommodate the plant which was to be installed on it, while the plant had to be modified to go on the truck. And then, having made our army the best motorized army in the world, we turned to the military railroad. We developed a special locomotive for army transport work in France, a locomotive which we shall shortly be able to produce at the unprecedented rate of thirty per day; and we have

at this writing just brought out a brand new type of freight car for use behind that engine, which, if such a thing be possible, surpasses the Liberty Motor as a combination of serviceability and simplicity of manufacture. Examples of this sort of thing could be multiplied indefinitely; let one more case suffice of the use of manufacturing intelligence in designing—that of our new army rifle. This is simply the present excellent British model, which our biggest arms factories are thoroughly equipped to make, but chambered for our own cartridge, which again we are thoroughly equipped to make.

Doubtless some readers will have begun by now to ask impatiently when we are going to get to American *inventions*. To such it may not be out of place to repeat the parenthetic remark that anything which involves engineering involves invention. It is a mistake to single out a big thing like the submarine and reserve for it the name of invention, while employing some such mildly commendatory term as "an ingenious device" for the little things like changing the shape or position of some minor part or bringing together two ideas that have never before been combined. The present sewing machine was made possible, as much by the one little idea of putting the eye in the point of the needle, as by any or all other things. The big thing is invariably an aggregation of these little things done into one. It represents a gradual development in which many have had a hand, a thousand inventions rather than one. The true invention for which one man or at most several men can properly claim credit is the little thing. If we wait for a war-time "invention" of the complexity and importance of the internal combustion engine, for instance, it is almost certain that we shall wait in vain.

Of course, American invention as it bears upon this war is not without its fair share of the items which are spectacular enough to pass for inventions even under this questionable viewpoint. There is the crawling tank, which we were inclined to credit to Mr. Holt until a steady procession of other people came along to show either that the Admiralty undoubtedly stole the idea from them or that they had it years before Mr. Holt knew anything about tractors. There are the wonderful inventions of Sperry—the gyroscopic compass, the gyroscopic stabilizer, the drift indicator—which have given the aviator a control over his movements that even the Wrights could hardly have imagined. There are the many achievements of our chemists—tear gas, bombs for night illumination, hand-grenade detonators, and—less directly connected with the field of battle but perhaps of far greater influence upon the war—the many steels and glasses and other materials which they have had to devise to replace, and in most cases to surpass, the items which we used to get from Germany. A group of nameless physicists to whom the problem was referred has even found a way of telephoning between two airplanes; while instruments for determining the exact direction and distance of a source of sound have been devised in the same way. We have even

made progress in the arts of detecting and destroying the submarine, though for obvious reasons no more specific statement can here be made; for it is in almost every instance possible to negative any scheme of this sort, if only the U-boat commander knows what to look for.

But in spite of the wide range covered by the things of which these are examples, in spite of the great value of many of the items, this field of outright innovation is not the one in which American invention is at all likely to make its most effective contribution toward the winning of the war. Always reserving the bare possibility that some single dominant discovery will be made which will end the conflict with one irresistible stroke, it is in the direction of making the things which we already have easier to use, more effective in use, and above all in making it possible to manufacture them on the greatest of scales, that American invention is going to win the war. It is already at work winning the war, in fact; under a centralized direction which fairly outdoes anything which Germany has shown us in governmental supervision, it is covering the whole field of war machinery, as imperturbably and as relentlessly as one of its own tanks. It is working day and night to give us the best and the most of everything which we need to carry on a winning fight.

VI

THE ARMY BEHIND THE ARMY

By LORD NORTHCLIFFE

Take this powerful pair of field-glasses in your hand. They were captured yesterday in a German dug-out and bear the famous mark of Zeiss, of Jena. Adjust them carefully and look well over to where dark clouds of shells are bursting so rapidly that they form what looks like a dense mass of London fog, with continuous brief and vivid flashes of explosions. That is Pozières. That is how Fricourt looked and how Longueval is looking on the day this is penned. From behind where we sit ensconced in an old German trench there come, night and day, the bang and the far-travelling scream of British shells. It does not seem possible that any one can emerge alive from those bombarded villages.

From north to south is an irregular chain of watchful observation balloons. High and glittering in the sunshine are planes, directed as often as not by boys who in happier times would be in the boats or the playing fields. Their heroism during the last few weeks has never been equalled, except in this war.

The battles of the Somme are not, of course, so easily witnessed as those which can be seen from the heights around Verdun, but they are a great deal more visible and understandable than the depressing artillery duels in the plains and swamps of Flanders. Neither photographs nor maps give much real impression of the great panorama, which is, indeed, only possible for an onlooker to understand when accompanied by one who has witnessed the steady conquest of the German trenches from the beginning of the movement which was made on July 1. What is easy to realize, and so cheering to our soldiers, is that we give the Germans full measure and more in the matter of guns and shells. A couple of hours in any place where the battles can be properly observed is enough for the nerves of the average civilian, for to see battles properly one must be well in reach of the enemy, and so when we have had our fill we make our way along a communication trench to where a small and unobtrusive motor has been hidden.

Presently we come to the roads where one sees one of the triumphs of the war, the transport which brings the ammunition for the guns and the food for the men, a transport which has had to meet all kinds of unexpected difficulties. The last is water, for our troops are approaching a part of France which is as chalky and dry as our South Downs.

Some researches with a view to placing on record the work of the British Red Cross Society and Order of St. John in their relations to the wonderful

Army Medical Service in France have brought the writer into touch with almost the most splendid achievement of the war, the building up of the great organization that lies between the Somme and the British Isles.

In common with other writers I have been able to visit the various theatres of war from time to time, and have not hesitated to criticize things that were obviously wrong.

I shall here set down the miraculously changed conditions, from the point of view of efficiency and economy, in which we enter upon the third year of war.

Communication being as urgent as transport, the Royal Engineers have seen to it that the large area of northern and northwest France in which our armies are operating has been linked up by a telephonic system unique. It is no mere collection of temporary wires strung from tree to tree. The poles and wires are in every way as good as those of the Post Office at home. The installation might indeed be thought to be extravagant, but cheap telephoning is notoriously bad telephoning. A breakdown of communications which might be caused by the fierce wind and electric storms which have happened so frequently in the war would spell a great inconvenience or even worse. An indistinct telephone is useless. And so, marching with the army, and linking up a thousand essential points, is a telephone service that cannot be bettered. To-day it would be quite possible for the Commander-in-Chief, if he so desired, to call up London from beyond Fricourt, for our wires are already in places where we saw them burying the blackened bodies of dead Germans, and where the sound of great guns makes it sometimes necessary to shout in order to make ourselves heard in a conversation.

Every officer or head of department of importance in the British zone has a telephone at his hand, so that he may give and receive orders, not absolutely secret, by the quickest and most popular means of communication. Where necessary, the English telephones are linked up with the trunk lines of the French Government, for which purposes interpreters are placed in the exchanges. The speed of communication is remarkable. It varies, of course, with the amount of business, but I have seen a man call up Paris, London, and the seaport bases in France all within an hour. Supplementing the telephonic system is a telegraphic link, and there is also the wireless. The Army Signal Corps is to be congratulated on a fine achievement. Over and above these there are the motor despatch riders, some of whose experiences during the war have been as thrilling as those of our air boys. The noisy nuisance of our peace-time roads at home has been a prime factor in the prompt waging of war. Motor-cycles and portable telephones appear in the most out-of-the-way spots. Far beyond Fricourt I met these cyclists making their way in and out and around the shell holes.

A few days later, when visiting one of the workshops at the base, I saw the wrecks of similar machines twisted and smashed out of all recognition by

shrapnel, each speaking of an adventure, and perhaps a tragedy. The fact that these derelicts were being examined for possible repair is a portent of the rigid economy with which, on the French side of the Channel at any rate, and perhaps on both, the war is now being conducted.

I am not, of course, permitted to give names of places, or numbers, or the names of the heads of departments, but I shall be allowed to state that the always-growing immensity of the army, and the workshops behind the army, is little understood at home, or even by those who have made frequent visits to the war zone.

Mrs. Humphry Ward lately and delightfully lifted the veil a little, but what is required to bring home to the people of the Empire, who are so lavishly outpouring their blood and treasure, and also to the Allies and neutrals, is a continuous demonstration by skilled writers, artists, lecturers, kinematograph operators, and photographers. Now that we have real war news from the able scribes who are allowed to tell us freely and frankly what is happening, readers with imagination are awakening to the truth that we have a whole South African campaign and a complete Crimea every month. But of the war behind the war, the battles behind the battles, employing skilled workers considerably exceeding the number of the total original British Expeditionary Force, we have but faint glimmerings. You can understand the need of this vast establishment if you realize that every part of an instrument of war has to be accompanied to France by its own attendants, its own supplies, and its own transport.

The war plane of 1916 flies upward and away with the speed and grace of a dragon-fly. She has been made perfect and beautiful for her flight by skilled expert mechanics. When she returns after, let us hope, her conquest, the boys who have escorted her in the air (one of these I met was at school last year) hand her over again to those attendants to see if she has any rent in her gown or other mishap which may be speedily mended. When, therefore, you see an airplane you must realize that each machine has its staff. Speed and efficiency being prime essentials of victory, her caretakers must be skilled and young. As for her supplies, there must be at hand a great quantity of spare parts ready to be applied instantaneously, and there must be men, in case of need, who can either alter or even make such parts. There must be those who understand her camera and its repair, her wireless and its working, men who have already learned the mysteries of the newest bombs, rockets, and machine guns. I take the airplane as an instance because of its prominence in the public eye.

What applies to an airplane applies in other degrees to every kind of gun, to every form of motor or horse transport, ambulances, field kitchens, filters, and to a thousand articles which at first sight do not necessarily seem to be part of war making.

The Army behind the Army is full of originality. It has already improved, on the spot, much machinery which we had thought to have attained perfection. This is a war of machinery as well as of bravery, and among Germany's many blunders was her forgetfulness of the British power of quick improvisation and organization in unexpected circumstances, which is a secret of our success in building up the Empire in strange lands.

The Army behind the Army is being squeezed for men for the front. In some places it can legitimately bear more squeezing, and it is getting it. On the other hand, owing to their own burning desire or by the pressure of the authorities, men who in the end would have killed more Germans by the use of their own particular skill in the workshop have left the anvil, the tools, the lathe, or the foundry for the firing line.

Our L. of C. (Lines of Communication) in France has developed to what must be one of the largest organizations in the world. It represents 6 per cent. of the whole of our forces in France. It has to deal with more spheres of human industry than I should be allowed to mention. Its *personnel*, let me repeat, is being revised continually by medical examinations that eliminate men fit for the trenches. The task is a delicate one. An organization absolutely essential to victory has at length, and after infinite labour, by promotion of the skilled and rejection of the incompetent, been set on its feet. We must make changes with caution.

At various times I have observed personally the great organizations of the Clyde, the Tyne, of Belfast, of Woolwich, Chicago, in and about Paris, at St. Etienne, at the Creusot works, in Hamburg, in Essen, and at Hoechst on the Rhine, and I say without hesitation that, making allowances for war time, our lines-of-communication organization, superimposed as it is upon the overworked French railways and roads and in a country where there is no native labour to be had, is as near perfection as ever it can be.

And I say more that, difficult as economy and war are to mate, I have on the occasion of this visit, and in contrast to the days of 1914, seen nothing wasted. In the early months of the war there was waste at home and abroad arising from lack of control of our national habit of spending money with both hands. I remember a certain French village I visited where every tiny mite was filling its mouth with English bread and jam. To-day there is enough food and a greater variety of foods than before, but there is no waste that is visible even to an inquisitive critic.

Coming to the front, not only in the high commands and among regimental officers and along the L. of C., is a pleasing proportion of Scotch folk who, while generous in the giving of ambulances, are not accustomed to waste anything in war or at any other time. To-day, almost before the reek and fume of battle are over, almost before our own and the enemy dead are all buried, the Salvage Corps appears on the bloody and shell-churned scene to collect

THE BALKANS

BULGARIANS OFF TO WAR

The Balkan peoples are good soldiers, but they know war too well to be able to leave their homes with even a pretence of light-heartedness. They look forward grimly to a great suffering rather than to a great adventure.

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KING FERDINAND OF BULGARIA

He drove his people into an alliance with the Central Powers, and justified his action in the following words: "The Entente is not sure of winning. Nothing at this moment indicates that such will be the case. . . . My government is following a policy which is positive in action and certain of good results"

THEY EXCHANGE RÔLES

A Bulgarian soldier instructs a German officer in the way he should go

THE BULGARIAN INVADERS

Bulgarian troops marching through a town in southern Serbia

A BULGARIAN CAMP IN SERBIA

"From the Second Balkan War Bulgaria had emerged shorn of conquests. . . . Every man, woman, and child in Bulgaria was determined to regain what she had lost, and the Bulgarian army (300,000 strong) was at the service of the Alliance which would offer this restoration. The Bulgar was quite as willing to fight the Turk as the Serb, provided the price was equally good." Allied diplomats, however, were slow to realize that facts, not ideals, were the determining factors in Balkan diplomacy.

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A WOUNDED BULGAR

"There will be trouble in the Balkans in the spring," said the Nilghai; and there had been trouble in the Balkans for many a day before the crime at Sarajevo precipitated the World War. Their quarrelsome dispositions long ago forced the men of the Balkans to become hardy campaigners, content with dry bread in the absence of cake. So this wounded Bulgar is satisfied with the primitive kind of transport which is available, and sighs not at all for the easy springs of a modern motor ambulance.

TWO GOOD FIGHTERS FOR THE ALLIED CAUSE IN THE BALKANS

Venizelos, Prime Minister of Greece; and General Sarrail, in 1917 commander of the Allied forces in Salonica and Macedonia. To Venizelos belongs the credit of forcing the abduction of King Constantine and insuring Greece's participation in the war on the side of the Allies.

BULGARIAN TRANSPORT METHODS

Above, a convoy of wagons at rest near Mustapha Pasha, during the Balkan-Turkish War
Below, a transport train getting under way at the time of Bulgaria's mobilization for the World War

and pile unused cartridge and machine-gun belts, unexploded bombs, old shell cases, damaged rifles, haversacks, steel helmets, and even old rags, which go to the base, and are sold at £50 a ton. It is only old bottles—which with old newspapers, letters, meat tins, and broken boxes are a feature of the battlefields—that do not appear to be worthy of salvage.

Regarding the utilization of waste products there is as much ingenuity and industry along the Lines of Communication as would satisfy the directorate of the most highly over-organized German *fabrik*. At more than one place I saw over a thousand French and Belgian girls cleansing and repairing clothing that had come back from the front. They work and talk and sing with alacrity, and I witnessed the process of the patching and reconstructing of what looked like an impossible waterproof coat, all in the course of a few moments. Such labour saves the British nation hundreds of thousands of pounds, and is considered well rewarded at a wage of half-a-crown a day.

Elsewhere I saw men using the most modern Northampton machinery for soling and heeling any pair of old boots that would stand the operation, and such footgear as was useless was not wasted, for by an ingenious contrivance, invented on the spot by a young Dublin bootmaker, the upper parts of these boots were being converted into bootlaces by the thousand.

In the army machine shops the waste grease is saved and the oil which escapes from every such establishment is ingeniously trapped and sold to local soapmakers at the equivalent of its present very high value.

Since the early days of chaos and muddle we have conveyed across the seas machine shops and mechanics which must exceed by twice or thrice the total of those in a humming town like Coventry. Such factories have had to be manned, and manned with labour able to meet the sudden emergencies of war. The labour has all had to come from home. Clerks, engineers, fitters, mechanics, quickly settled down to the monotonous regularity of military life and the communal existence of the barracks, huts, and tents in which they live. True it is that every consideration possible has been shown for their happiness, comfort, and amusement. They have their own excellent canteens, reading rooms, and places of entertainment. They are not forgotten by the Y. M. C. A. or by the Salvation Army and Church Army, whose work cannot be too highly spoken of. They are individually looked after by their own heads of departments with solicitude and kindness. The gramophone, the joy of the dug-outs, the hospitals, and the billets, is a never-ending source of entertainment.

The workers are by no means unable to amuse themselves. They are well provided with kinematographs and frequent boxing tournaments. Gardening, too, is one of their hobbies, and from the casualty clearing stations at the front to the workers' huts at the bases are to be counted thousands of English-made gardens. The French, who know as little of us as we do of

them, were not a little surprised to find that wherever he sojourns the British workman insists on making himself a garden. At a great veterinary hospital at one of the bases the men living a considerable distance from a town and away from other pastimes have planted for themselves gardens that would be a credit to any prosperous London suburb in peace time.

The energy, enterprise, and spirit of the base commandants and hundreds of other officers along the lines of communication, their tact in their relations with our French friends, and their capacity for overcoming obstacles have response in the enthusiasm of their workers.

Huge bakeries, the gigantic storehouses (one is the largest in the world), factories, and repair shops are filled with workers who are a visible contradiction of the allegations as to the alleged slackness of the British workman. The jealousy that exists in peace times between most army and civilian establishments does not seem to be known. Great soldiers introduced me with pride to young men who had no idea two years ago that they would enter upon a quasi-military life but have adapted themselves with wonderful facility to entirely changed conditions. Many have brought with them invaluable knowledge gained in the management of great businesses at home and elsewhere.

It is true, of course, that the workmen in our great French factories understand the war better than their brothers at home. They are nearer to the war. They live in the country invaded by the Hun. They see their French fellow workmen keyed up to the highest pitch in the intense desire to rid fair France of her despoiler. Daily they see reinforcements going to the front and the wounded returning home. There is a war atmosphere even in towns like Havre and Rouen. The war is always present. One day I saw a great number of captured German cannon and other booty of which we hear and see so little at home coming down from the front.

The authorities in England seem to hide our German prisoners. In France they work, and in public, and are content with their lot, as I know by personal enquiry of many of them. Save for the letters "P. G." (*prisonnier de guerre*) at the back of their coats it would be difficult to realize that comfortable-looking, middle-aged Landsturm Hans, with his long pipe, and young Fritz, with his cigarette, were prisoners at all. If it be true that there is congestion in the docks at home caused by lack of labour, the sooner German prisoners are put to work and help to shorten the war, the better.

The war atmosphere and the patriotic keenness of the skilled mechanics and labour battalions in France have enabled the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Douglas Haig, who has personally visited the bases in hurried journeys from the front, to accomplish what in peace time would be the impossible. Transport alone is a miracle. The railways are so encumbered that it is frequent to see trains nearly a kilometre (five-eighths of a mile) in length. As one

travels about in search of information mile-long convoys of motor-lorries laden with shells or food loom quickly toward one from out of the dense dust, and it is by this combination of rail and road that the almost impossible task has been achieved of keeping pace with the German strategic railways, which were built for the sole purpose of the quick expedition of men and supplies.

There are complaints of delays in unloading and "turning" shipping from England. These are the same complaints that have been mentioned in the press and Parliament for many long months in regard to the delay in handling shipping in England. In France it is a question of labour and dock accommodation. The docks are being enlarged in more ports than one, but yet more labour must be brought from Britain if greater speed is required.

We at home can help to speed up the machine if we put our backs into the task as is being done in France. Our motor-lorry- and other motor-makers could greatly facilitate the work by standardization of motor parts. I do not know how many types of motor vehicles are being used in France, but I counted more than two score. Each of these requires its own spare parts in order that repairs can be speedily effected, and it must always be borne in mind that delay in war time is fatal. There are in use no fewer than 50,000 different kinds of spare parts, including nuts, bolts, rivets, and screws. By proper coöperation between the various manufacturers these could be reduced to a minimum.

In order to help economy all spare parts are supplied when possible from the salvage of machines of the same type. All this débris has to be carefully collected, repaired, and arranged in depôts in such a manner that missing parts can be found instantly. The Germans use, comparatively, few types of motor vehicles and have, therefore, an advantage over us.

As one of the pioneers of automobilization I should like to offer my tribute to all sections of the motor transport department in France, and especially to the economic manner in which waste has been eliminated.

Scattered among the Army behind the Army are schools where war is taught by officers who have studied the art at the front. Here in vast camps the spectator might easily imagine that he was at the front itself. Here the pupils fresh from England are drilled in every form of fighting.

There is something uncanny in the approach of a company to a communicating trench, in its vanishing under the earth, and its reappearance some hundreds of yards away, where clambering "over the top," to use the most poignant expression of the war, the soldier pupils dash forward in a vociferous bayonet charge. At these great reinforcement camps are gas-mask attacks, where pupils are passed through underground chambers, filled with real gas, that they may become familiarized with one of the worst curses of warfare.

The gas itself is a subtle and at first not a very fearsome enemy, but the victim is apt to be overcome before he is aware of it.

And at these miniature battlefields, all of them larger than the field of Waterloo, are demonstration lecturers who teach bombing, first with toy bombs that explode harmlessly with a slight puff, and then with the real Mills bombs which have a noisy and destructive effect altogether disproportionate to their size and innocent appearance. The various types of machine guns are fired at ingenious targets all the day long. There are actual dug-outs in which pupils are interned with entrances closed while gas is profusely projected around them so that they may learn how to deal with the new weapon by spraying it and flapping it away when the entrance is uncovered at a given signal. Crater fighting is taught, with an actual reproduction of a crater, by a lusty sergeant who has seen much of the actual thing, and tells the men what to do with their bombs and with Germans. Such schools are known to exist throughout Germany, but no Prussian thoroughness can better these British war-training schools in France. For those who are not so quick in intelligence as others, there is a revival of the old awkward squad which is taught slowly and patiently with remarkable results.

In the centre of one of these schools there arrived, while I was on the scene, a great number of German prisoners, on their way to the base. I do not know how many young soldiers just landed from England were being trained that day. Certainly many, many thousands, and I do not wonder that the prisoners were amazed at the spectacle before them. One of them frankly confessed in excellent English that his comrades were under the impression that we had no men left.

The food supplied to these German prisoners here, as everywhere, was excellent and they did not hesitate to say so. Temporary baths and other washing arrangements were fitted up for them, they had an abundance of tobacco, and were just as comfortably off in their tents as our soldiers not actually in barracks. Their condition on arrival here, as elsewhere, was appalling. Imprisoned in their trenches by our barrage of fire, they had been deprived of many of the necessities of life for days, and on their arrival ate ravenously. Most of them were Prussian Guards and Bavarians, and the number who had the Iron Cross ribbon in their buttonholes was eloquent testimony to the type of enemy troops our new armies have been fighting.

If there be loss of time and energy in the Army behind the Army it may be found in one or two of the clerical establishments, which might be carefully modernized. In some of these departments it is said that men of military age are still engaged. If this be so, there is still a certain supply of superfluous, middle-aged, clerical labour at home that might be gradually introduced.

There is beyond question a growing demand for the filling up of more

and more forms in connexion with the army. It is a disease which should be checked now before it becomes a hindrance to efficient working. In some of the clerical departments the use of modern files and indexes does not seem to be general, but this does not apply to all departments, for I saw many that were quite up to date.

In one great branch is kept a complete record of every British soldier, from the hour of his arrival in France to his departure, or death. Think of the countless essential letters and forms that must necessarily be filled up, to achieve that end efficiently and with accuracy. Another department, which exists for the satisfaction of relatives, and possible decisions in the Court of Probate, keeps an exact record of the time of death and place of burial of every officer and private soldier in France, whether he comes from the British Isles or the Dominions. Such establishments necessarily demand the use of much clerical labour.

It should be remembered always, in regard to such a department as that which follows the course of every soldier in France, that Tommy is a difficult person to deal with. It is more than possible that there is a considerable number of men who have been reported as missing and dead who are not missing or dead at all. One case was discovered whilst I was at a certain office. It was that of a soldier who had been reported missing for more than a year but who was found in comfortable surroundings doing duty as an army cook in a totally different part of the field from that in which he disappeared.

There are countless departments of which the public knows nothing. I have only space and time to deal with one more. It is that which watches over the recovery of the effects of dead men and officers. There are separate departments for each, but I saw only that affecting the men.

The work begins on the battlefield and in the hospitals, where I saw the dead bodies being reverently searched. A list is carefully made there and then and that list accompanies the little familiar belongings which are a part of every man's life to one of the great bases on the lines of communication. The bag is there opened by two clerks, who check it once more, securely fastening it, and sending it home, where it eventually reaches the next-of-kin. I watched the opening of one such pathetic parcel during the final checking. It contained a few pence, a pipe, a photo of wife and bairn, a trench ring made of the aluminium of an enemy fuze, a small diary, and a pouch. It was all the man had.

They told me that nearly every soldier carries a souvenir. In one haversack was found a huge piece of German shell which had probably been carried for months. The relatives at home set great store on these treasures, and though the proper officials to address are those at the War Office, London, the people in France are often in receipt of indignant letters from relatives asking why this or that trifle has not been returned.

One of them which arrived that day said, "I gave my son to the war, you have had him, you might at least return all his property intact. Where are the pair of gloves and zinc ointment he had with him?"

The work of collecting these last mementoes of the dead is carried out with promptness, care, and very kindly feeling, despite the monotony of the task, which begins in the morning and goes on to the evening, a task which is increasing daily with the size of the war.

VII

HOW ARMIES HAVE CONQUERED DISEASES

COMMENT ON THE PREVENTION OF DISEASES AMONG TROOPS ENGAGED IN THE WORLD WAR

By WILLIAM CRAWFORD GORGAS, SURGEON-GENERAL, U. S. A.

In our Spanish War six soldiers died from disease where one died from bullets. Among the first half-million Canadian troops engaged in the World War, twenty died from bullets where one died from disease. This much progress has been made by the military branch of medical science, during the past twenty years.

And General Gorgas gives us to understand that our army surgeons may confidently hope to equal or surpass the splendid record of their Canadian brethren. He says:

"The health of the troops has been preserved by all the nations now at war. We of the United States look forward confidently to being able to do the same thing. No doubt the statistics of casualties in the English armies make as good a showing on the score of deaths from sickness as do those of Canada. France can tell the same story, except for the unfortunate prevalence of tuberculosis among large numbers of her men, due to conditions that were peculiar to France at the outset of the war. She had no time to pick and choose her men with reference to their physical fitness for war. She was invaded and overrun and had to defend herself as best she could from the very first day. Her own life was at stake, and she had to act quickly without satisfying herself as to the health of every individual recruit, as was done in England and Canada, and as we are doing here in the United States. So there is no reflection on the humanity or intelligence of the medical officers of the French armies in the presence of tuberculosis among French soldiers.

"France is now doing her best to remedy the results of that early, necessary haste by removing all soldiers afflicted with tuberculosis as fast as they can be found. I do not pretend to give figures accurately, but, as I recall it, Dr. Hermann M. Biggs of New York has told me that 150,000 French soldiers have been withdrawn from the army already for this cause, and of about 50,000 French prisoners of war sent home from Germany, too ill to be of any further military use to their country, practically all had tuberculosis.

"But, apart from this matter of tuberculosis, the health statistics of the troops fighting in France and Flanders is excellent and can be kept so. I do not know so much about the Russian armies, but would hardly expect such thoroughgoing sanitation there as elsewhere. Nevertheless, the Russian troops managed to keep remarkably well during their war with Japan. The German soldiers also have surgeons who well know how to keep disease out of the ranks."

The only exceptions to the general rule of good health in the armies now engaged, said General Gorgas, has been in Serbia and Gallipoli. The campaign in Gallipoli was abandoned largely because about one hundred thousand men had been removed from the fighting force on account of disease. And in Serbia typhus played havoc among the men until their leaders were taught by the medical officers that getting rid of typhus was simply a matter of cleanliness and freedom from vermin.

Pediculosis is a word which most laymen fail to comprehend, but the conditions of trench warfare will soon cause our soldiers to become familiar with its unpleasant Anglo-Saxon equivalent.

When General Gorgas was asked if the present proportion between deaths from sickness and deaths from wounds was due entirely to the advance in medicine or to the greater slaughter of the guns, he replied: "I think it is entirely due to the improvement in sanitation and preventive medicine. I doubt if the killing with weapons, although unprecedented in actual numbers, is as great in proportion to number of men engaged as has been the case in some previous wars. For example, take our battle of Gettysburg. One-third of all the men who went into that battle were left on the field. There has been no such proportionate loss as that in any of the big battles of the present war, and they are of much longer duration. Also take the casualty figures from Canada. They show, roughly speaking, that Canada in three years lost not quite one man in five, counting sick, dead, and wounded. But Grant, in the course of three months in his advance from the Rappahannock to the James, from Fredericksburg to Petersburg, lost six out of five. Yes, actually, six out of five.

"Grant started with 150,000 men, but he had 200,000 casualties, counting the deaths and wounds of the original force and the reinforcements which joined it on the way from river to river.

"But to return to the matter of health, it is not too much to say that the safety and welfare of the men who fight the battles are due to the vast improvement in sanitation and to the discoveries of preventive medicine during the last two decades. There is an extraordinary difference between the medical preparedness of the American army to-day and that which existed at the time of our Spanish War in 1898."

The following statistics showing the deplorable conditions of that Spanish

War were obtained from Major Robert E. Noble of the Surgeon-General's Corps:

"For four months in 1898 a volunteer division was camped at Jacksonville, Fla. This division, with a mean strength of 10,759 men, had 1,729 cases of positive typhoid fever and 964 cases of fever, probably typhoid, with 248 deaths from this one disease and 281 deaths from all other illness—a total of 529 deaths from disease in four months in a division of less than 11,000 men, an annual death rate of 147.5 per 1,000; and for diseases other than typhoid the death rate was 78.3 per 1,000 per annum. Contrast this with the division of the regular army encamped in 1911 for the same length of time at San Antonio, Texas. This division, with a mean strength of 12,801 men, had one mild case of typhoid fever and but eleven deaths from all other illness: a death rate of 2.58 per 1,000 per annum; a rate one-thirtieth of the death rate at the Jacksonville camp for diseases other than typhoid. These camps were in the same latitude for the same length of time, and each was supplied with artesian water. I wish by this comparison to illustrate one point, and that is that in Texas the medical officers were trained officers."

The regular establishment of medical officers in our armies are specially trained and exceedingly competent men. But there are far too few of them, and it is no easy task to get others who are equally good.

To revert to the interview with Major-General Gorgas: He called attention to the fact that all the old terrors of the army had been forced to surrender to science. Typhoid, which used to be the worst scourge of troops, is now eliminated by vaccine, and the same is true of various lesser diseases. The freedom from dysentery is now known to be merely such an intelligent handling of the water supply as is a part of the A B C of army sanitation. Measles, scarlet fever, and the other diseases which come to large camps, as surely as to public schools, are robbed of their terrors by the methods of quarantine now in force in the armies. So simple is the explanation of why only one out of 411 Canadian soldiers has died of disease in nearly three years.

The General's concluding remarks are decidedly reassuring:

"I think," he said, "that the men who serve in this war and who escape wounds will be, on the whole, in better physical condition when they come out than when they went into the army. I think this in spite of the hardships peculiar to trench warfare or incidental to a great emergency, because of the life of the men in the open air and their scientifically selected, wholesome food.

"Also, the farther we can keep alcohol from the soldiers, the better it will be for them and for the countries they serve. I am in favour of eliminating alcohol from the army altogether."

VIII

THE ATROCITIES OF GERMANY

By DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

Terrorism is a principle made necessary by military considerations.
— General Von Hartmann.

Every American who has passed through France and the edge of Belgium this year [1917] has returned home a permanently saddened man. The cruelty of Germany and the agony of Belgium and France cut a bloody gash in one's heart, and there is no Dakin solution that can heal the wound.

Do you know of the iron token which is given to each German soldier? At the top is a German portrait of Deity, and underneath are these words: "The good old German God." To encourage the German soldier to cruelty and atrocity against Belgians and French, the Deity holds a weapon in his right hand, and to dull his conscience and steel his heart to murder, the token bears these words: "Smite your enemy dead. You will be asked no questions on the Day of Judgment."

Long ago Goethe said: "The Prussian is naturally cruel; civilization will intensify that cruelty and make him a savage." The German atrocities of the last three years demonstrate the truth of Goethe's words.

For three years German-Americans have protested that the stories of German atrocities were to be disbelieved as English inventions, Belgian lies and French hypocrisies; but the day of doubt has gone by forever. When the representatives of the nations assemble for the final settlement, there will be laid before them affidavits, photographs, and other legal proofs that to-day make the German atrocities far better established than the scalpings of the Sioux Indians on our Western frontier, the atrocities of the Black Hole of Calcutta, or the crimes of the Spanish Inquisition.

On a battle front three hundred miles in length, whenever the Germans have retreated, accredited men have at once entered against the Day of Judgment a record of what the German armies leave behind them. Photographs of dead and mutilated girls, children, and old men tell no lies. Jurists rank high two forms of testimony: what mature, responsible men swear they have seen and heard, and the narratives of children too innocent to invent their statements, but old enough to tell what they saw.

The cold catalogue of German atrocities now documented and in the government archives of the different nations makes up the most sickening page in history. Days spent upon the records preserved in southern Belgium and northern France, days spent in the ruined villages of Alsace and Lorraine,

leave one nauseated — physically and mentally. It is one long, black series of legally documented atrocities.

Every pledge that Germany signed at the Hague Convention, as to safeguarding the Red Cross, hospitals, cathedrals, libraries, women and children, and unarmed citizens—all these have been violated again and again.

These atrocities were committed not in a mood of drunkenness, nor an hour of anger, but were organized by German "efficiency" and perpetrated to carry out a deliberate, cold, precise, scientific policy of frightfulness. It is not simply that they have looted factories, carried away machinery, robbed houses, bombed every granary, left no plough nor reaper, chopped down every pear tree and plum tree, with every grape vine, and poisoned all wells! The Germans also have slaughtered old men and matrons, mutilated captives in ways that can only be spoken of by men in whispers; violated little girls until they were dead. Finding a calfskin nailed upon a barn door to be dried, they nailed a babe beside it and wrote beneath the word "Zwei."

No one understands the German people as well as the Kaiser. Our President, in a spirit of magnanimity, patience, and good will, distinguished between the Kaiser and the Prussian Government, and over against them put the German people. But Germany's Chambers of Commerce, Hamburg's Board of Trade, and certain popular assemblies, would have none of this and passed resolutions, saying: "What our Government is, we are. Their acts are our acts. Their deeds and military plans are our plans."

Knowing his people through and through, the Kaiser called his soldiers before him and gave them this charge: "Make yourselves more frightful than the Huns under Attila. See that for a thousand years no enemy mentions the very name of 'Germany' without shuddering."

Why then do the German people say they feel hurt when people call them "Huns" and "barbarians"? Who named them Huns? Their Kaiser. Who christened them barbarians? Their Kaiser. Who likened their soldiers to bloodhounds held upon the leash, longing to tear their French and Belgian prey? The Kaiser said, "I baptize thee 'Hun' and 'barbarian.'" Let the Kaiser's words stand: "For a thousand years no man shall speak the word 'Hun' without shuddering."

THE PHILOSOPHY THAT PRODUCED CRUELTY

All wise men trace deeds, wicked or good, back to the philosophic thinking of the doer, just as they trace bitter water back to a poisoned spring. What the individual thinks in his heart, that he does in the life. Judas thinks in terms of avarice and greed, and his philosophy results in treason and murder. The Kaiser, Nietzsche, Von Bethmann-Hollweg, Von Bissing, and Plauss, think and teach the theory of iron force, the right of big Germany to loot little Belgium or northern France, and drill peoples in the belief that Germany's

right is the right of the lion over the lamb, and that no questions will be asked by a German God on the Day of Judgment.

The originator of this World War was the Kaiser; Treitschke was its historian; Nietzsche its philosopher; Von Bissing and Von Hindenburg its executives. The murder of Edith Cavell and of hundreds of women and children on the *Lusitania*, the rape of Belgium, the assassination of northern France, were the outer exhibition in deeds of the inner philosophy of force. Their great master whom they celebrate and never tire of praising—Nietzsche—judges Germany aright. On page 38, in his "Ecce Homo," he says: "Wherever Germany extends her sway, she ruins culture." On page 124 of the same volume he says: "I feel it my duty to tell the Germans that every crime against culture lies on their conscience." By "culture" Nietzsche means painting, sculpture, cathedrals, international laws, the Athenian sweetness, reasonableness, and light. Germany's God should be a super-Hercules or Goliath, with his club.

Bethmann-Hollweg sent out the following statement to the world, as to why the Kaiser and himself counted an international treaty a "scrap of paper." He said:

"As to Belgium—we are now in a state of necessity, and necessity knows no law. The wrong—I speak openly—that we are committing, we will endeavour to make good as soon as our military goal has been reached. We have now only one thought—how to hack our way through."

So the international burglar's excuse is that he must hack his way through the neighbour's house and kill his family, because that house stands between himself and the Frenchman's vault whose gold he wants to steal!

When the German army in Lorraine was defeated it retreated northward, passing through French towns and villages where there were no Frenchmen, no guns, and where no shots were fired. During July and August we went slowly from one ruined town to another, talking with the women and children, and comparing the photographs and the official records made at the time with the statements of the survivors, who lived in cellars where once there had been beautiful houses, orchards, vineyards. In Gerbéviller, standing beside their graves, I studied the photograph of the bodies of fifteen old men whom the Germans lined up and shot because there were no young soldiers to kill. I heard the detailed story of a woman whose son was first hung to a pear tree in the garden. When the officer and soldiers had left him and were busy setting fire to the next house, she cut the rope and revived the strangled youth only to find the soldiers had returned. Then, while the officer held her hands behind her back, his assistant poured petrol on her son's head and clothes, set fire to him, and while he staggered about, a flaming torch, they all shrieked with laughter.

When they had burned all the houses and retreated, the prefect of Lor-

raine visited that Gethsemane and photographed the bodies of aged men lying as they fell, the bodies of women stripped and at last slain.

In the next village stood the ruined belfry into which the Germans had lifted machine guns, then forced every woman and child—275 in number—into the little church, and notified the French soldiers that if they fired upon the machine guns, they would kill their own women and children. After several days' hunger and thirst, at midnight, the women slipped a little boy through the church window, and bade their husbands fire upon the Germans in the belfry, saying they preferred death to the indignities they were suffering. And so the Frenchmen turned their guns, and in blowing that machine gun out of the belfry killed twenty of their own wives and children.

In a hundred years of history, where shall you find a record of any other race, who, calling themselves civilized, are such sneaking cowards that they cannot fight like men or play the game fairly, but put women and little children before them as a shield?

The records of more than a thousand individual atrocities rest in the archives of France against the day of reckoning. There are countless letters and diaries taken from the bodies of dead German soldiers. Out of the large number, note the following:

Note book of Private Max Thomas: "Our soldiers are so excited, we are like wild beasts. To-day, destroyed eight houses, with their inmates. Bayoneted two men with their wives and a girl of eighteen. The little one almost unnerved me, so innocent was her expression."

Diary of Eitel Anders: "In Vendre all the inhabitants without exception were brought out and shot. This shooting was heartbreaking as they all knelt down and prayed. It is real sport, yet it was terrible to watch. At Haecht I saw the dead body of a young girl nailed to the outside door of a cottage, by her hands. She was about fourteen or sixteen years old."

In retreating from Malines eight drunken soldiers were marching through the street. A little child of two years came out and a soldier skewered the child on his bayonet, and carried it away while his comrades sang.

Withdrawing from Hofstade, in addition to other atrocities, the Germans cut off both hands of a boy of sixteen. At the inquest affidavits were taken from twenty-five witnesses, who saw the boy before he died or just afterward.

On August 27th, General Von Lieber gave out this proclamation. "The town of Waevre will be set on fire and destroyed, without distinction of persons. The innocent will suffer with the guilty." After this town was destroyed and all the inhabitants killed, in the diary of a soldier slain on the retreat, we find this page: "We lived gorgeously. Two or three bottles of champagne at each meal. All the girls we want. It is fine sport."

Are we surprised that many of the letters and journals taken from the bodies of Germans quote General Von Hartmann's sentence, "Terrorism is

a principle made necessary by military considerations"? German-American objections that these towns were destroyed because the inhabitants had fired upon the invading army from the windows of their houses is conclusively met and answered by another letter written by a German officer to his wife. "On approaching a village a soldier is sent on in advance to insert a Belgian rifle in the cellar window or stable, and of course when this weapon is found we take it to the Burgomaster, and then the sport begins."

That all these atrocities were carefully planned in advance for terrorizing the people is proven by the fact that in one instance the officers who had received great kindness from a notary's wife, warned her to make her escape immediately, as the looting and killing of all the citizens, men, women, and children, were about to begin.

These records could be multiplied by thousands. Upon the retreat from one city alone, inquests were held upon the bodies of over six hundred victims, including very aged men and women, and babes unborn. It is the logical result of the charge of the Kaiser to his army: "Give no quarter and take no prisoners."

The general staff of the German army published a manual several years before they began this war. They explicitly charged their soldiers to break the will of the enemy, by cruelty. Witness this passage from the War Manual on page 52: "A war is conducted with energy merely against the combatants of the enemy states and the positions they occupy, but it will and must in like manner seek to destroy the total intellectual and material resources of the latter."

And witness this injunction to atrocity on page 35:—"By steeping himself in military history, an officer will be able to guard himself against excessive humanitarianism. It will teach him that certain severities are indispensable to war. Humanitarian claims, such as the protection of men and their goods, can only be taken into consideration in so far as the nature and object of the war permit."

On a little board in one ruined village, I read these words: "Marie. Aged sixteen. Dead August 24, 1915. Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

GERMANY'S UNIVERSITY PROFESSORS

The glory of every great city and country is its scholars, with their love of truth, and their stainless lives. The world has its liberty, its science, and its law at the hands of heroes who preferred the truth above life. Intellectual leaders of men have been crucified in Jerusalem, poisoned in Athens, tortured in Ephesus, exiled in Florence, burned at the stake in Oxford, assassinated in Washington. But the iron autocracy and militarism of Germany debauched even her university men.

Ninety-three of her foremost professors signed a statement saying: "It is not true that we wronged Belgium." In the Kaiser's address that he himself has published, he says: "Give no quarter, take no prisoners. Let all who fall into your hands be at your mercy. Make yourself as terrible as the Huns." But the professors signed a statement saying: "It is not true that our soldiers ever injured the life of a single Belgian." Socrates or Dante, Savonarola or Milton, Victor Hugo or Lincoln, would have died a thousand deaths by faggots, or upon the rack, rather than have signed their names to such lies. It makes every university professor ashamed of his calling. Think of Harnack and Eucken, with their moral cowardice and their intellectual impotency! Plainly that is what Nietzsche meant when he said (page 134, "Ecce Homo"), "Every crime against culture that has been committed for a hundred years rests upon Germany."

Two English officers and a young French captain were recounting their experiences. In saying the farewells before each man went out to his place in the trenches to look after his men, one of the Englishmen exclaimed: "Next week at this time I shall be home. Five more days and my week's leave of absence comes." Then, suddenly remembering that the French captain had been there a long time, he asked when he was going home. To which this low answer: "I have no home. You men do not understand. Your English village has never been invaded. . . . When the Germans left my little town, they destroyed everything. My wife and my little daughter are both expecting babies within a few weeks. I—I—I——" and the storm broke. The two Englishmen fled into the wet and the night, knowing that there was a night that was blacker, that rain was nothing against those tears; for all his hopes of the future were dead. His only task was to recover France and transfer all his ambitions to God in Heaven. *That is why there will be no inconclusive peace.*

Whether this war goes on one year or five years or ten years, it will go on until Frenchmen and Belgians are on German soil. Nor will the German ever realize the wickedness of his own atrocities and the crimes of militarism until he sees the horrors of war with his own eyes, hears the groans of his own family, and sees his own land laid desolate. We may believe that vengeance belongs unto God, and we may argue and plead for forgiveness; but it will not avail. The dam that held back the black waters has broken and it is the German who dynamited that dam and released the flood of destruction. Whether it takes another summer or many, there is no British nor Canadian officer, no French nor Belgian soldier, whose face does not turn to granite and steel when you suggest that he will not walk down the streets of Berlin and institute a military court, and try a Kaiser and his staff for murder. That is one of the things that are settled, and about which discussion is not permitted by our allies' soldiers.

"KULTUR"

One of the savageries that have horrified the civilized world has been the wanton destruction of cathedrals. Germany has been denied the gift of imagination. It belongs to France, to Italy, and to Greece. Heinrich Heine, her own poet, said that Germany appreciates architecture so little that it is only a question of time when "with his giant hammer, Thor will at last spring up again and shatter to bits all Gothic cathedrals." This gifted Hebrew had the vision that literally saw the Germans pounding to pieces the cathedrals at Louvain and Ypres, in Arras, in Bapaume, in St. Quentin, and Rheims. The German mind is a hearty, mediocre mind, that can multiply and exploit the inventions and discoveries of the other races. The Germans contributed practically nothing to the invention of the locomotive, the steamboat, the telegraph and telephone, the automobile, the airplane, the phonograph, the sewing machine, the reaper, the electric light. Americans invented for Germany her revolver, her machine gun, her turreted ship, her torpedo, and her submarine. In retrospect it seems strange that Germany could have been so helplessly and hopelessly unequal to the invention even of the tools that have made her frightful. It is Germany's lack of imagination that explains Nietzsche's statement that for two hundred years Germany has been the enemy of culture, while Heinrich Heine declared the very name of culture was France.

It is this lack of mental capacity to appreciate beauty that explains Germany's destruction of some of the noblest buildings of the world. She cannot by any chance conceive how other races look upon her vandalism. Her own government expressed it publicly in one of its subsidized newspapers: "Let the neutrals cease chattering about cathedrals; Germany does not care one straw if all the galleries and churches in the world are destroyed, provided we gain our ends."

Guizot, in his history of civilization, presents three tests of a civilized people: First, they revere their pledges and honour; second, they reverence and pursue the beautiful in painting, architecture, and literature; third, they exhibit sympathy in reform toward the poor, the weak, and the unfortunate.

Consider Rheims Cathedral. No building since the Parthenon was more precious to the world's culture. What majesty and dignity in the lines! What a wealth of statuary! How wonderful the Twelfth Century glass! With what lightness did the arches leap into the air!

Now, the bombs have torn great holes through the roof; only little bits of glass remain. Broken are the arches, ruined the flying buttresses. The altar where Jeanne d'Arc stood at the crowning of Charles is quite gone. The great library, the bishop's palace, all the art treasures are in ruin.

Ancient and noble buildings do not belong to a race, they belong to the world. Sacred for ever the threshold of the Parthenon, once pressed by the

THE SERBIAN TRAGEDY

The Allies were too late with their help to save Serbia, which was assaulted by many armies, Austro-German and Bulgarian. "What followed was not war but tragedy. The wreck of Putnik's army, together with thousands of Serb peasants, fled over the Albanian Mountains down to the Adriatic. Thousands and thousands perished of hunger, of cold. The army which reached the shores of the Adriatic was an army of skeletons, not soldiers."

SERBIAN INFANTRY READY FOR AN AUSTRIAN CHARGE

"At the outset of the war Serbia had the best army of its size in Europe. It had destroyed the Turkish Macedonian Army at Kumanovo in 1912, winning one of the most decisive victories in the history of war. It had completed its achievement at Monastir in a struggle of real importance, and its aid to the Bulgar had made the capture of Adrianople possible. Indeed, the Turkish commander had surrendered his sword to a Serb and not to a Bulgar.

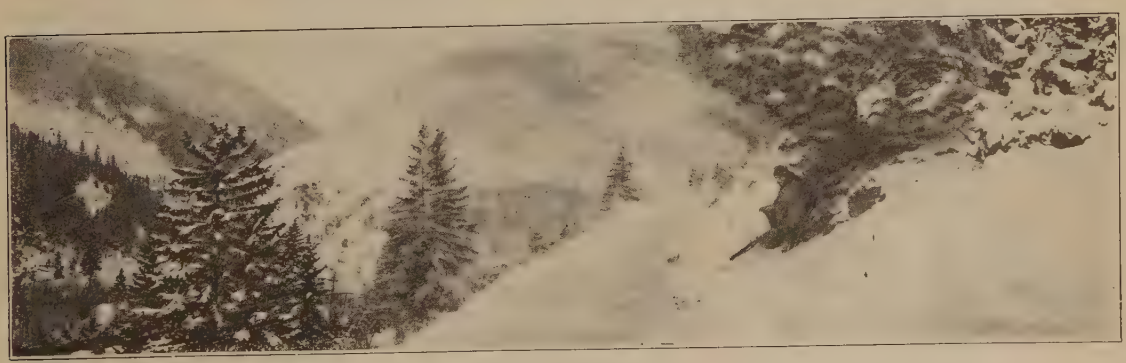
"In the Second Balkan War, the Serbian victory of Bregalnitza decided the issue of the war. At the Jedar Serbia had won the first great victory for the Allies

EXHAUSTED SERBIANS AT MONASTIR

On November 5, 1915, French assistance was less than ten miles from the Serbs at Babuna Pass, the gateway to Monastir. But help came too late. Babuna Pass was forced and the Serbs were thrown back on Monastir which proved indefensible. Retreat became inevitable, but an enemy blocked every road; and great numbers of the Serbians were destroyed by hunger, cold, and the pursuing hosts of their well-equipped opponents.

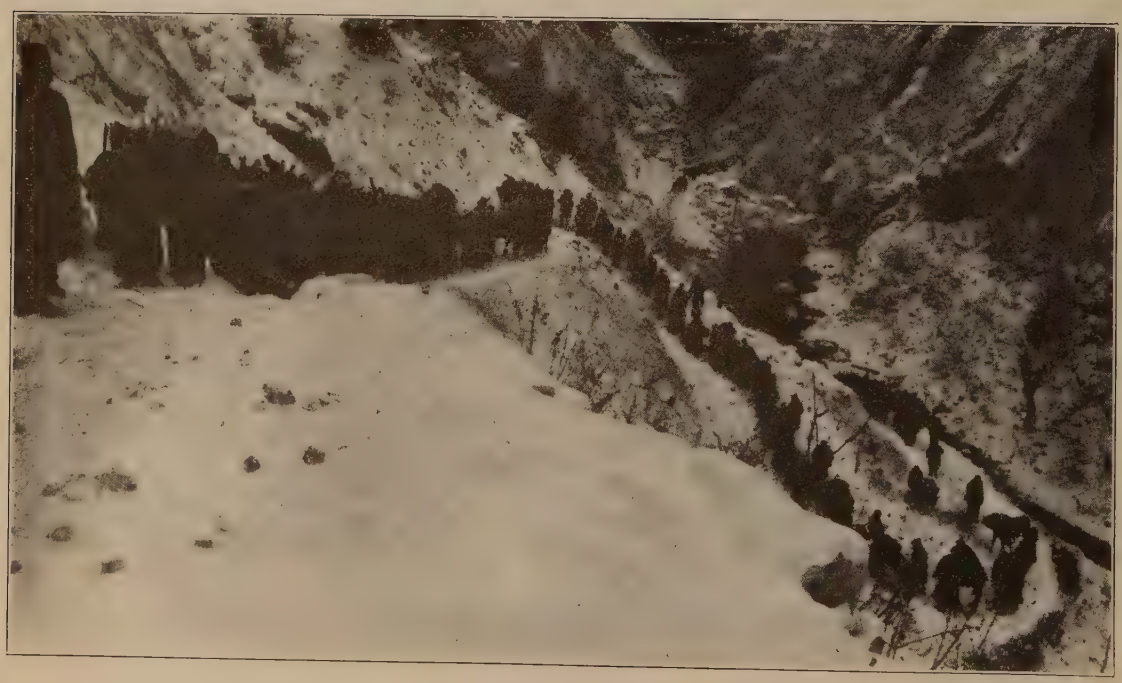
THE SERBIAN RETREAT, 1915—I

Above; a Serbian Field Hospital on the Serbo-Bulgarian frontier.
Centre; the Serbian supply-trains, assembled in the market place at Prokuplie.
Below; at Ipek, where the road ended. Guns and wheeled vehicles could go no farther, and were abandoned at this point. Everything burnable was set ablaze.



THE SERBIAN RETREAT, 1915—II

Above; the straggling line of men that was once an army, trudging along a snowy mountain defile.
Centre; Rugovo Pass and the remnant that endured thus far.
Below; a straggler, abandoned in the heart of the mountains by comrades powerless to aid him.



HARD PRESSED BY THEIR PURSUERS

The marvel was, not the number of Serbians who perished, but the number who escaped. Many thousands actually got away to Corfu and on that island was assembled all that was left of independent Serbia. The fate of Belgium had overtaken another little people. King Peter, like King Albert, had waited in vain for his allies. The loss of Belgium was inevitable, but the Serbian tragedy was the more terrible because it was unnecessary.

SHEER STARVATION

With a hog for company, this Serbian soldier seeks to appease the pangs of hunger by picking up grains of barley from the bare ground

SERBIAN PEASANT FAMILIES FLEEING WITH ALL THEIR POSSESSIONS

A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

IN EXILE

A Serbian officer, on the beach at Corfu, stares out across the sea toward his lost country

feet of Socrates and Plato! Thrice sacred that aisle of Santa Croce in Florence, dear to Dante and Savonarola! To be treasured forever, the solemn beauty of Westminster Abbey, holding the dust of men of supreme genius.

In front of the wreck of the Cathedral of Rheims, all blackened with German fire, broken with the German hammer, is the statue of Jeanne d'Arc. There she stands, immortal, guiding the steed of the sun with the left hand, lifting the banners of peace and liberty with the right. By some strange chance, no bomb has injured that bronze. Oh, beautiful emblem of the day when the spirit of liberty, riding in a chariot of the sun, shall guide a great host made up of all the peoples who revere the treasures of art and architecture, and law and liberty, and Christ's poor, and shall ride on to a victory that will be the sublimest conquest in the annals of time.

Our allies stand over against the greatest military machine that was ever forged, and controlled by merciless and cruel men—men who have given up all faith in God, who practise the Ten Commandments with the "not" left out, who have stamped out of the souls of their soldiers every instinct of pity and sympathy. Here is Belgium, after all her agony, ready to die to the last man rather than submit to the Kaiser. And here is England, and all her colonies. How glorious this land! "The land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land," as Shakespeare said. She has already given to the Cause one-third of her total wealth, a million of her sons. And here is France, not bled white, but *tired* after three years of grievous toil. Her bankers are tired, her business men are tired, the women and the little children are tired, for they have sweated blood in this struggle against the cruel demon of militarism.

A BETTER DAY

But soon or late, an unseen Providence will take off the wheels from the chariot of the Enemies of Truth and Justice. The dying German officer in Roye packed the genius of a moral universe into a few words. Wounded last winter through the spinal cord, unable to move the lower part of his body, for weeks he waited for death. Two aged Frenchwomen cared for the dying man. Little by little the wings of the Angel of Death fanned away the mist before his eyes. One day this German officer sent for the village priest and told him that the Von Hindenburg line was nearly complete, that the order to retreat had been given, that the home of these aged women who had cared for him so tenderly would be burned, that not one church, house, barn, vineyard, or orchard would be left. The news crushed the old priest. In his dying hour a righteous wrath had filled the heart of the German prisoner. These are his last words, as I transcribed them from the lips of that man of God, standing one day in Noyon: "Curses upon this army! Curses upon our Kaiser and his War Staff! Ten thousand curses upon my country! Either God is dead, or Germany is doomed!" The officer had come to under-

stand that soon or late the wheels of God will grind to nothingness those who wrong God's children.

Better days are coming. We, too, may have to enter the Valley of the Shadow, but soon or late the pilgrim host will enter the Promised Land and hang out the signals of victory. Truth is stronger than error; liberty is stronger than despotism; God is stronger than Satan; right makes might and must prevail.

During the January snows, a dear friend and noble surgeon, at the head of a hospital at the front, wrote me a letter which stays my heart as the anchor the ship in time of storm. The ground was deep with snow, many wounded men had been carried in from the front, but at midnight, when his work was done, the physician wrote me this letter:

This war is of God. Sometimes it is peace that is hell. The soldier's life is one of poverty, obedience, self-sacrifice.

But for the chastisement of this war, Berlin and Vienna, London and Paris, would have descended into hell within three generations. I once spoke in old Plymouth Church on the blessings of peace; if ever again I have that privilege, I will speak on the blessings of war. I never dreamed that men could be so noble.

For three months I have slept on stones; for three months before that in a tent. For six months I have not been in a bed; but I have never been so happy. I have acquired the fine freedom of a dog, and like a dog I wear a metal tag around my neck so that they may know to whom I belong when it happens that I can no longer speak.

Never was man engaged in a cause so noble. I have seen Belgium; I have seen a lamb torn by the wolf; I am on the side of the lamb. I know the explanations the wolf has to offer, but — they do not interest me.

I only wish that you were here with me at this battle for your own good; for right here at this western front this war will be decided, just where all the great wars of history have always been decided. It *is* decided already, but it will take the enemy some time yet to find it out.

THE VISION OF A JUST AND LASTING PEACE

What does this noble scholar mean? History makes that meaning plain! No wine until the purple clusters are crushed. No linen until the flax is bleeding and broken. No redemption without shedding of blood. No rich soil for men's bread until the rocks are ploughed with ice glaciers and subdued with fire billows. This war was not brought by God, but having come, let us believe that His providence can overrule it for the destruction of all war. When Germany is beaten to her knees, becomes repentant, offers to make restitution for her crimes, then and not till then can this war stop.

At all costs and hazards we must fight through to a successful issue. Our children must not be made to walk in future years through all this blood and muck. The burden of militarism must be lifted from the shoulders of God's poor. Any state that will not for ever give up war must be put away, into outer darkness.

Geologists tell us that the harbour of Naples, protected by islands, was

once the crater of a volcano like unto Vesuvius; but that God depressed that smoking basin until the life-giving waters of the Mediterranean streamed in and put out that fire. Oh, beautiful emblem of a new era, when God will depress every battlefield and every dreadnought and bring in the life-giving waters of peace! Then will come a golden age, the Parliament of Mankind, the Federation of the World, a little international navy policing the seas, a little international army policing the land, a great international court deciding disputes — yes, even between Germany and France. To this purpose, let our sons dedicate themselves. To the end that we may achieve a just and lasting peace, between ourselves and all nations.

Let us will strongly, and declare our will to him whom men call "the Kaiser": "You shall not crush the hopes of Abraham Lincoln. You shall not grind mankind beneath the iron heel of militarism. You shall not make government of the people, for the people, by the people, now or ever, to perish from the earth."

IX

THE FRENCH COLONIAL ENTERPRISE

By JOSEPH CHAILLEY

France is used to colonies. She has held foreign possessions since the days of Henri IV. Richelieu, Colbert, and even Louis XV had their share in building up this domain. In the French dominion were once included Canada, Southern India, Louisiana, then as large as ten of the United States, the lovely little San Domingo, Mauritius, Île de la Réunion, and the Antilles; as well as numerous trading posts in Africa and trading rights in Asia.

In 1750 it was uncertain whether France or England would be the great colonial power of the future. Throughout all her colonial possessions France had shown herself a mistress of the difficult art of government. Representatives of her various social classes were sent to the foreign states and a vigorous and prolific society gradually grew up, in the image of ancient France itself. Labourers, artisans, and nobles all had their share in these communities. The population of Canada alone increased from 11,000 in 1711 to 63,000 at the Treaty of Paris in 1763. To-day this same population numbers three million and a half descendants. San Domingo and the Antilles contained sixty thousand French inhabitants; Mauritius and Île de la Réunion, thirty thousand. They developed markets and plantations which, at the end of the Eighteenth Century, reached a value of six hundred million francs in the currency of the day.

But, during the second part of the Eighteenth Century, France lost the greater part of her possessions and forgot her ability to rule. This was not because of incompetence but rather because of her European ambitions, the weakness of her rulers, her too-generous political theories, and the unenlightened state of public opinion throughout the nation. By the Treaty of Paris, Louis XV ignominiously ceded India and Canada; the Revolution and the theory of equality brought about the rebellion and finally the emancipation of San Domingo; Napoleon sold Louisiana, doubtful of his ability to retain it. Thus, in 1815, France, the former proprietor of immense and immeasurable estates, found herself reduced to a few insignificant possessions—a few islands and strips of land on three continents—which seemed to promise little for the future. France had in short become an almost exclusively continental power.

At this time she seemed to have little interest in anything outside Europe, least of all in her colonies. She was now represented only by a few wandering sailors seeking adventure, and a few missionaries seeking converts, instead

of by her former settlements of planters and merchants. Perhaps she would one day regret all that she had lost. But her statesmen were hostile to any colonial project; her politicians were interested only in European expansion; her economists remembered with disgust her colonial enterprises; the greater part of the nation was completely indifferent to the whole question. In spite of all this France, in 1915, possesses a colonial empire possibly less wealthy than that of former days but far better suited to her needs. How has this come about?

"As one ordinarily speaks"; says M. Jourdain in Molière's "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*," talking to his professor, "what is that?"

"That is prose."

"Then when I ask Nicole to bring me my slippers I am speaking prose? *Ma foi!* Then I have been speaking prose for more than forty years without even knowing it."

France for a long time, followed a colonial policy without even knowing it.

It all began, after many years of inactivity, with the Algerian expedition. Did we intend to colonize Algeria? Not at all. It was simply a political expedition made in the interests of the dynasty, though theories of humanity and of justice were advanced to explain it. England had begun to realize what a power a conquered Algeria might become in our hands. France, frightened by the difficulties of the enterprise, hesitated for ten years before adopting the only obvious solution of the problem, retention and colonization. During 1838 and 1842 the Marquesas Islands and Gambier Islands were seized and placed under a protectorate. They were such unimportant bits of land that they could hardly be said to represent a colonial enterprise. At the very most they were but settlements for the convenience of the naval service.

The difficulties with Morocco arose in 1844, when Marshal Bugeaud won a momentous victory at Isly. This victory opened to us a country where we needed only to continue politically the military success we had achieved. But even the most substantial conquests held so little attraction for the French that instead of strengthening our hold and annexing Morocco we signed two treaties with her (1844–1845) in which we agreed to abandon that historic and natural frontier, the right bank of the Moulouir river. Seventy years later, to win back a much-diminished Morocco, we were obliged to make bargains with all of Europe and to humiliate ourselves before Germany.

Our mariners seized New Caledonia in 1852, in place of a more valuable island, which we had lost through a political indiscretion. But New Caledonia, like the Marquesas Islands, had no colonial importance. On our return from a Chinese expedition in 1858 we conquered a few provinces of Annam, purely to avenge some of our massacred missionaries. Perhaps this time the necessity of sustaining our prestige was not the only consideration.

It may be that we hoped to establish settlements like those which the English have scattered along the coasts of Africa and Asia, from Europe to the Far East, settlements which have never ceased to impress our naval officers and some others.

We have had ample opportunity for colonial expansion. The Syrian expedition in 1860, our interests in Egypt, our influence along the Mediterranean—which we have exerted since the time of Napoleon—all these things would have furnished us with plenty of good reasons for colonization. During the eighteen years of the Empire, France, then at the height of her power, could have taken possession of much territory and could have extended her dominion without arousing either jealousy or rivalry. But she did nothing. Visionary schemes filled the imagination of the King. His ministers, like those of Louis XV and Napoleon, were interested only in Europe. Nevertheless, these frequent expeditions and occupations, these many conquests and captures, aimless and undirected though they seemed, served to bring back to the nation the brilliant memories of the *Ancien Régime;* and, after the war of 1870, when all our hopes of European expansion seemed at an end, they laid the foundations for a new system of colonization and for enterprises which were this time deliberately conceived and planned in advance. And these foundations were to lie at the very bottom of the new Empire.

THE BEGINNINGS OF EMPIRE

The war of 1870, whose real end and object Europe is only just beginning to understand, left only two alternatives to a weary but unvanquished France: she might follow a European policy by re-taking her lost provinces and thus reëstablishing her prestige, or she might adopt a policy of colonial expansion and increase her foreign possessions. The European policy was so deeply rooted in the national tradition that it was almost a part of the national life. Then, too, it recalled brilliant memories of the past. But it was full of dangers and difficulties. The colonial policy had but few partisans. No one then suspected that it would eventually be the means of bringing back strength and power to the enfeebled State. But later some hoped that this might be so, when it became apparent that Germany for one would not oppose the project. Victorian England did not yet appreciate her own danger nor that of Europe under an enfeebled France. She did not, certainly, look with favor upon our plans for colonial expansion. But she made as yet no definite attempt to prevent our carrying them out.

Our colonies at this time contained one million square kilometres; five million native subjects, besides 200,000 French or naturalized citizens, scattered over four continents; and six hundred millions in commerce, the greater part of which was in the hands of foreigners. This seemed to everyone a hopeless foundation on which to build a national enterprise. Politicians knew

very little about the subject, economists prophesied that the colonies would only furnish new opportunities for unscrupulous capitalists, who would be far more eager to develop their own industries than to deal justly with the natives. Others were indignant that we should think of governing people without their consent, declaring that foreign conquests would only prepare new fields for selfish exploitation. Unanimously it was agreed that France, having no excess population, could found only weak and worthless colonies.

If the colonial policy had few partisans in the country at large it had scarcely any in Parliament. The law-makers looked with disfavour upon expeditions which would cost both men and money. How could they defend such a policy before the electors? Not a single justifying argument could be drawn from past experience. It would simply be mortgaging the future.

Fortunately this policy, though but roughly formulated, attracted a few men of great influence both in the Chamber and in the republican party, such men as Gambetta, Jules Ferry, Paul Bert, Étienne. They in turn brought it to the attention of a few representatives of industrial interests of whom M. Méline was the best known. Thus the germ of a colonial party was organized which was later to take its place among other political parties. This little group sustained many violent attacks. All this criticism—all these political, sentimental, and utilitarian arguments, drawn from the disastrous experience of other peoples—were bandied back and forth for nearly twenty years before they finally crystallized into a body of favourable opinion, which was supported by many friendly interests.

"Do you not see," said Gambetta, during the discussion of a credit for military operations in Tunis, "that people are suffocating on this old continent? This policy is absolutely essential for the development of our national prosperity."

"Europe," continued M. Méline, "is dividing the world. It is only just that we should have our share."

"What are you going to do with your products," added M. Étienne, "if you cannot export them?"

And Jules Ferry, the loyal and faithful friend of the colonial policy, summed up the situation by saying that he recognized in the colonies "markets dedicated to French products—markets which are absolutely necessary in view of the protective measures adopted by other industrial nations." He saw in them, too, a great stage whereon the generosity of France would play a magnificent rôle in suppressing slavery and periodical massacres, and in educating the subject peoples toward a higher ideal of liberty. He defined the colonial policy as "a legacy from the past and an investment for the future," and finished with these prophetic words: "To renounce this policy, to shrink from the duty it imposes and the effort it demands, is to abdicate completely;

and, in a shorter time than you realize, to sink from the rank of a first-class nation to that of a third- or fourth-class one."

These words were not generally believed; for a long time no one wished to believe them. (To prove this I will quote farther on one of the new idea's most violent antagonists, the Duke de Broglie.) The cause of the colonies was not definitely won until the first few years of the Twentieth Century, when the war of 1914, with its formidable arguments, did much to persuade the entire nation of their importance.

But the Republic had not awaited this catastrophe before increasing and strengthening her foreign dominions. For forty years some of her politicians had been working toward this end. Their national responsibilities had given them a keener insight into the situation than was general, and, while waiting for a definite policy to be formulated, they went ahead day by day as fast as circumstances would allow. At first they were more or less directed by events; later they took matters into their own hands; and eventually decided to follow out a definite programme of exploration and of conquest. This was particularly true in Africa where, at the cost of long and difficult effort, they constructed a harmonious and unified domain. Unquestionably these constructive efforts awakened a spirit in the army, and a bravery and steadfastness of purpose in the nation, which have stood us in good stead during these latest years.

The entire colonial policy from 1871 to 1915 may be said, roughly, to have had a twofold aim: the development of the existing colonies in North Africa and Indo-China in order to make them self-supporting; and the realization of certain dear and cherished dreams in Madagascar. But this does not quite explain the whole situation. It does not account for the French Kongo and Senegal, for example; nor for the attitude of Algeria toward her neighbours—an attitude which was afterward responsible for French Equatorial Africa. It does not explain the amazing development of our East Africa or the conquest of Morocco. The beginning of all this movement was seemingly so very trivial that it is only upon looking closely that we can trace its relation to the whole.

Let us follow briefly and chronologically the spasmodic attempts which, from 1871 to 1881, with certain exceptions, seem to indicate the growth of a definite method of colonial operations.

In 1870 an insurrection, partly instigated and partly unpremeditated, took place in Algeria. This drew the attention of France to that colony, which was already one of the most valuable of our possessions, though, owing to bad management, it had proved an expensive undertaking. There were here 130,000 French or naturalized citizens, 150,000 foreigners. The native population counted two million and a half Arabs and Berbers. In 1871 an Alsatian community had been cleverly induced to settle in this new country

and rapidly became an important element. Many emigrants from the South of France, attracted by liberal offers and driven from their own homes by the destruction of their vineyards, also settled in Algeria. In 1896 there were 345,000 French or naturalized citizens, 53,000 Jews, and 235,000 unnaturalized Europeans of whom 158,000 were Spanish and 35,000 Italians. As for the native population, numbering 3,750,000 Arabs and Berbers, it had increased 50 per cent.

The governor-generals of Algeria—military men like the illustrious Chanzy, or civilians like Tirman, Jules Cambon, Révoil and Jonnart—faced a problem much like that of the English in India. Should they remain close to the sea? Should they try to prevent further colonization inland? Could they prevent it? France, like England, had no desire for new conquests. In England the governor-generals, before leaving for their stations, were required to promise not to think of further colonization; and in France they received like instructions. But sometimes situations are stronger than human wills. Fate often forces decisions.

Each year the French were obliged to advance farther into the desert and into Southern Algeria which bordered upon it. Sometimes it was to repel the attacks of robbers and to drive back wandering tribes from outlying posts; at other times it was to seek "fresh air" around our stations, a wider space of liberty and freedom. Thus, step by step, and station by station, we were forced at last, for our own safety, to conquer the very desert itself. Later we were obliged actually to cross it in order to get in touch with neighbouring countries and to quell disturbances like that of the Tuaregs. And thus we went on, hoping each day to find a way out of this embarrassing predicament.

This same necessity for self-protection, the need of defending our Algerian tribes, led us seriously to consider the occupation of Tunis, a fertile country which Europe had long recognized as the complement of Algeria. Our officials had been given to understand, at the Congress of Berlin, that there would be no opposition to this plan. But this statement was not wholly true, for Italy coveted Tunis, just as Spain regretted her lost Oran, and she began secretly to establish interests in Tunis which would counterbalance ours. But neither Italy's interest nor her opposition could dissuade us from an occupation necessary for our own safety. A short expedition was terminated by the Treaty of Bardo (March 12, 1881), followed by the Treaty of Marsa (June 8, 1882). In these two treaties France agreed to assume the Tunisians' debt in return for the complete financial control of the country, and to institute a protectorate, whose liberality has since been often recognized by both native and European inhabitants.

In Indo-China we held historic rights in Annam, and in Cochin-China also our institutions were well established. We were obliged to help one of

our countrymen, M. Jean Dupuis, and intervene at Tonkin in 1874. The story is well known. M. Dupuis, while trading with the Chinese, despatched a shipment of firearms by the Red River. These were captured and held, under various pretexts, by some Annamese mandarins. Our Cochin-China colony, only three days distant, had been remarkably well governed by its admirals, men of very high standing. Admiral Dupré, who was then governor, sent a small expeditionary force into Tonkin under the command of a naval lieutenant, Francis Garnier. A number of daring young men accompanied him: Harmand, Balny d'Avricourt, and Hautefeuille. They conquered Tonkin with a rapidity that recalls the exploits of Fernando Cortez. But France feared complications with Annam and even with China. So she ordered the expeditionary force to halt and to sign a treaty, March 15, 1874, which treaty, drawn up by men many hundred miles away, did not at all suit the colonial party. It was unjustly named the Philastre Treaty, for the young naval lieutenant who was the negotiator. This agreement deprived us of the conquered territories but recognized our exclusive protectorate over Annam and its dependencies. Thus we were to give up the present for the sake of the future. This future proved to contain a long series of broken promises and treaties on the part of Annam, of protests and expeditions on the part of France. First came the treason of the Emperor of Annam, Tu Duc, who signed the treaty and then, in violation of the terms of our protectorate, sent tribute money twice to Peking, in 1877 and 1880. To this France made violent protests in 1880, under the cabinet of Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire and again under Gambetta. But these protests were entirely ineffective. Close upon them followed the expedition and the death of Commander Rivière (1882), the expedition of Thuan-An, and the new Treaty of the Protectorate (Aug. 25, 1883). Then, as Asiatics are never bound by a treaty, a whole series of operations had to be undertaken by the illustrious Admiral Courbet, operations sanctioned by a third treaty, this time a more definite one, establishing the protectorate. Thenceforth, though we were still at war with China, Annam was virtually ours. As time went on peace was gradually established and we won back the portions of the territory which had been torn away from it. Our protectorate of Annam-Tonkin consisted of five provinces, Tonkin, Annam, Cochin-China, Cambodia, Laos, and the additional territory taken over from China, of Kouang-Tchéou-Ouan. The native population, made up of Annamites, Tonkinese, and mountaineers of different tribes, was estimated at fifteen million. The trade amounted to more than five hundred million francs.

We lack space to describe, even briefly, the individual and collective efforts by which France gained the most interesting of her possessions. The Kongo, to-day known as French Equatorial Africa, owed its incorporation to the wise and humane diplomatic policy of the heroic Savorgnan de Brazza, who knew

well how to choose his path skilfully, avoiding cruelty on the one hand and deceit on the other. Madagascar has been a part of France since the days of Richelieu and Louis XIV. She was never quite forgotten under the Revolution, or under the Monarchy of July nor even during the Second Empire, although a feeble foreign policy then allowed our rights to become compromised. Fortunately, however, they were reaffirmed and established later (1883) under Admiral Pierre; under Admiral Miot; under the firm administration of Le Myre de Vilers (1886–1889); and, thanks to the expedition of 1895, by the sagacity and bravery of Gallieni (1896–1905). Our settlements along the Somali coast, of which Obock was once (1882) the centre, and later Djibouti (1896), to-day are links in the chain connecting Ethiopia with the sea and with the outside world. Then there was the great Marchand expedition from the Atlantic to the Nile, which, though weak in numbers and in equipment, made up for this weakness by the talent nigh to genius of Marchand, Mangin, Baratier, and others. This expedition could not all at once retrieve the errors of twenty years and more; but it won for itself a memory which will live for ever in French hearts.

We will tarry only at the two latest and most important stations in our colonial journey, French East Africa and Morocco. Volumes could be written about these two places, but we will confine ourselves to a few lines.

We owe almost entirely to one man, Eugène Étienne, the superb possession of French East Africa—very valuable because it is the keystone of all North Africa. France had held unquestioned rights in Senegal for centuries. In 1860 General Faidherbe, one of the illustrious men of 1870, foresaw the value Senegal would one day have for us. Twenty years later Étienne, an Algerian deputy, friend and pupil of Gambetta (Secretary of State for the Colonies), a man of education and refinement, who had been inspired by constant association with the officers of the colonial army, divined the part France ought to play in this vast game whereby the nations were beginning to divide Africa. He acted with great promptness and despatch, which was very necessary at the time as Germany's indifference toward the colonies had come to an end and England's colonial appetite was not yet satisfied. He chose, particularly from among the naval and military officers, a group of co-workers who would make good explorers. He instructed them to reserve by means of treaties and to hold by occupation as much territory as they could along the sea coast, the banks of the rivers, and Lake Tchad. All these miscellaneous holdings form to-day, after innumerable bargains and exchanges, the immense and, despite certain defects, very valuable domain of French East Africa. Successors of Eugène Étienne have expanded and consolidated his work, and have formed all these disconnected territories into one state, re-modelled and skilfully consolidated by M. Ballay and M. Roume. But it is the name of Étienne which heads the list of remark-

able founders and builders of our domain in this portion of the Dark Continent. In other regions the men to whom France owes much of her greatness have combined their efforts, have been guided by the opinions of higher authorities, or have been encouraged by the acclamations won by their success. Here only did one man carry out everything himself—and withal so quietly and modestly that it was almost a secret. France owes him a great debt.

At the end of this long schedule comes Morocco. If our colonial enterprises had been conducted on any definite principle Morocco would have opened rather than closed this résumé of efforts of forty years. Morocco is a possession of fundamental value to France. Situated in the corner, between Algeria and Senegal, she assures her owner, if France, complete safety in North and East Africa; if a foreigner, the opportunity of breaking this security and rendering the French dominion untenable. Everyone was aware of this—in France and abroad. Plans for the occupation of Morocco abound in our literature and in our archives. But 1870 passed without either Louis Philippe or Napoleon III daring to arouse the certain and latent opposition of England, or the jealous regrets of Spain. After 1870 our statesmen followed the line of least resistance and organized other and easier enterprises, thinking to awaken less opposition in the minds of their opponents. Then came a day when, after all our colonial expansion, those in authority announced repeatedly that the era of conquest was closed and now the sole task of France should be to organize her colonial empire. This was the attitude in the period from 1895 to 1898. Paul Bourde, a man whom France had never adequately appreciated, author, historian, philosopher, with a keen intellect and sterling character, tried, as did also the author of this essay, to persuade the Government not to abandon the project of further colonization without at least attempting to attach Morocco to France. Many before us had dreamed of this same thing. M. Bourde and I called together some of our friends: M. Étienne, the head of the colonial party; Paul Révoil, then minister plenipotentiary and later governor-general of Algeria; General Bailloud who, as general secretary was closely associated with the President of the Republic, M. Félix Faure, an old admirer of the colonial policy; two journalists of high standing, M. Étienne Grosclaude and Robert de Caix; and other friends like M. René Millet, who, then detained at foreign posts of responsibility, later gave evidence of their sympathy. With these men we organized a small committee which was kept secret for several years but became later the nucleus of the Moroccan Committee. We were to try and influence both the Government and public opinion; which, in their turn, would react upon one another. M. Delcassé, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, did not discourage our ambitions, but listened to our views and respected our opinions. Stimulated by his interest, we later organized committees which

in a few years increased by the hundreds. M. Delcassé took part in the enterprise in his customary way, silently, following plans which were not entirely ours and adopting methods which we had often criticized. He rendered France the inestimable service of facing a problem which had hitherto always been avoided and, not only did he face it, but, in spite of indifference at home and hostility abroad, he made every attempt to solve it, conformably to the best interests of his country. We take this opportunity of thanking him and of hoping that future generations will be as grateful to him as are his humble associates of those early days.

His method is too well known to require description. He negotiated with all those who held rights or interests in Morocco and, by means of these negotiations, defined the questions at issue. It was a sort of clearing-house, where the nations could exchange their diverse colonial claims. From this arrangement dated the treaties with Spain (1902), with Italy (1900–1904), and with England (1904). Then followed the abrupt interference of Germany, irritated because she was not included or even consulted regarding the negotiations. The Kaiser disembarked at Tangier in 1905, offering, without reserve, his protection and his army to the Sultan of Morocco. At the conference of Algeciras, Germany, who had particularly desired the conference, found all Europe against her. Thenceforward France followed a temporizing policy as to Morocco, surrounded by snares, incidents, accidents. For example, there were the massacres of Casablanca and the affair of the deserters from the Legion. After a short period of quiet came the treaty of 1909, which implied a close economic coöperation between Germany and France. The rupture of this dangerous alliance produced a smouldering enmity which soon became an open one. Native tribes were secretly instructed to revolt against the Sultan and against us. It was necessary to undertake a new expedition against Fez in the very teeth of a protesting Germany and of a parliament which, without M. Berteaux, radical-socialist and Minister of War—all honour to him—would have abandoned our rights. Finally occurred the incident of the gunboat *Panther* in the waters of Agadir, followed after a thousand difficulties by that at once advantageous, humiliating, and exasperating treaty of 1911. This treaty should have given us a free hand in Morocco; but it merely served to increase the complications there. Only the World War which forced us to break with Germany, ended a régime which had been cleverly calculated to ruin both our power and our prestige. To-day Morocco is perfectly equipped and organized. General Lyautey, the able military and civil commander, has made it a source of profit and greatness to France. A French Colonial Empire, a term applied so prematurely to Tunis in 1881, is really in existence now. Nothing is lacking to make it a perfect organism. France and her colonies are equally satisfied with the arrangement. We have a great realm in Africa,

a rich and unified domain, the symbol of French power and authority along both sides of the Mediterranean. The nation relies upon her colonies. She can look her enemies in the face, and defy the future. And she owes all this to the abilities of her explorers, her soldiers, her politicians—and to the wisdom of her administrators and rulers.

ADMINISTRATION

The task of governing so large a domain proved difficult and complicated, more difficult for France than for other nations. Had she been a country but newly acquainted with colonization she would, on finding herself face to face with an unknown problem, have consulted experts on the subject and asked the advice of her most able and intelligent thinkers, men who never yet had failed her. Then, acting upon their counsel, she would have adopted the most efficient and modern methods of administration. Unfortunately, paradoxical as it sounds, France was an ancient country, that had been engaged for more than three centuries in this business of colonization, except during the brief period when she lost touch with the outside world and failed to recognize the changes taking place in Europe. So she tried to apply the principles of her earlier colonial days to a modern colonial realm, not realizing that the empire controlled by the *ancien régime* was physically different from that of the present day. In the only points wherein the two resembled one another she applied so short-sighted a policy that it led to immediate ruin. But all this was little understood by the people of our time.

Canada was a typical colony. When first under French dominion, Canada was a country with a small population and a rather low degree of civilization. Little was known of her possibilities and little importance was attached to her resources. The land was fertile and responded readily to cultivation. The climate, while more severe than that of France, proved nevertheless very agreeable to French colonists. They were eager to settle in this new country and make it their home. They brought with them their own customs, industries, institutions, and laws. The famous ordinances of Colbert were applied in every particular. Canada became virtually a new France. But these same methods which the *ancien régime* applied so successfully in Canada failed completely when attempted in equatorial and tropical countries: San Domingo, the Antilles, Guiana. Ready-made colonies were sent out, as they had been in the case of Canada, divided into social classes, in the hope of founding a community exactly analogous to that of France. But in every instance this system, when applied in tropical countries, was either only partially successful or failed entirely. After a few years nothing would remain of the experiment. It was merely a waste of money and of human life. The Turgot enterprise to Guiana, led by the brother of the minister, proved a

disaster. After a few years nothing was left of it. Little by little the race degenerated, the population diminished. It was a pitiful waste of lives and of wealth.

The Revolution added a mistake of another sort to that of the *ancien régime*. First came ignorance of the effect of climate; later came impracticable laws and institutions. The equality of races, though doubtless it may be a dogma of to-morrow, was an error in those days as it is to-day. This proclaimed equality worked the ruin of many of our countrymen and of the lands committed to their charge. France, the only nation to believe in this dogma, was also the only one that inflicted it upon her colonial possessions. The power of abstract ideas is so deeply rooted in the mental life of our people that these failures left the highfalutin theories themselves practically unchanged. When in 1830, and particularly in 1870, we began to play an important rôle in colonial politics, this erroneous principle of racial equality still formed a part of our administrative policy. We accorded to natives rights which nothing had prepared them to exercise. In 1889, during the Colonial Congress at the Exposition, the theory of "Assimilation" was still very popular. Even to-day these ideas have their adherents, but we can no longer trace their influence on legislation.

Mistakes whose consequences proved so great are attributable to two causes: to the memories of the past and to a strange strife about words. Our language has no terms to distinguish the different methods by which one nation governs another. All are designated by a single word — *colonization*. And all foreign dominions which are controlled by the state are called colonies. But this is not the case in the more exact languages. A true colony is a new country, with a healthful climate, practically uninhabited or inhabited only by scanty tribes of slightly civilized people. Such a country is occupied and developed by the people of an older and more civilized land, according to their ideas and customs. Most of our acquisitions since 1870, however, have been in the tropics or their vicinity. They have been well populated. Some of them indeed have been over-populated. And their inhabitants have not always been barbarians, but sometimes the descendants of an old and beautiful civilization, which even in its decadence has still dominated the native life. All these different kinds of possessions we call by the generic name of colonies. A difference in the term would have reminded us of the necessity for a difference in our method of administration.

In fine, France has always been dominated by a fatal tendency toward uniformity and logic. Every Frenchman must have the same religion, every college the same curriculum, every province the same organization. In France, what is suitable for Aquitania must be suitable also for Flanders and Brittany. The world over, whatever is good for France must be good for her colonies. Examples abound to prove this statement. If perchance

the argument for uniformity does not impress the legislator the argument of logic is sure to do so.

"But gentlemen, if you will be logical," has a decided influence in Parliament and in committees and has often instigated the most imprudent actions.

For all these reasons France and her governors have long remained ignorant of the fact that her new domain needed new methods of administration. She did not recognize the character of the problem which she had to solve. It was no longer "How to colonize a new country", but "How to govern a conquered people"—a problem infinitely more complicated and difficult.

Moreover, other difficulties rose to obscure the issue further. In this widespread and motley colonial empire it was obvious that, for physiological reasons, white men would find it very difficult to settle and bring up their families. They would not be able to work with their hands, but could only direct the native workers. And yet there were regions, as in North Africa, where, thanks to the sea air or the altitude, white men could live, work, and make their homes. These regions were inhabited by Arabs and Berbers, possessors of the land since time immemorial. Our treaties and our sense of honour alike forbade driving them out. These people led chiefly a pastoral life with settlements so far apart that in many places there were vast spaces of fertile land left uncultivated. Soon the French, excellent farmers, began to occupy these places. Tales of these unoccupied lands were carried back to France by the generations of soldiers who had overrun North Africa from 1830 to 1880. The French *bourgeois* and the French peasant came to regard this African territory as an El Dorado. They could not bear to think that land bought with the blood of French soldiers should be withheld from French farmers. "Occupied land to the Arabs, the rest to the French" was a motto which seemed fair enough. It certainly was conducive to colonization. It would have seemed a sensible arrangement, but it proved extremely dangerous.

The colonist who leaves a beautiful country like France merely to better himself is almost necessarily a bit avaricious, whatever his rank or degree of intelligence. He is often unscrupulous. He covets the native's land and he needs his labour. From driving away the native to forcing him to perform domestic service is but a short step. The government strives to prevent this practice, but it is difficult. The problem of governing a conquered people is complicated by that of ruling the colonists and of managing affairs so that both classes can live peaceably and prosperously side by side. It is almost impossible.

The two nations that have won the laurel in colonial achievement, by their long and continuous success, are England and Holland. They recognize so fully the truth of this principle that for a long time they tried to prevent the emigration of their own countrymen to their foreign provinces. Until 1831 the East India Company forbade the landing of a British subject on Indian

soil, except by a permit, and this was rarely granted. Even to-day the Indian Government does not encourage colonization. In that immense empire, spreading as far as from Moscow to Gibraltar, there are 325,000,000 inhabitants, only 150,000 of which are English. Among the fifty million inhabitants of the United Provinces, watered by the fertilizing Ganges, not one single colonist of British origin is to be found. Only in a few districts have the English been allowed to plant tea and jute. These conditions are self-imposed by the conquerors. It is the price with which England has bought the opportunity to devote herself entirely to the government of her Indian subjects. She is paid for her efforts only by her increased commerce and prestige.

In North Africa we French have allowed—nay, rather, *persuaded*—one million Europeans, 600,000 of whom are French, to settle in a territory containing ten million natives, Arabs and Berbers. Many of these Europeans live in the cities, but many also are scattered through the country districts, cultivating grain, raising cattle, planting vineyards, fruit trees, and olive orchards. As a result the Europeans control the government and the country, and have not left the natives the rights they deserve. It is indeed surprising that these conditions have not given rise to a rebellion. Later we shall see why this is. When the war is over all this must be revised and readjusted.

Every system has its weak points, but let us mention also good ones. In our policies there are many of these. I have already cited some statistics which indicate that real progress has been made. It might have been greater, but let us try to be satisfied with it, for progress is always slow, and the bulk of our own, which represents approximately a period of fifty years, is really the product of the last ten. Now that we recognize the errors of our policy, we are improving our laws and institutions. The future is full of hope.

The present state of affairs is more satisfactory than we could have expected. It would take too long to describe it in detail. A paragraph must suffice. Our laws were not sufficiently adapted to the customs of our subjects, our officials were not always impartial, our colonists were sometimes rude and thoughtless. In spite of this our subjects, as the war has proved, have resisted innumerable temptations to break away from our domination or to fight against us. They have given us unfailing loyalty and better still, sincere sympathy, which no amount of discipline could have bought for us. Our African troops of the north and the west and those recently acquired from Morocco have fought side by side with us, winning our admiration and terrorizing our foes. Some of our subject people have actually protested to the local authorities because we have not asked their assistance. Our Indo-Chinese subjects have proved skilled and able workmen in our military factories and have given us important financial aid. The bond between us has proved unbreakable.

And why is this? Because these people, guided by the most intelligent

of their compatriots, realize that in the very nature of things they can no longer live independently under their ancient governments. And, knowing that they must submit to some foreign rule, they prefer ours because they recognize its broad justice and kindliness. A great administrator of Indo-China said recently that the educated people there still remember, after more than a hundred years, two noted Frenchman, the Bishop of Adran, Mgr. Pineau de Bahaigne, and Paul Bert. These good men still live in the daily thoughts of the natives, though they were with them actually but a very short time. That is what really counts. To govern these people successfully we must, in our political dealings and administrative capacities, act worthily of their faithfulness and of their excellent disposition toward us.

But there are other reasons for their loyalty besides this vague sympathy and kindly feeling. The French people have very little race prejudice. We do not hold our subjects at a distance, we live close to them, associate with them, receive them in our homes. The Arab or Berber household servant feels that he is really one of the family. Our farmers in North Africa have worked beside the natives and taught them our methods. By this daily example they have diffused among the natives more practical instruction than have all the professional and technical schools of other countries. We have taught our native helpers not only how to manage and fertilize the soil, how to reap and bind up the sheaves, how to take advantage of favourable weather, but also how to be thrifty, how to save, and how to make good investments. In short, we have initiated them into the secrets of agriculture, of business, of finance. Thanks to us and to our instruction many of them are in comfortable circumstances and some of them are rich. There is a considerable number of millionaires not only in North Africa, but along the Atlantic, on our East African coast, and even in Indo-China.

So the partisans of the colonial policy are beginning to see their foresight justified. In spite of German ridicule, particularly that of Bismarck and of List, hundreds and thousands of Frenchmen are living happily and prosperously in our various colonies and possessions. Millions of natives live close beside them, profiting by their lessons, following their precepts with an unquestioned loyalty, and sharing their prosperity and progress. These colonies cost the State scarcely anything at all; they have increased our markets and our commerce; several are ready, when permitted, to provide for their own defence and, in the meantime, their regiments are fighting with ours against a common enemy. In very truth we and these people are united in our allegiance to *La Patrie*.

Twenty years ago the Duc de Broglie, one of the most eminent opponents of the colonial policy and at one time President of the Council, wrote words which have often been quoted during recent months:

"I will not ask if this foreign expansion, aside from its magnificence on

paper, is able to replace a single one of the things which this war (1870) has destroyed. It would be ridiculous even to ask such a question. Such sarcasm would be unkind. The most optimistic cannot foresee a day when our new possessions will furnish us with even a single recruit for our army or a single contribution to our budget."

Later still—only fifteen years ago—a well-known Frenchman, when asked to picture the progress of France during the course of the Nineteenth Century, attached so little value to the provinces that he found no place for them in his design. But France, as a nation, did not share either this disdain or this incredulity. Year after year she has felt greater confidence in her colonies, as she has seen these enterprises develop. But it is only recently that she has begun to realize their full value to the State. It required a war and the lessons of a war to make her appreciate this; a war, and, at a crucial moment, the support and assistance of a friendly government.

Let us consider the situation at Berlin on the fourth of August, 1914. Germany, determined to attack France and Russia, tried hard to limit the number of her enemies. Sir E. Goschen, British Ambassador to Germany, had been summoned to the Wilhelmstrasse by Bethmann-Hollweg, Chancellor of the Empire. To persuade England to remain neutral Bethmann-Hollweg promised to respect a conquered France (he never doubted that she would be conquered) and not to tamper with her Continental territories—not even those that bordered on the North Sea and the Channel. Unmoved, Sir E. Goschen listened to these promises. Continental France was certainly important. But, said he, "the colonies, particularly those of North Africa; will you leave her those also?" Bethmann-Hollweg refused to commit himself on this point. So England refused to promise neutrality, considering that it would be dangerous to allow France to be again weakened, and that *France without her colonies would cease to be a great power.* It was the same opinion which Jules Ferry had expressed twenty years earlier, before an incredulous parliament. Spoken by the representative of a foreign government it seemed far more convincing. It answers triumphantly all criticism of a colonial policy, and vindicates the friends of this policy; it convinces France and her friends of the practical value of these distant enterprises, undertaken with hesitation but maintained with unconquerable perseverance, through fifty long years of opposition.

X

RUSSIA'S STRIDES IN ASIA

By H. J. ELLIOT

I

PRE-WAR RUSSIFICATION

The European conflict, into which Russia suddenly was drawn, veiled, if it did not definitely halt, her traditional policy of expansion across her elastic Asiatic frontiers in search of a warm-water port. Where that sea-window lay did not greatly matter so long as a path could be cloven thereto.

The war diverted her activities in this quest. There was a change of venue, a shifting of her channels of acquisition from the east to the south. Asiatic Turkey, and beyond it Constantinople and the Dardanelles, at last spread open for attack, and thither she headed her legions as part of her new campaign.

Distant Asia at least breathed more easily. The war found other occupation for the ubiquitous Cossack who either preceded or followed the hordes of emigrating Russian peasantry over his neighbours' hinterlands, whither they journeyed under the ægis of a benevolent government after—sometimes even before—the way had been blazed for them by unblushing diplomatic ruses.

The disquieting echoes of Russia's tramp across Asia no longer agitated European chancelleries, which had doubtfully received the tidings that the Russian colossus was firmly planting his heel in the soil of Manchuria—where he had succeeded in remaining despite the conflict with Japan—or quartering himself in Persia, or pitching his tent in Mongolia. The colossus had now become otherwise engaged, as indeed all Europe had, and Asiatic problems were forgotten in the general upheaval.

Modern Russia enjoyed her greatest triumphs in the spacious days when Czardom towered in the hegemony of Europe. But the respect and fear she once inspired from her Western neighbours has long since faded away. Powers more potent than she stand as a barrier extending from the Baltic to the Black Sea. And long ago it became evident that for Russia the Star of Empire that once turned westward had set.

So Russia turned toward her native sphere in the East. An illimitable field outspread for her in Asia, where her sleek, Oriental diplomacy cut easy pathways, with or without the ruthless exercise of arms.

Thither she had set out on her resistless expansion even in mediæval times, starting from the little principality of Moscow, whose successive rulers only produced the original Muscovy by welding into a single realm a number of

petty Russias, wrested from the Tartars. Greater Russia began by adventurous expeditions over the Ural Mountains and by the occupation of unpeopled Siberia. Peter the Great appeared and thrust his borders out to the west, wrenching the Baltic provinces from Sweden to obtain a sea outlet. Later came the inclusion of Poland, the subjugation of the last of the Tartar Khanates of South Russia, the transformation of the Black Sea from a Turkish into a Russian lake. Then a further slice was carved from Sweden by the acquisition of Finland. This was followed by the annexation of Transcaucasia, which clinched Russia's domination of the Black and Caspian Seas; and then came the cession of a great part of the basin of the Amur from China.

The close of Alexander II's reign found Russia sprawling over a vast territory. Yet it did not suffice for Alexander III, who added some 430,000 square kilometres to it and would have pushed south into Afghanistan had not Great Britain intervened and stopped his legions at the gates of Herat. There, the Russian frontiers had reached the crest of the Himalayas, overlooking England's prized India, and there British diplomacy defined an inviolate boundary.

Under Nicholas II Russia pushed now this way, now that, ever seeking the sea—striking into Manchuria and Mongolia, nibbling at Tibet, passing Afghanistan by with an envious shrug, rooting her influence in Chinese Turkestan, throttling Persia, and casting cold, acquisitive eyes on Asiatic Turkey.

The advance of Russia has been explained as a race movement akin to the European invasion of our Aryan ancestors, rather than as conscious colonial exploitation. The simile holds in the sense that Russia, alone among her neighbours, frequently overflowed and spread beyond her actual frontiers without military operations, while other nations, if the purely military annexations of Germany be excepted, went overseas to extend their possessions. The question as to whether Russia's expansion is to be explained in terms of biology or of politics concerns us little. *She did expand.* Russification—the word is not so sinister as it sounds—was disguised under a phrase of rich euphony, "spontaneous infiltration," which covered a multitude of more or less benevolent aggressions pursued in the exercise of the categorical imperative: "Get out of my way, and tolerate me when I get in yours."

To the credit of the Russification policy it should be said that that was what the subjugated people did. They accepted the Czar and all his works. No race was Prussianized; nothing so blighting and soul-killing fell to the lot of tribes who came under the rule of Petrograd. Russification was rather akin to British and French colonial policy. If it meant here and there the imposition of laws the submitting tribes did not want, or the wresting from them of their inherited pastures for the use of incoming Russian settlers, they were not required to assume the semblance of Russians, nor to sacrifice

their religion. Remorseless the autocratic or bureaucratic rule of Russia might be when waged on her disaffected nationals nearer home; it dispensed a remarkable freedom, even a spirit of liberalism, in pursuing its colonizing projects.

The peasant pioneers frequently penetrated new territory with practically no assistance from the military. But their peaceful establishment soon formed a pretext for imperial absorption. For example, just before the war, northern Persia, western and northern Mongolia, and the inclusive regions of Trans-Caucasia, Turkestan and Seven Rivers Land were invaded by streams of such immigrants—"a river of men flowing out of the depths of European Russia," as Stephen Graham called the exodus. The Government's policy was first to encourage them to emigrate from the interior to the frontier. That reached by a process of voluntary colonization, their presence there was seized upon by Petrograd to further its political designs. A short step took these hosts over the boundaries. Russian interests were thereupon created on neighbouring areas, and on the pretext of defending those interests the Government sent military forces to seize and hold new territory for the Czar.

II

LAYING THE GROUND

The ground was always well laid before the peasants came. By a deft and subtle employment of commercial, ecclesiastic, and diplomatic overtures, rather than by military methods, the Russian Government drove entering wedges that made the subsequent inflow of the peasantry a simple and seemingly natural movement.

Sometimes her secret agents, mostly army officers, were disguised as orthodox priests, even to the towering headgear and flowing hair, and concealed their political mission beneath the rôle of religious proselytizers. Sometimes they posed as sportsmen in search of big game, or unsophisticated tourists innocently curious about the country's resources and trade possibilities, or commercial travellers wandering at will over the coveted territory.

The establishment of Russian settlements in Asiatic towns beyond the border followed the enterprise of these advance agents. Privileges obtained for Russian merchants and caravans to enter and trade in the ear-marked Persian or Chinese areas paved the way to concessions for the establishment of stores and banks, for trading-posts and ports, for improving the navigation of rivers, for postal arrangements and stations for the exchange of drivers and horses, for the exploitation of the timber, mining, and other resources of the country, and for the purchase of land for building consulates, factories, and dwellings for the use of Russians engaged in these various undertakings. Thus was laid the foundation for many a Russian colony.

The settlements were soon strengthened by the institution of Russian courts of justice. For it was explained that Russian settlers should be amenable only to Russian law, as the native tribunals would be prejudiced. Pseudo-scientific exploring parties came, escorted by Cossack detachments, which indicated to the discerning that they were in reality military reconnoitring companies. These often signalized their *entrée* by undertaking to act as police and to supervise the behaviour of Russian subjects toward their weaker neighbours. More than that, Russian officers soon managed to insinuate themselves into the native armies as organizers. Needless to say, the army contingents were not in reality stationed among the Russian colonists to keep them in order, but to hold their weaker neighbours in subjection. The effect of their presence would eventually become known to the European chancelleries by a note from Petrograd stating that local disturbances had compelled Russia to assume the protection of the territory of some chieftain, ameer, or khan, and another Russian "sphere of influence" was thereby instituted. Such action frequently had a fictitious uprising as its forerunner, engineered from army sources. A trained rabble would burn or loot some Russian stores, intercept Russian mails, violate the Russian flag, or perhaps slay an inconsequential vice-consul, preferably not of Russian nationality. Here surely was excuse sufficient for the despatch of a punitive expedition across the frontier, and the occupation of the capital and chief seaports "for the protection of Russian subjects and interests." Russian possession becoming thus firmly rooted, the guileless victims bowed to the new régime, and then would come the railroads.

In Russia's railroad system, in fact, lies the explanation of her thrusts into neighbouring lands. They are like cut veins, being abrupt dead-ends clipped at her frontiers. On the map they suggest the exposed root of a plant with its outreaching radicles. Each radicle sets out in a different direction to reach the sea. Only one gets there. That is the longest—the Trans-Siberian railroad—which stretches 5,000 miles from Petrograd into the Far East, where its presence and purposes caused the war with Japan. It is a military strategic railroad, as China discovered, guarded as no other railroad in the world is guarded, with blockhouses every three or four miles housing armed guards and with garrisons at every important point. Another radicle is the railroad route, extending 2,300 miles, which connects Petrograd with Andidjan. Here the Chinese frontier stops it; but its railhead is pointed straight into Chinese Turkestan, where the Czar Alexander, who laid the line, planned that it should penetrate. A third radicle branches to the south and is halted at Erivan, near the Persian frontier. The line skirts this obstacle as a root does a stone, and sends forth another branch as though in quest of freer access to the beyond. But the Afghan frontier bars its path at Kushk. Yet another radicle runs from Petrograd for 1,400 miles through the Trans-Caucasus to Kars, only to be blocked by the Turkish frontier.

With or without China's consent, Russia might extend her Andidjan railroad into Mongolia, and connect—who knows where? By England's permission her Erivan railhead could continue into Persia and join the line to India. Germany's sanction would enable her to enter Turkey by a link with the Bagdad route and so connect with Constantinople. In brief, Russia's railways have a habit of stopping abruptly at her frontiers, or of trailing off in feelers groping to find some way out of landlocked bounds. But sometimes she has boldly sundered the bounds and herself laid the needed rails beyond them.

III

PENETRATION OF MANCHURIA

Russia's modern expansion has merely been the application of a preconceived strategy dictated by her railroads, the foregoing survey of which will serve as an index to her more recent activities. The chief of these was her penetration of the Far East to Vladivostok via the Trans-Siberian route.

This project provided the line of least resistance for Russian expansion in northern China through Manchuria, and toward the effete little kingdom of Korea, on which Japan had fixed a longing eye. The result of the Chino-Japanese war opened the way to bold aggressions by Russia for furthering her schemes in this zone, and in pursuing them she thwarted and flouted Japan. The latter had been robbed of the fruits of her victory over China by Russian machinations. Already jealous of Russia's designs on Korea, Japan had to stand by and behold her Muscovite rival take from China part of the war spoils which Japan had won, namely, a long lease of Port Arthur and Talienwan, with concessions for uniting these ports to the Trans-Siberian system by a branch line. Thus Russia tightened her grip. On the pretext of "pacifying" this region, she had virtually made herself its mistress following the Chinese Boxer rebellion of 1900. The outlook was that with the completion of her "spontaneous infiltration" of Manchuria, her aggressive policy would naturally spread to Korea, whose deeply indented coasts offered better strategic and more spacious sites for new ports and arsenals than Port Arthur.

A secret treaty between Russia and China, disclosed in 1907, indicated that Russia contemplated the formal annexation of Manchuria. At any rate its terms, providing for the resumption of civil government by China in that province under what was virtually a Russian protectorate, were interpreted as foretokens of that step, to be followed perhaps by the acquisition of all Mongolia, Sungaria, and eastern Turkestan. China's part in this secret dealing with Russia produced remonstrances from the United States, Great Britain, and other powers; but she could only answer regretting such negotiations and pleaded that she dared not refuse to enter into them. The whole grandiose scheme and its possibilities meant that the Russian Empire would

be advanced some eight hundred miles in China and pushed to the frontiers of Tibet and India.

The Manchurian policy alone, with its menace to Korea, sufficed to stir Japan. She had been cherishing plans of conquest on the Asiatic mainland since her war with China and announced that she would never tolerate the exclusive influence of Russia in Manchuria. Russia's activity in Korea in 1903 inflamed Japan's growing hostility to her projects and war came the following year.

The outcome of the conflict crippled Russia as an international force and it seemed as though her Asiatic expansion had received a permanent check. Under the treaty of Portsmouth in 1905, by which the belligerents settled their differences, she was forced to cede to Japan half of the island of Saghalien (seized in 1875), surrender her lease of the Kwangtung peninsula and Port Arthur, evacuate Manchuria, and recognize Japan's sphere of influence in Korea.

The treaty nevertheless reserved to Russia a sphere of influence in northern Manchuria through which the Trans-Siberian line ran. Japan secured the footing she sought in that province by obtaining the southern portion as her sphere. Thus Russia never really surrendered Manchuria: she merely divided the spoils with her foe. Military occupation by her alone gave place to an economic and commercial grasp shared with Japan. The treaty even allowed her to retain her railroad guards, which were an armed force. Japan was acquiescent, since she too had the privilege of garrisoning armed guards in her sphere. The two countries, in fact, entered into a series of agreements aiming at friendly coöperation in Manchuria and at eliminating all traces of their bitter strife.

Free to pursue her traditional methods of absorption in northern Manchuria, Russia claimed, under existing treaties with China, the exclusive and absolute right of administration of her railroad zone. She thereupon set certain administrative regulations in force at Harbin and other Siberian points, the effect of which was to cause friction with the Chinese authorities and foreigners. She was bent on establishing jurisdiction over the greater part of Harbin by imposing taxes and closing stores and warehouses owned by Chinese who refused to pay them to the railroad officials. China protested against this Russifying policy, which she denounced as virtually placing northern Manchuria under the domination of Petrograd.

In 1909 came a proposal from the United States, through Secretary Knox, for the neutralization of the Manchurian railroads to end this and other causes of friction. It was ill-received alike by Russia and Japan, since its acceptance meant surrendering the control of the lines to China. Both declined to consider it.

It was ingeniously urged that for Russia and Japan to relinquish interest

in their respective sections of the Manchurian roads would be a step in no wise different from the renunciation by the United States of its control of the Panama Canal. The Taft administration was invited to contemplate the manner of its reception of such a proposal from Petrograd and Tokio. The United States was moreover reminded that the position of Russia and Japan in Manchuria, and their divided control of the railroads there, resulted from a terrible war which had been ended by American mediation leading to the Treaty of Portsmouth, negotiated on American territory. That treaty sanctioned their presence there. Apart from all consideration of the Portsmouth Treaty's inspiration, however, Manchuria was closer to the interests of the occupying powers than the Panama zone was to the United States. The latter, in fact, was told, that it had less right to Panama than Russia and Japan had to Manchuria.

Russia's hold on Manchuria was defended on other grounds. If she lost control of her portion of the railroad system, the heart of Siberia would be laid open, Vladivostok would be left in the air, and the Amur Valley, the maritime provinces, and all the possessions of Czardom to the Far East would be held on sufferance. The Trans-Siberian system in Manchuria, in short, was a frontier protection; and Russia was resolute in rejecting the Knox proposal for abundant reasons, both sentimental and practical. To surrender her control of communications would mean the exposure of the most vulnerable point of her Empire. She had built the Trans-Siberian route at great cost in blood and treasure and confronted the task of doubling its track to people her unfilled Colonial Empire—Siberia—whither she was transplanting her surplus population at the rate of a million a year. But the fact escaped mention that she continued by the same means to people Manchuria and to oust the Chinese therefrom.

IV

CELESTIAL OBDURACY DISCIPLINED

The failure of the Knox proposal made Russia's relations with China more strained than ever. The result of the Russo-Japanese war had sensibly affected the Celestial attitude toward her. She found herself snubbed and cold-shouldered when she sought to regain her lost prestige in China. Peking, once pliant as gold wire and impressionable as wax in the hands of the Czar's ministers, once eager to comply with Russian requests for railroad concessions, political treaties, territorial grants, and commercial privileges almost before they were asked—this same Peking now dared to flout the great Russian Bear. The Muscovite actually had real grievances against the Celestial. Treaties were violated and misinterpreted, thwarting acts were committed, and opposing intentions and motives boldly revealed. When Russia complained that treaties were construed in a sense least favourable

to her interests, and pointed to the commercial privileges she had obtained in Manchuria, the wily Peking Government blandly pointed to the self-denying ordinance of Portsmouth, under which Russia had—but only textually—renounced all rights in that province. China's attitude, suave but unflinching, caused Russia to feel not only slighted, but injured in her trade and commerce and foiled in her political aims.

In the end Russia applied coercion. In February, 1911, she resorted to a demand for the immediate observance by China of a treaty made in 1881. Under it she claimed certain rights, among them the privilege of imposing import duties within a certain distance of the frontier zone; a guarantee of extra-territorial jurisdiction over Russian subjects in China; the trial of legal suits between Russians and Chinese by mixed tribunals; freedom of trade, travel, and residence for Russian subjects in Mongolia and on both slopes of the Celestial Mountains north of the Great Wall; the appointment of Russian consuls in certain places, proper facilities for their domicile, and the right of Russians to acquire land where Russia was entitled to have consuls.

China demurred. Russia's response was an ultimatum calling for an unequivocal assent to her demands, and China, at last chastened and awed, capitulated. Russia's record of the matter described the Chinese note she received as a full and satisfactory acceptance of her interpretation of the treaty of 1881, and as an evidence of good feeling. Russification, once balked, was plainly to the fore again.

V

MONGOLIA'S OPEN DOOR

The Chinese Revolution that presently followed encouraged Russian designs upon Mongolia. Here was presented a rich opportunity, not only for reprisals on China and for the repair of damaged prestige, but to retrieve the reverses sustained in the war with Japan by securing compensatory territory.

Mongolia lay invitingly open. Its outer province even beckoned, being disaffected toward Chinese rule. The Russian railroad system abutting on it betrayed the strategic aim of ultimately absorbing it. But the Mongolians passively contemplated the presence of a long line stretching across their northern border and curling toward its eastern side, and another that ran direct from Petrograd to the western end, where it stopped, waiting on the steps of China's back door. Moreover, this western frontier of the Chinese Empire, where it touched on Russian Turkestan, was 2,400 miles from Peking, and there were no Chinese railroads to reach it.

A separatist movement from China began in Outer Mongolia, as well as in Chinese Turkestan. The Peking Government found itself unable to maintain the uncertain hold it had held on the province, which leaned more and more toward Russian control. The Chinese policy, adopted in recent years, of

keeping Mongolia within the Empire by founding colonies beyond the Great Wall and diverting to them some of the surplus population which formerly had emigrated to the United States or to its possessions, was resented by the Mongolian princes. Their lands were confiscated and their ranges curtailed for the benefit of the Chinese colonists. Russian agents stimulated their resentment against the Peking authorities and encouraged their resistance to them, besides playing upon the political aspirations of the Mongolian ecclesiastical authorities.

The revolution bared Russia's designs on Mongolia. She openly demanded that the troops China despatched there be withdrawn, that Chinese colonization cease, and that Outer Mongolia be recognized as independent in its internal affairs.

Russia made her intervention—and motives—clear enough. Russian arms would aid the natives to maintain order, since China could not be permitted to maintain military forces in the territory. Besides, Russia had privileges in Mongolia regarding railways and mines, and she reminded China of them. She professed no desire for the separation of Mongolia from China, but insisted on Mongolian autonomy under Chinese sovereignty. Nor was Russia, so she asserted, aiming at a protectorate in Mongolia, as was suspected. She was merely acting as an intermediary, accepted by the province, in the difficulty arising from the Mongolian movement for self-government.

Perhaps Russia meant that she was not aiming at annexation, which had its disadvantages. Her subsequent action indisputably proves that her intervention did mean a protectorate and all that this involves, but under the polite fiction of Chinese sovereignty. In October, 1912, she made a treaty with the Mongolians at Urga, whereby she undertook to aid them in maintaining autonomy (that is, would resist Chinese interference with their internal affairs), support Mongolia's right to a national army, and exclude Chinese troops and colonists. In return for Muscovite assistance, Mongolia allowed Russia a free hand in the sphere of trade, exempted Russian merchants from the payment of customs dues, granted Russians the protection of Russian consular courts, and allowed them to establish factories and trading settlements on Mongolian territory.

These privileges only applied to Outer Mongolia, but were adaptable for extension to Inner Mongolia. China decided to assent to the Russian proposals as they affected the former territory, but would resist any aggression in the latter. Her surrender, however, was not made supinely. Large numbers of Mongolians felt the weight of her wrath, being massacred by Chinese troops to check their tendency to join the movement in Outer Mongolia.

The treaty went before the Chinese Parliament for recognition. If that were granted, Russia undertook to refrain from colonizing Mongolia. She

also sought China's acceptance of her as a mediator in future relations with Mongolia, in return for which she would recognize Outer and Inner Mongolia as integral parts of the Celestial Empire.

There was, of course, much temporizing. The Russian proposals were an affront to patriotic Chinamen and to the Parliament and a voluntary acceptance of them was too much to be expected. Russia chafed under the delay and finally wielded her club again. In July, 1913, she broke off negotiations with China, charging the latter with a lack of frankness in dealing with Mongolia, and notifying her Government that it must recognize the Urga agreement before negotiations could be resumed.

The Russophobe policy of the tutu or governor of the province of Heilungkiang was singled out as a pretext for further action. A brigade of Russian railroad guards and three batteries of Russian artillery appeared in Tsitsihar in that province by way of protest. Under this intimidation China hastily dismissed the offending tutu and made reparation for alleged losses which his conduct had caused Russian traders. This demonstration prefaced a firm refusal by Petrograd to heed further remonstrances from China regarding the Mongolian treaty. Thereupon China agreed to all the Russian demands.

So Russification gained a hold in Mongolia under the advantages of a protectorate, and none of the disadvantages of annexation. The latter was easy, but Mongolia in process of subjugation might prove a hard nut to crack and its kernel not worth the trouble. Northern Mongolia had a sparse population, poor in spirit and worldly goods, and there were only pastures and minerals for foreign exploitation. But by forbidding Chinese colonization, Russia preëmpted these Mongolian resources for the use of her nationals (despite her treaty undertaking not to colonize), without the cost of governing. Concessions were acquired, joint-stock companies formed, and commercial expeditions hastened from Moscow. With a ramification of colonies established by these means, Mongolia lay available for easy annexation whenever Russia's economic interests made the step desirable.

VI

TIBET AND AFGHANISTAN SACROSANCT

We must turn to the Anglo-Russian treaty of 1907, respecting Persia, for guidance as to Russia's aims on the remainder of her frontier to the south from Mongolia. This agreement primarily divided the land of the Shahs into Russian and British spheres of interest; but it did much more than this. It marked the partial abandonment of British hostility to Russian policy in Asia and removed the risk of collision between the two nations where they had been in close and antagonistic contact, not only in Persia, but in Tibet and Afghanistan.

Tibet stands as a tough old morsel that Russia had tried but never succeeded in devouring. Great Britain well remembers Russia's last attempt to ingratiate herself there. The Petrograd Government employed a number of Buriats (Russian Buddhists) to gain ascendency over their Tibetan co-religionists, with the view of easing the path for the entrance of the customary "spontaneous infiltration" through sacerdotal influences, as was successfully done later in Mongolia. The British Foreign Office, observing the Russian encroachments, realized with a start that they menaced the Tibetan border of India. Over the Himalayas went a body of British troops, and by a quick march to Lhassa stopped the Grand Lama from transferring his allegiance from the Celestial Emperor to the Great White Czar.

The Persian treaty ended further danger of such tactics by Russia. Therein both powers recognized the suzerain rights of China in Tibet, and undertook not to seek concessions of any kind there, nor to send representatives to Lhassa, but to conduct with China direct any negotiations that might arise.

Afghanistan was to remain, as before, a sealed road to Russia. She recognized that uncertain neighbour of India as outside her sphere of influence, and agreed to employ Great Britain as the exclusive intermediary in any relations she might seek with the Ameer, instead of employing her own agents. Great Britain was committed by the treaty not to encourage Afghanistan to take any action that might threaten Russia. But it was remarked that Russia made no reciprocal agreement to withdraw her posts at Kushk, Kaiki, Kilif, Termez, and other points on the Afghan frontier. However, nothing was heard of Russian aggression in that quarter.

VII

THE PARTITION OF PERSIA

Russia was otherwise engaged and well content with her unimpeded expropriations in the disorganized empire of the Shah's adjoining Afghanistan. Crumbling Persia must be somebody's. Why not Russia's? For years it lay in the hollow of the Muscovite hand. Great Britain, with her maternal eye on safeguarding India, and with a garrison at Koweit—an Arab port at the head of the Persian Gulf, which she had seized to balk Germany from extending the Bagdad Railway there—debated whether to permit the Russian paw to close over its prize. If Persia was not Russia's prey, she would be Germany's. Great Britain of two evils chose the less, and preferred the presence of the Czar's astrakhan caps to the Kaiser's spiked helmets on her Hindoo frontiers. Hence the Anglo-Russian treaty which checkmated Teutonic designs.

Long before this understanding Russia, playing a lone hand, had succeeded

in outreaching both Great Britain and Germany. She thrust heavy loans on Persia, which became virtually nailed to the Russian Treasury. The Shah's financial vassalage was effected by compelling his ministers to pay off all obligations to Great Britain and to negotiate no further loans without Russia's sanction. The method of frustrating Germany was no less cavalier, rather more so, in fact. The Kaiser had secured a variety of rich concessions, including rights to found a bank, build railways, overlook customs collections, administer posts and telegraphs, and exploit mines, forests, and waterways. Hearing of this coup, Russia stationed a brigade of Cossacks near the Persian frontier, and obtained the instant revocation of the concessions. All Germany managed to keep was permission to establish a bank, which was anybody's privilege, free to all.

Russia aimed to reach the Persian Gulf. There was warm water for her —the much-prized sea outlet she had sought south for centuries. She planned a railroad from the Caucasus to the Gulf and the Anglo-Russian agreement concerning Persia enabled her to extend by five hundred miles her right of way for building it. Some seven hundred miles had separated her from the Gulf, and only England—now her ally—barred her path for the remaining two hundred miles. The railroad was designed to run from Erivan (Russia's Caucasian railhead before mentioned) through Tabriz, Teheran, Ispahan, Yezd, and Bender-Abbas to Chabar, a port on the Indian Ocean long sought by Russia. Once there, the Persian Gulf would no longer be a "British lake," as it had been boastfully termed.

The Czar had already exploited Persia. The devices of peaceful penetration previously alluded to, employed by an army of his disguised secret agents, had established a trade sphere there. With the Anglo-Russian entente came Russian troops, who practically dominated the country. The Persians, outraged and humiliated, did not readily acquiesce to the parcelling out of their soil. Disorders and punitive retaliations were frequent. Russia was distrusted, so much so that in 1910, when Persia sorely needed a loan, the Government refused one tendered by Russia and her partner, rather than consent to the conditions, which were deemed to be too political in motive.

But Russia contrived to have her way in the end. In 1911 she declined to tolerate the pro-Persian administration of the country's finances by an American, W. Morgan Shuster, whom the Shah's government had appointed Treasurer-General. Nevertheless, it needed an ultimatum, a movement of Russian troops, and a government overturn before Persia consented to his dismissal.

And now even Germany's opposition was disposed of. A meeting of the Czar and the Kaiser led to a convention, signed in 1911, by which Germany affirmed that she had no political interests in Persia and undertook not to extend her commercial interests in Russia's sphere of interest. By the same

instrument Russia gained the right to a railroad link via Persia with Germany's Bagdad project, whose completion she engaged not to oppose.

VIII

OTTOMAN PERTURBATION

Turkey looked on with ill-concealed dismay. The integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire were viewed as dependent on the integrity and independence of Persia. The Russian menace to Turkey, always great, was intensified by the Russian inroads on the domain of Turkey's neighbour. The Turko-Persian frontier was long and until recently not strongly fortified. Trade relations were close. Both Turkey and Persia were Moslem countries. Turkish publicists, mindful of self-preservation, were ardent in their exhortations to Persia to stand up against Russia's encroachments.

The Sublime Porte received a foretaste of them after the Second Balkan War, when Russia attempted to impose her will by demanding that Russians be appointed to administrative posts in Asiatic Turkey instead of the French, English, or German officers, whom the Sultan employed. The Turks not unjustly complained that Russia sought to put their Asiatic provinces on a par with Persia.

Turkey's entrance into the World War concentrated Russian designs upon her. Constantinople, rather than the emancipation of Serbia, became the Czar's object. His manifesto referred to that city as "Czargrad" (Czar's city) and expressed the hope that Turkey's action would "open for us a way to the solution of the historic problems connected with the Black Sea which we have inherited from our ancestors."

Russian publicists wove dreams that adumbrated wider accessions. Some looked for the control of the whole Turkish Empire, including Adrianople and Palestine, but excluding Arabia, which they generously deemed to lie outside the field of Russian interests. Others saw the need of annexing the eastern part of Asia Minor, including Cilicia and the Mediterranean port of Alexandretta, or proposed to create between the Caucasus and the Mediterranean an autonomous Armenian state under the protection of the Czar.

Whatever Russia's *post-bellum* position may be, her *ante-bellum* achievements rank her as an empire builder with an unrivalled record. Other nations had static frontiers; they scoured the outside world to extend their dominions. Russia's expansion was motivated by a centrifugal force which broke through and pushed back her frontiers. To use another figure of speech—Greater Russia, unlike Greater Britain, was swept within the borders of the mother country.

The map does not disclose her later accessions. When the World War came, Manchuria and Mongolia were still part of China, and Persia remained

Persia. But a half (more or less) of Manchuria, whose three provinces cover some 390,000 square miles, was Russianized. Mongolia's area has never been definitely ascertained, its administrative limits being too uncertain; but one estimate has placed its size at 1,076,292 square miles, and yet higher estimates have been made. Be the area what it may, one of Mongolia's two provinces became a Russian appanage, like half of the 635,000 square miles of Persia's territory.

Russification doubtless will not cease. But it will change. Henceforth, it will not be dictated and engineered by a calculating Petrograd bureaucracy, committed to a policy of marauding the domain of neighbours. In all likelihood, it will rather be a voluntary hegira, directed by individual enterprise, and developing into the easy relationships of an unrestricted frontier, like those that flourish on the fringes of the United States and Canada.

XI

THE GERMAN MOVE ON WARSAW VIA GALICIA IN 1915

By STANLEY WASHBURN
(Correspondent with the Russian Armies)

The Russian line in Galicia early in May ran in a general way along the banks of the Dunajec-Ropa-Biala rivers, extending roughly from the Vistula southerly to the spurs of the Carpathians, through which the army of Brusiloff based on Dukla was working its way satisfactorily through the famous Dukla Pass. To understand the situation of the Russians it must be realized that already the armies of the Czar were beginning to feel the pinch of a shortage in ammunition and in miscellaneous material of war. The reason for this lack of munitions, especially shells, was not due entirely to incompetence and corruption, though undoubtedly glaring defects in the Petrograd bureaucracy played their part, but rather to the fact that the Russians, as well as every other belligerent save Germany, had grossly underestimated the quantities of material that modern conditions would make necessary. The War Office no doubt planned their reserves in shells based on their Manchurian experiences, when this war has shown that nearly ten times the amounts have been used. This is probably due in large part to the fact that the new Russian field gun is a genuine quick-firer with a theoretical speed of more than twenty shots a minute. In the early stages of the war I knew of one battery that fired 525 rounds of ammunition per gun in a single day, and by spring the pinch was already being felt. Russia is not a highly industrial country, and even when she mobilized such assets as she had, she could not begin to feed her guns. Shut off from the short and convenient routes to the outside world, she found that even when material ordered could be shipped her, it must still be long and weary weeks before it could reach the firing line. So it was that early in May she faced the enemy lines in Galicia with the realization of this problem just dawning on those in authority. On the line from the Vistula to the Carpathians stood the famous Third Russian Army, commanded by the Bulgarian Radko Dimitrieff, who had won fame in the Balkan campaign as a military commander. In his front line and immediate reserve he had five army corps, or somewhere in the neighbourhood of 200,000 troops, for the corps were at that time fairly well filled up from earlier losses.

The lines running west of Tarnov and before Gorlica had been approximately stationary for several months, during which time the enemy had been practising with their artillery at least twice a day, with the result that on this

entire front the batteries had the range within a few feet of practically every conspicuous object in the landscape which was within their line of vision, while every turn and twist of the Russian trenches had been verified and mapped by the enemy aëroplanes, and ranges ascertained almost to the inch. Along toward the end of April the Russian flyers became aware of the concentration of troops and material in the theatre of operations west of Tarnov. Many people have asked me why the Russians did not meet it on the same scale. The answer is simple. Though the Russians had millions of men and even plenty in uniform and under training, they did not have the rifles to put in their hands nor the guns and shells which should give them support. In addition the Russian railroad systems were in no way comparable, strategically, to those of the Germans and Austrians, and they could not fling masses of troops about from one quarter of the empire to another as the Germans have been able to do. Besides this, the Russian front, extending from the Baltic to the Bukowina, had already absorbed the greater part of the Russian effectives and they could not easily increase their strength on the Dunajec without robbing the even more important Warsaw or Courland fronts, on both of which the enemy were not entirely inactive. What happened on the Dunajec line was the first of the great German artillery drives. I cannot, of course, verify the statements as to numbers of the enemy, but I give here the figures as estimated by the Russians. In addition to a number of Austrian corps already on the Galician line, the Germans sent at least six new corps for the first blow, while some place the number as high as ten. The sector chosen for attack was that lying from Tarnov toward Gorlica. The Russian observers quickly detected during the last days of April the till then unheard-of concentration of guns which they estimated to be 2,000 in number on a front of forty miles. These guns were said to be grouped in tiers, one battery behind another, the heaviest being in the rear. The sizes ranged all the way from the regular field artillery up to the heavy Austrian siege guns. It was claimed by the Russians that in this host of guns there were 200 of eight inches or better. Probably the largest were the Austrian 12-inch Skoda howitzers. There was little that the Russians could do to guard against this impending avalanche save to wait patiently for the storm to break and do their best to outlive the fury of shell and machine-gun fire with the hope that they could then repel the infantry attacks which were sure to follow. The storm broke on a front of forty miles which was held by three corps, the more particular designation of which does not help this story. In two hours the enemy batteries fired, according to the Russian estimates, 700,000 shells ranging from the field shrapnel up to the 12-inch high explosives. The Russians were not routed, as the Germans asserted, at all. They simply remained and died. The few that tried to retire on supporting lines were caught in the open, where every object on the landscape had been ranged on exactly, long before, and

thousands more were literally swept away. The first line of the Russian defence was so torn and swept by shell fire that observers say that it could not have been recognized as ever having been a line of defence at all. But in spite of the fury of the first two hours, the Russians did not then abandon their lines. We are told that it took between three and four million shells finally to weaken them so that the infantry could attack. I have no figures obtainable to indicate what portion of the losses were killed, what portion wounded, or what part strayed and were taken prisoners. I do know this, however, that when the fragments of the three centre corps, which had numbered 120,000 at the beginning, were finally pulled together on the San, 100 miles or so in the rear, two weeks later, the total strength that rallied around the colours did not exceed 12,000.

The result of this terrible fusillade, in plain language, was to leave a gap in the Russian line forty miles across, and through this the Germans and Austrians poured like a leak in the dike. Hurriedly rushed-up reserves taken from where they could be spared fought a rear-guard action of sorts, destroying railroads and bridges, so that the German advance was slowed down to not more than three or four miles a day.

The flanking corps to the north and south of the gap fell back fighting steadfastly against the terrific odds, but as far as I know were not broken. The capture of Gorlica and the advance on Dukla threatened the line of communications of the Eighth Army that was well over the summit of the Carpathians. The Germans, no doubt, figured on bagging this entire army, which indeed they might have done but for the skill and brilliancy with which Brusiloff pulled his men out of the passes. In spite of all haste one division was cut off as it came out, though it succeeded in cutting its way through the enemy and rejoining the main body now falling back on Przemysl. In the meantime the Russians were furiously preparing for a stand on the San, and to gain time threw against the advancing German hosts several corps, among which was the famous Third Caucasian, which not only stopped the advance for several days but actually advanced ten miles into the German centre before it was brought to a standstill. The other armies had been extending their flanks as they fell back, and by the time the enemy reached the San they found the forty-mile gap closed up and much to their surprise, no doubt, saw they were again confronting a solid Russian line, already fairly well dug in on the San line of defence. This ended the first phase of the Galician drive. To one who knows the true situation the wonder is, not that the Germans advanced, but that they did not annihilate the Russian army in Galicia. But their chance had gone, and though they had recaptured for Austria a large area and had killed and bagged a large number of Russians, the big game had slipped through their fingers and the primary object of the blow, *i.e.* the destruction of the Russian army, had failed.

XII
THE RUSSIAN READJUSTMENT IN GALICIA

By STANLEY WASHBURN
(Correspondent with the Russian Armies)

In the modern warfare, with its huge extended fronts, there develops in every theatre of operations what might be called the keystone of the strategy therein. The breaking of a certain line on a large scale results in the pulling out of the keystone of the arch and consequent chaos along the whole line, though it may be that but a single army of many has been seriously crippled in itself. This is exactly what took place in Galicia. At the inception of the movement the three centre corps of the Third Russian Army were practically wiped out and the whole Galician line thrown into oscillation. The one sector being broken and the one army being thrown back necessitated changes in the whole front, even from Warsaw to the Bukowina. The army of General Ewerts (the Fourth), which had been standing defiantly for months just north of the Vistula on the Nida River, found with the retreat of its southern neighbour that its flank was dangerously uncovered. It was obvious instantly that for the salvation of the whole line the corps of Ewerts (then four in number) must commence a retirement which would always keep the flanking corps in touch with the nearest corps of the army to its left. So immediately after the Galician drive Ewerts began to fall regretfully back in what one might call a sympathetic movement. As I was in this army several times during this movement I can speak with some degree of accuracy of what the Germans advertised as a rout. I have been in all of Ewerts's Fourth Army Corps, except one, and have talked with officers and men from all of these units. There was not one but insisted that this army not only was not compelled by any local situation to retreat, but that had it been operating without any connection with the line as a whole, it could actually have advanced. It is too late in the war to go in for a detailed discussion of the tactics of Ewerts's retreat, which is stale history now. Suffice it to say, however, that while the Fourth Army was changing its front to a more easterly position, two of its corps alone accounted for more than 25,000 German and Austrian casualties and prisoners, with a loss to themselves of less than half that amount. The Germans who rushed on with the idea that the road to Moscow lay open before them kept running into the rear guards of Ewerts, who were literally being dragged back by a leash due to orders of the Great

General Staff, and at every contact the Russians, regardless of orders, broke loose and landed blow after blow on the Germans and Austrians, first in one place and then in another. So much, then, may be said for the "rout" of Ewerts. The Third Army, standing on the ill-fated line of the Dunajec, was, as I have described, practically wiped out, and its disaster was responsible for the whole retreat. The next army was the Eighth, commanded by the dashing cavalry officer, Brusiloff, who never until this time had been obliged to retire. This army was caught half way through the passes of the Carpathians, and in the disaster of its northern neighbour its right flank was exposed and badly crumbled, but, by extending its front to the north and pulling together at Przemysl, it was able to check the momentum of the onrushing Germans on the San. We are invited to believe by the Central Powers that the San battle was a pitched one and that both it and the ones that followed on the old Grodek line and around Lemberg were great victories. The facts of the case are, and I speak with the authority of the highest command in Galicia, that from the first day's fighting on the San it was decided by the Russians practically to give up Galicia for the moment. The Germans and Austrians were receiving reinforcements hourly, and a definite stand at any point meant a combat under conditions favourable to the Germans, and an invitation to them to deliver a crushing blow. The want of ammunition had already become acute, and I know of certain Russian batteries on the San at this time that had not more than a score of rounds of ammunition to the gun. Przemysl was not in a state of defence, as repairs on the works destroyed by the Austrians before the surrender to the Russians in March had not yet been completed. Holding Przemysl, then, was like trying to hold a ruin, and when the Germans began to bring up their heavy guns, the holding of the fortress was not even considered by the Russian higher command. Reinforcements were not available to the Muscovites on an important scale, while the whole railroad system of Germany was working overtime that the Galician blow might not falter. One in Germany at this time stated that for days on end the railroad lines of eastern Germany were flooded with troops moving eastward and wounded coming back from Galicia. This witness stated that for the three consecutive days in which he had opportunity to make observations, there was a doubleheaded train passing eastward every fifteen minutes loaded to the roof with troops and munitions. The Russian information brought the same news. It was quite obvious, then, that it was the Russian policy to withdraw, fighting a rear-guard action, and inflicting the biggest loss that they could without risking their army to a crushing defeat. From the San until the present writing the Galician armies have never been seriously endangered. The Dunajec drive, as I have shown, was the result of the enormous concentration of artillery and months of practice preceding it, which had secured the accurate ranges. Neither on the San nor at any other point

did the Germans have the opportunity to bring up any such mass of guns. As soon as their concentrations, looking toward a repetition of the early May movement, began to gather head, the Russians retired. It was evident that the balance would come sooner or later, when the lengthened German lines and the shortened Russian communications would adjust the scales and bring the whole line to a standstill once more. Thus it was that the Russians held Przemysl and the San line for a while and took a large toll of casualties from the enemy, and just as they were in a position to be rushed, fell back only to make a second stand on the so-called Grodek line, the scene of the Austrian defeat of the preceding September campaign. When the Germans had massed their formations and artillery for a crushing blow on this line, the Russians fell back on Lemberg, and after repeating their tactics before the Galician capital, again retired to the so-called Krasne line, where they remained for several months, having safely eluded the momentum of the main German blow. In the meantime there had been two other armies to the east engaged in this movement. The neighbour of Brusiloff was the Eleventh Army, which retired from its advanced Carpathian position, from which it was threatening the Hungarian plain, to the Dneister River, then to the Gnila Lipa position, and later to the Zlota Lipa and a little farther east to what is approximately its position to-day.* This army was widely advertised as a ruined and routed organization. The commander told me himself that in the six weeks of his retreat his army had taken more than 56,000 prisoners, not to speak of the losses he inflicted in killed and wounded. That he lost heavily in stragglers and casualties of his own is probably true, but the loss he inflicted was without doubt greater than his own. His neighbour army to the eastward was the Ninth. I spent a week in this army during the last days of the retreat and was at the positions in many places. Every man I talked with denied that this force had been defeated locally, and without exception every officer I talked with stated emphatically that it could advance any day against its own enemy but for the orders of the higher command. This forced it to retreat to keep in touch with the Eleventh, which (as I have shown) came back to be in touch with the Eighth, whose flank in turn had been exposed by the destruction of the Third Army, the keystone of the whole line. I am inclined to take the statements made me in the Ninth Army, because the records show that it was actually advancing daily in the Bukowina theatre of operations for eight or ten days after the Germans were driving through in Western Galicia. The news of the first week in January, 1916, from the Russian front shows the capacity of this army, which has been bearing the brunt of the fighting on the recent Russian offensive, and indicates that the assertions made to me in July were not ill-founded; for the moment the higher command unleashed this army it at once poured back into the very theatre of

* March 1, 1916.

operations from which it had retired in the summer. In regard to the assertions of the number of prisoners taken I must admit that these were obtained from Russian sources which naturally never minimize their own prowess. I am inclined to accept it at par, however, due to the fact that I personally saw over 6,000 prisoners taken in three days during the retreat toward Tarnopol in early July from the scene of the fighting around the Gnila and Zlota Lipa, both of which, by the way, were heralded in the German press as great Austro-German victories.

XIII

A BIG MAN OF RUSSIA

A PERSONAL SKETCH OF HIM WHO WAS THE GRAND DUKE NIKOLAI

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

It was in 1915. Two officers of the Russian army sat with two women at a table in a café in Warsaw. They were eating, and drinking, and laughing, and making eyes at one another, all pleasantly and harmlessly enough, for their food was the food of the country, and their making eyes was the custom of the country, and their merriment was the merriment of youth. But what they were drinking was wine.

An officer came into the café—an officer tall and thin, more than six feet by several inches, and very erect and military in appearance. He wore a long gray overcoat and wide gold shoulder straps, and at his neck there glittered a cross. His eyes were coldly blue. His pointed beard was streaked with white. He carried a riding crop in his hand and was booted and spurred.

The café was full of officers and, as he entered, every one of them rose quickly to his feet and stood rigidly at salute. The two young officers who were sitting with the women jumped up, too, and came to salute. The women sat, rather frightened, in their chairs.

The tall bearded officer with the glittering cross looked about the room keenly and quickly. He returned the salutes. Then he walked to the table where the two young officers were sitting with the women. He reached down and took one of the glasses, held it to his nose an instant, and then threw it to the floor, where it broke to fragments at the feet of one of the young men.

"*Vina!*" he said sternly.

The two officers, grown gray with fear, trembled as they stood before him. The tall man looked at them with infinite disgust. He reached out, tore off their shoulder straps and threw them on the floor. Then he turned and said a few words in harsh Russian. Some soldiers came forward and surrounded the young men. The tall man made a gesture that meant "Take them away," and the two officers were marched from the room. They were degraded. They were sent to the ranks to serve as private soldiers.

The tall man with the pointed beard streaked with white, the cold blue eyes, and the glittering cross, was the Grand Duke Nikolai, then commander-in-chief of the Russian army. By imperial ukase drinking had been prohibited in the Russian Empire, owing largely to the demand of the Grand

Duke on the Czar that drinking should be stopped, because of the need for a sober army in the struggle impending. These young men had broken the rule. They had disobeyed not only the ukase of the Czar but also the order of the Commander-in-chief. Moreover, they had done their drinking publicly. He found them. Instantly he deprived them of their rank and sent them to the trenches.

The inner history of the Russian campaign is full of instances like this and of instances where the punishment was far greater. Nikolai was at that time the hope of Russia. He was credited with being practically a dictator. He headed the army. He dominated the Czar and the Government. Intensely Russian in his patriotism, he is quite non-Russian in many of his tendencies. The leisurely *zahftra*—to-morrow—has no place in his vocabulary. He is quick, decisive, determined, imperative, stern.

In the ill-fated campaigns of 1915, which were followed by his removal from the supreme command, he demanded the last drop of blood, the last ounce of effort. He drove his soldiers to death without a thought save that of victory. He used men not as human beings but as implements of warfare. Why not? He had men in plenty, but the traitorous pro-German bureaucrats at Petrograd failed to supply him adequately with most of the other necessaries of war.

He is the highest type of a cultured Russian aristocrat—than whom there is no more agreeable man—and affable and hospitable; but in war and in discipline he is terrible.

This war has developed some great men and will, doubtless, develop others. There is Joffre, for example, but Joffre was at the head of the French army for several years before the war began. He was somewhat of a known quantity. So was Kitchener and so were some of the German generals. But this man, Nikolai Nikolaivitch, although always a soldier, was merely the military governor of the Petrograd district when the order came for mobilization. He is of the imperial family. His father was an uncle of Alexander III, the father of the Czar. He was born in 1856 and for some reason had no part in the Russo-Japanese War, although he served with his father in the Russo-Turkish War when a youth of twenty-one.

He was neither famous in his own country nor known much outside of it. Suddenly, in the emergency, he flared out on the military horizon. He was made commander-in-chief of the Russian army. Indeed, he practically took command himself. The war was not under way a month before his supreme military genius had asserted itself. Soon, despite his severity, his coldness, his iron discipline, his ferocity in the use of his men, he came to be worshipped by the rank and file of the army. For though stern and strict, he was also strong and honest and just. And instinctively the soldiers recognized this.

There has never been any nonsense about Nikolai Nikolaivitch—none of the dreamy frivolity that is the general characteristic of the Russian people. He is given neither to imagination nor to sentiment. He is a hard, practical, austere, exacting man, who hesitates at nothing to get results. He operates as he wills. In the old days the ministry and the Czar used to have their say. He would listen gravely and do as he pleased. He always scorned the bureaucrats and had a habit of pushing governmental advisers aside. The common soldiers regarded him as a sort of supernatural person, a demigod, far more than as a commander-in-chief. "The Czar is the Little Father. Yes, but this man, Nikolai Nikolaivitch, is almost the Great Father." When you understand that a Russian officer always calls his men "My children" you will appreciate the attitude to their commander of the millions of Russian soldiers whom he led to defeat and death in the summer of 1915. They knew he was not to blame, that he had been betrayed, and so—trusting him still—won victories with him a few weeks later in the Caucasus, whither he had been sent in disgrace, when Nicholas—the Very Little Father—grandiloquently assumed the supreme command of his armies.

His discipline at his headquarters and with his personal staff was as rigid and uncompromising as with his armies in the field. "You are here for war," he used to tell his officers, "not for amusement nor for relaxation." He never allowed them to play cards, even for small stakes. If time hung heavily on their hands, he would suggest that they study tactics or maps, or make reports, or occupy themselves usefully. There was none of the Russian luxury about his headquarters. The officers all lived simply and regularly. A man who was the guest of the Grand Duke for a day or so, came in with him one night after a long, weary day of inspection. The Grand Duke told his orderly to fetch a bottle of brandy.

"Hah," thought the visitor, "now I shall see some of this great drinking by the Russians that I have heard about all my life. Probably he will take this entire bottle of brandy at one sitting."

The orderly brought the brandy, the tall glasses, and the mineral water, and the visitor poured out a good-sized jigger for himself, for he was nearly done up. He watched the Grand Duke, thinking he would consume one of those gigantic drinks the novelists tell us that the Russians like. Instead, the Grand Duke took a teaspoon, carefully measured out one spoonful of brandy and poured it into his mineral water. Then he sent back the bottle to his private chest. That represented all of the drinking done in those headquarters that night.

Everybody knows now how he was hampered in his work for Russia. He lacked ammunition, because of the eternal procrastination of the bureaucrats in Petrograd. He lacked rifles for his soldiers. Sometimes he was obliged to send them out armed only with oaken cudgels. He lacked supplies. He

was forced to wait for endless hours for maintenance and munitions for his soldiers while government officials dickered and delayed and quibbled and grafted in Petrograd. He was handicapped by insufficient care for his wounded. He lost thousands by disease and by cold. He had inefficient generals. He was compelled to retire. He was whelmed by disaster, but never overwhelmed, although he knew that there were thousands on thousands of tons of essentials for his campaigns piled up in Archangel, in Petrograd, at Tornea—supplies that would have helped him win victories.

Despite sickening discouragement he fought on grimly, and held his men steadily to their bloody work. He held himself above the intrigue of Petrograd, above the sinister and conflicting influences of that partly German, partly Russian court, and tried to ignore them. Perhaps he was unwise to do so, yet we cannot but admire him for his attitude of high nobility, which despised all this meanness and treachery.

Ever since the war began there has been common talk in Russia, and especially in Petrograd, of the German influence in the court. She who was the Czarina is a German. Many of the camarilla, the unofficial government—the court retainers—were of German descent. In one of the embassies of the Powers I heard the story, which I had heard elsewhere, of the pathetic cry of the little Czarevitch:

"When the Germans win papa cries, and when the Russians win mamma cries."

Always, the embassies say, and the men who know the inner news of Petrograd say, the Czar was subjected to pressure for peace, for an arrangement with Germany. Always he was urged to depose the Grand Duke Nikolai. Once, a few months after the war started, these stories became so insistent, the information concerning the intrigues of the German influences within the court became so definite, that the Grand Duke left his headquarters and came to the palace where the Czar was staying.

"I hear constant talk of peace," he said. "I hear story after story that the pro-German influences at this court are having their effect on you. I want to know if these reports are true?"

We may imagine that the Czar was at a loss for a reply. And the Grand Duke continued:—"There will be no peace until Russia and her allies have won this war. If there should be any move for peace in this court, if there should be any negotiations for peace without the full assent and coöperation of our allies, there will be another czar. You are the head of the Government but I am the head of the army, and the army will follow me wherever I choose to lead it."

That settled the matter for the time being. Neither could anticipate the catastrophe that was later to overwhelm all parties in Russia.

Another story has been told illustrative of the Grand Duke's relations

with the Czar. There was a time when the Czar, who made frequent visits to the front and to the General Headquarters, decided he would replace certain generals with others of his own choosing. He brought a trainload of these favoured warriors and of others in his suite down to headquarters. The Grand Duke was waiting, and greeted the Czar as the latter stepped off the train. He took the Czar by the arm and walked with him along the platform. They talked of the war and of the army and of the campaign then progressing.

And while they walked, some of the soldiers locked all the doors in the train and other soldiers hitched on a new engine. The word was given, and the train pulled out with every general and every retainer locked in it. It went back to Petrograd.

"The train has gone!" exclaimed the Czar.

"Yes," said the Grand Duke, "but another for Your Majesty's use will be provided."

"But those who came with me?" persisted the Czar.

"They have returned with the train to Petrograd," answered the Grand Duke. "They were not needed here. Come, let me take you to my quarters, where we can talk quietly." The Czar took the more than hint.

In Russia, as in the other countries at war, among the women there has been a great emotional desire to be of service. Thousands of them volunteered for nursing and thousands of them of high and low degree have given their services, have done the work of caring for the wounded and have done everything else, down to the commonest drudgery, because they wanted to be of help to the country. The patriotism and the self-sacrifice and the patient, uncomplaining toil of the women in Russia, as in the other war-stricken countries, have been, and are, among the sublimely heroic features of these years of misery and death.

But in Russia, as in other countries, there were many women who, not appreciating the character of the services required, and merely from a shallow emotionalism, volunteered as nurses, more for the purpose of wearing the uniform and talking of what they were doing than because they sincerely wanted to help. They volunteered without knowing what they were expected to do, without any knowledge of nursing save that the Russian nurse's headdress is becoming to almost any type of beauty.

A bevy of these women offered their services to the Grand Duke. He needed nurses, and he needed many nurses, but he wanted *nurses*, not society women who thought it would be interesting and romantic to hold the hand of a suffering soldier but had no idea of scrubbing floors or of sanitation or of all the hundreds of things nurses, and especially a war nurse, must know. So the Grand Duke told one detachment of them to come to a certain place where he would meet them and assign them to their duties.

They came, a fluttering lot of amateur ministering angels, and presented themselves as directed. The Grand Duke looked them over. There were about a hundred in the lot. He lined them up and made a speech to them.

"Ladies," he said, "I appreciate, and so do my soldiers, and so does our country, the patriotic and heroic impulse that has caused you to offer yourselves as nurses. We need nurses. This war is very terrible and there is much suffering to be alleviated. I shall be glad of your services."

The ladies all fluttered and were so glad and so interested and so anxious to go right into the hospital and make things easier for the poor, dear soldiers.

"But," continued the Grand Duke, "in nursing, as in every other line of service, there are several divisions of labor. For example, we have officers to nurse and we have private soldiers to nurse. Now, of course, you ladies will have a preference. So I shall allow you to make your choice. All those of you who would prefer to nurse officers will please step over to this side, and those of you who are willing to nurse the private soldier will please step over to this side. I leave the choice to you. Of course it will be pleasanter, perhaps, to nurse the officers than the common soldiers but the common soldiers must be nursed too, you understand. Those who prefer to nurse officers on this side, if you please, and those on *this* side who are willing to go into the wards where the private soldiers are placed."

The ladies divided themselves. All but about twenty of them thought that it would be much nicer and more interesting to serve their country by nursing handsome officers rather than peasants who were privates. But twenty said that they were willing to nurse the private soldiers, the peasants who had been wounded.

Whereupon the Grand Duke bundled back to Petrograd the ladies who wanted to nurse officers, and kept the twenty who really had a sincere desire to do something more for their country than wear a becoming headdress and sit about the cafés in it. That is a sample of the way the Grand Duke does things.

Early in the war, when the Germans were first pressing on to Warsaw, it seemed as if they might then gain a decisive victory there. At any rate there was considerable apprehension among the Russian officers as to the result. It was thought that Warsaw could not be defended successfully. That is, there was a certain number of responsible officers who held this view, and the idea of abandoning Warsaw was seriously discussed by them.

The question grew to be one of such grave importance that the Grand Duke called a council of war one day for the purpose of going over the situation. He invited many officers to this council. When they had assembled he asked for views on the situation. Though he did not say so he gave the impression that he himself was not so sure that it would not be good strategy to abandon Warsaw and move back. He said nothing directly, but, as it is

told in Russia, he gave that impression by his attitude and perhaps from a remark now and then. He invited the fullest and freest discussion. He even went so far as to say some things himself to encourage free speaking.

Emboldened by this apparent indecision of the Grand Duke the officers who wanted to fall back went the limit. Moreover, to the great surprise of many of those present, two or three generals who were known to be very close to the Grand Duke himself advanced views that were favourable to retirement. Some of these generals said things that, if the Germans had heard them, might have had a tendency to hurry the Germans along toward Warsaw. The discussion continued for a long time. Then the Grand Duke reserved decision.

After the council had adjourned, the Grand Duke, who had previously instructed some of the generals whom he could trust to say what they did say, called together the men who were for sticking to Warsaw and told them that there wasn't the remotest chance that he would move out of Warsaw or take any steps to abandon it. He said he had merely called the council to hear what he might hear and see what he might see. He told the assembled fighters to be ready to repulse a German attack that he was sure would come after some things that had been said at that meeting, and he gave orders that meant nothing but the holding of Warsaw and the determined assault on any Germans who might be coming that way.

It wasn't long after that meeting that the Germans began a very formidable movement toward Warsaw. In fact, it was only as long as might be necessary for a report of the speeches at that meeting and a report of the proposals made and of the information there presented to get back to the Germans, and so enable them to organize their forward movement. Nor was it very long before quite a number of Russian officers, mostly those who had proposed that Warsaw should be abandoned, disappeared from the active lists of the army. There are various conjectures as to what happened to them. One conjecture is as good as another, but the Grand Duke is a very stern and a very ruthless man.

Anecdotes are legion of him whom it is still most convenient to call the Grand Duke. Let us narrate one more incident which occurred in the summer of 1916, during one of the innumerable German diplomatic campaigns for a separate peace with Russia. To defeat it the Grand Duke journeyed to Petrograd, where one day the notorious monkish charlatan, Rasputin, called upon him.

"Your Excellency," he said, "last night St. George appeared to me and importuned me to deliver a message to you."

"Exactly," replied the Grand Duke, "he appeared to me, too, and told me the message."

Rasputin was much put out by this unexpected answer, but yet concluded to go ahead.

"He said that the only way to save Russia was by a separate peace."

"That was not the message he gave me," said the Grand Duke, reaching for his riding whip. "St. George said I was to kill you if I wanted to save Russia. However, I shall leave that to others and compromise by thrashing you,"—and he did so most thoroughly. . . .

Six months later the body of this intriguing favourite of the superstitious Czar was found floating in the Neva. But he had accomplished so much evil in these six months, that one must blame the Grand Duke for not having carried out the Saint's orders to the letter.

Before closing this comment on Nikolai Nikolaivitch, let me quote what Marshal Joffre said about him while the disastrous campaigns of 1915 were in progress, and before his later success in the Caucasus:

"The sanity of his strategical conceptions and the bravery and heroism of his troops have secured for Russian arms the prestige they lost in the unfortunate Russo-Japanese war. He has had to fight with an army that had not finished its remodelling when the war broke out, and that had all the disadvantage of a poor railway system; and, on the whole, he has fought well and rendered the Allies incomparable service. At the critical time of the German advance on Paris he risked a small army in East Prussia in order to deflect some of the German masses, and by such unselfishness contributed his share to the salvation of Paris."

Practically nothing is known of the present status of the Grand Duke's affairs. We have been told that the Czar, previous to his own abdication, reinstated him in the supreme command of the army. There are reports, which we may well believe, that he urged the troops to shun a separate peace and to fight on; that the provisional government decided that no Romanoff should command the army; and that he has stated that a return to the conditions of the old régime is impossible.

A plot to make him czar was discovered through the arrest of the Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna. He may or may not have been privy to this.

Many who know most of Russian affairs have stated that he alone of all Russians—had he been given the opportunity—could have held the army together during the recent succession of crises.

It has even been suggested that he be called from retirement and tendered a position upon our own General Staff.

There have been reports of his arrest, and these reports have been denied. It has been stated that he has placed himself at the head of the Cossacks and is committed to an attempt to re-establish the monarchy.

At this writing we cannot know the true state of his affairs. But this we can be sure of: if the Big Man of Russia still has life and liberty, he is doing whatever he believes to be best calculated to redeem his country from the ruin which has come upon her.

XIV

VON HINDENBURG, GENERAL AND MAN

By WILLIAM C. DREHER

I

On the night of August 29, 1914, a German writer strolled into the office of a newspaper of Hamburg to learn the news from the front. The day's bulletin of the General Staff had just arrived, with the following passage:

"Our troops in Prussia under the command of Colonel-General von Hindenburg have defeated, after three days' fighting in the region of Gilgenburg and Ortelsburg, the Russian Narew Army, consisting of five army corps and three cavalry divisions, and are now pursuing it across the frontier."

The editor tousles his hair upon reading this, reaches for the army list to see who Hindenburg is, finds that he has been a commanding-general, but is now retired and living at Hanover. Then he addresses his visitor: "Tell me, how does this man from Hanover come to be in command of the Eastern Army? What has happened? Hangs his silk hat on a peg, seizes the baton of a commanding-general, and beats the Russians in a trice.—Now tell me, to whom shall I telegraph to find out something about this man?"

The incident is typical, for it was no more true of Byron himself than of Hindenburg that he awoke one morning and found himself famous. He was known very favourably indeed in the higher army circles, and civilians in towns where he had held appointments remembered him as an agreeable gentleman with a high reputation for military capacity. But the great masses of the people, like that Hamburg editor, were asking: Who is Hindenburg? The writer's own experience illustrates the suddenness with which the name broke upon the German people: although he had lived for more than twenty years in Germany and had been a diligent reader of the newspapers during all that time, he was not able to recall, when he read the war bulletin of August 29, that he had ever heard of Hindenburg.

And how did "this man from Hanover" come to be in command? He himself gives this answer:

"A few weeks ago I was living on my pension at Hanover. Of course, I had tendered my services immediately after the war broke out; but since then I had heard nothing. The uncertainty of waiting seemed endless, and after a few weeks I had given up all hope of being reinstated in the army. Then suddenly came a despatch informing me that His Majesty had given me the command of the Eastern Army. I had time only to get together the

most necessary articles of clothing and have my old uniform put in condition for service."

Late that night—it was August 22—an extra train came through with his chief of staff and bore him to the east. He arrived at the front on the following afternoon. As he knew the military features of the East Prussian country thoroughly, he was not long in fixing his plan of battle. Only three days later the battle of Tannenberg began. (So the Germans call it, not because the village of that name figured in any marked way in the fighting, but for the sentimental reason that it was the scene of another battle of Tannenberg five hundred years ago, in which the old Teutonic Knights were crushingly defeated by the Poles.)

During the next few days after the publication of that bulletin the victory took on unheard-of proportions. Never had so many prisoners been taken in an open battle. It eclipsed Sedan in that respect, and the battle-ground was fourfold greater than that one. According to the first reports the prisoners numbered 30,000, but the number rose steadily for several days and finally exceeded 90,000. The victory was so immense that the German official reports were received with incredulity abroad. The editor of a New York newspaper treated them as examples of "German romancing"; and when a few days later Hindenburg defeated and drove across the frontier another great Russian army, taking 30,000 prisoners, that editor regarded the report of this battle as merely a correction of the previous reports, as an admission that the figures of prisoners taken had been padded. "First it was 30,000, then 60,000, later it jumped to 90,000, only to be finally put back to 30,000."

But Hindenburg continued to strain the faith of foreign editors. In the series of battles fought during the Polish campaign he captured 130,000, and in the so-called "Winter's battle"—the name given to the nine days' fighting in February in East Prussia and across the Russian frontier—he eclipsed his own achievement at Tannenberg by taking 104,000 prisoners. Within a half year after he assumed command of the Eastern Army he had taken about 500,000 prisoners, and the killed and wounded certainly exceeded that number. Hindenburg is quoted as saying that in the battle of Tannenberg alone at least 80,000 Russians were killed or drowned in the Masurian lakes and marshes.

This is a record of losses without parallel in the annals of warfare. In any previous war they would have meant irreparable defeat for the country that suffered them, a complete breakdown of its military position. That they have not meant this in the present case must be attributed to the unparalleled numbers that Russia has brought into the field, to the vastness of the theatre of war, and to the difficulties of moving troops in midwinter. But the results as they stand are certainly great enough to insure Hindenburg a permanent

place among the world's great military commanders. It is therefore only natural that foreign countries have taken up the question raised in Germany last August: Who is Hindenburg? The writer has been asked to give an answer to that question.

II

The field-marshal's full name is Paul Ludwig Hans Anton von Beneckendorff und von Hindenburg. He is thus twice a nobleman—and thereby hangs a tale. The Beneckendorffs, while belonging to the lower aristocracy, are among the most ancient of Prussian families, the name occurring for the first time in documentary form more than six hundred years ago. The field-marshal really holds a better title to it than to that of Von Hindenburg, which is of much more recent origin. He came by the second name in this way: his great-grandfather, a Von Beneckendorff, received in 1789 the legal right to add it to his own name, in order to comply with the wish of a great-uncle. This latter was a Von Hindenburg, the last of the name, who, in bequeathing his landed estates to his young kinsman, asked that he add the Hindenburg name to his own. In the lapse of time the Hindenburg half has become much more prominent than the older Beneckendorff half. The field-marshal now signs himself simply Von Hindenburg—probably an expression of his love of simplicity, his dislike of high-sounding pretensions.

And Hindenburg is also a soldier pure and simple. He has devoted his whole life to the military profession, and he loves and believes in it with all his heart. He comes too of a family of soldiers and grew up in a distinctly military atmosphere. His father had thirty years of service to his credit as an officer when he retired; and many others of his line were officers. His mother was the daughter of an army surgeon. Even his first nurse had held a sutler's post in the army, and it was her habit to cut short his infant wailings with the stern command, "Silence in the company!" And the little boy had a military bent from the start. The field-marshal has recently narrated that he still remembers how, when he was four years old, an aged gardener on the family estate, who had been a drummer boy under Frederick the Great and had taken part in Napoleon's disastrous retreat from Russia, used to delight him with his tales of war. Somewhat later the child was ever appealing to his grandmother to "tell me something about the war"—referring to the Napoleonic wars; and it was his habit, after having been stowed away for the night, to creep to the foot of the bed in order to hear better what his father was reading aloud to his mother. In those days too it was his joy to trot along by the side of his father's company while the men were drilling, drinking delight of battle by anticipation.

After a few years in a private school at Glogau, where the family was then living, he was sent away to a cadet school, as the lowest military schools

are called in Germany. This was located at Wahlstatt in Silesia, where Blücher had his headquarters during the battle of the Katzbach—for all Germans one of the most cherished memories of the struggle against Napoleon. Hindenburg has recently recalled the fact that his windows at the school looked out over this field of battle. From those years at Wahlstatt we have another fact curiously illustrating the military leanings of the boy's mind. Writing to his parents, he sketches the following plan for decorating a shelf in his wardrobe: "At the rear a big Prussian eagle on the wall; in the centre, on an elevation, 'Old Fritz' and his generals; at the foot of the elevation a number of Black Hussars; in front a chain with cannon posted behind it, more in the foreground two watchman's booths, with two grenadiers of the time of Frederick the Great." But close upon the description of this military shrine he sets down among his Christmas wishes a name that shows his kinship in spirit with American boys — Cooper's "Pathfinder."

A few years later we find him trying to prevail upon a younger brother to adopt the soldier's career, "which would make us all very happy." When the Danish War broke out in 1864, he was a pupil at the chief Cadet House in Berlin, but not yet quite old enough to go into the war. It was with an evident feeling of envy that he reported to his parents the achievements of the older cadets, who had received commissions and had been sent to the front. His turn came two years later, with the outbreak of the war with Austria. Then eighteen and a half years old, he received a lieutenant's commission and at once joined the army. His mental state at that time is reflected in the following words written to his parents: "I rejoice in this bright-coloured future; for the soldier war is the normal state of things; and, moreover, I am in the hands of God. If I fall it is the most honourable and beautiful death." The ardent young fellow thought it was "high time that the Hindenburgs smelt powder again; unfortunately they have been singularly neglected in that respect."

And he got what he was thirsting for. After the battle of Königgrätz (Sadowa) he wrote to his parents thus: "I gratified my longings on the battlefield—smelt powder, heard whistling around me projectiles of all kinds—shells, shrapnel, canister, rifle-bullets; I was slightly wounded, thus becoming an interesting person; and I captured five cannon." He goes on to tell that a bullet penetrated the eagle of his helmet, grazing his head and leaving him prostrated on the ground, while his faithful men gathered around him, thinking him dead. That helmet still adorns the walls of the field-marshal's workroom, after having been preserved by his parents for years as a sacred relic, with an appropriate Bible verse attached to the eagle.

Hindenburg's next military experience was in the Franco-Prussian War. He took part in some of its bloodiest battles. In the fighting about Metz he was in the famous storming of St. Privat, where two German battalions

were reduced to one-fifth of their strength, and nearly three-fourths of the officers were killed. After this terrible affair he wrote thus to his parents: "God's mercy visibly shielded me. . . . I did not once dismount from my horse, and I only got a *mitrailleuse* bullet through the leg of my boot. . . . I do not myself understand how I could keep so cool throughout the whole action. I often looked at my watch and jotted down in my notebook at once all the phases of the fighting." He also fought at Sedan and was before Paris throughout the siege.

Two years later we find him at the War Academy in Berlin, where German officers are fitted for higher military careers. His going there, however, appears not to have been due to his own initiative; like many others who had enjoyed the active life of campaigning in France, he apparently had no great desire to return to books and a desk. His brother, who has written a brief sketch of the field-marshal's life, reports that he went under the persuasion of his parents, especially his mother. She had a deep influence upon his character, was ever spurring him on to the rigid performance of duty and holding up to him a high ideal of patriotism. His interest in his calling, however, had evidently not flagged, as is evident from a glimpse that we get of him as a student of the War Academy, supplied by General von Pochhammer, who was then professor of field fortifications there. At first, says Pochhammer, he was "driven almost to desperation" by the fact that Lieutenant von Hindenburg, occupying a front seat, would spread out a General Staff map on his desk and begin studying it as soon as the lecture failed to interest him,—a thing that was quite contrary to the regulations. He would draw circles and make liberal use of his pencil, evidently directing the movement of troops and measuring artillery effects. The professor thereupon resolves to win attention by improving his lectures, by discarding his notes, and speaking directly to the big lieutenant. Apparently he succeeded, for later, when a military problem was to be solved, he appointed Hindenburg to the imaginary post of staff officer to Oudinot. A quiet earnestness was regarded by the professor as the leading feature of Hindenburg's character as a student.

During the forty years that followed the Franco-Prussian War, Hindenburg was working out, quietly and with great diligence, his military education, rising from one post of responsibility to another in the army, and broadening his grasp of military problems. In 1881–83 we find him at Königsberg as staff officer to a division. At that time he began his military studies of the Masurian Lake region, and he drew the plans for army manœuvres in the very country where he had later to do battle with shot and shell. His appointments took him to widely separate parts of the Empire, and carried him through the most varied ranges of military work—gave him, in short, the best opportunities to prepare himself for the work that he is now doing. Besides being a staff officer in all the various capacities, he rose through all the

various grades of troop commander, and finally reached the rank of commanding general in 1903—the summit of a German general's hopes in times of peace. In 1911, being then sixty-four years old but still in full strength and vigour, he resigned, because, as his brother assures us, "he had always believed that a commanding general should lay down his commission in good time, so as to make room for the younger men."

Not the least important of Hindenburg's appointments remains to be mentioned. In 1886 he was assigned to a post in the General Staff and was at the same time a professor in the War Academy. Here he lectured for some seven years on applied tactics. During the latter part of this time he was also chief of the infantry department in the Prussian Ministry of War. Thus his experience covered, not only the practical work of commanding troops, but also the training of the younger officers, the administering of the affairs of the army, and the working out of theoretical problems at the General Staff. It is a highly interesting fact—probably more than a mere coincidence—that in his lectures he gave much attention to the Masurian Lake region, where three of his greatest battles were fought. He worked out a theoretical battle in that country and made it the basis of lectures to his students. One of these officers has recently told us about that particular work. It included a cavalry attack, and upon one occasion the young officers were looking in vain on their maps to find feasible roads around the dangerous lakes for that attack. Thereupon Hindenburg spoke up: "I would ride with the whole bunch (the German is *Schlamm*, which is quite colloquial in this sense) right between the lakes; the devil himself would not look for us to come out from among those lakes."

General von Pochhammer gives a characteristic illustration of how Hindenburg took his duties as commanding general. It is the custom of the army officers to hold conferences on winter evenings to listen to a military paper by one of their number. According to Pochhammer these conferences usually seem rather perfunctory; at the conclusion of the paper "the commander thanks the speaker, and then they all go to the table." Not so under Hindenburg: "He appeared as often as possible, and as soon as the lieutenant had concluded he would ask first the captain, then the major, the colonel, and finally the generals of brigades and divisions to express their views; and he never failed to give his own opinion at the end." He also tells us that Hindenburg's criticisms of the army manœuvres—always given to the officers immediately after the conclusion of these exercises—were widely known and discussed in military circles.

Wherever we get a view of Hindenburg's inner life during his active military career it is that of a man absorbed in his profession, taking a serious view of his work, and ever occupied with the possible tasks that the future might bring. "When we had free evenings at the Hindenburg house"—so writes a

woman friend of the family, who saw much of Hindenburg when he commanded a regiment in a country town—"he would often sit pondering over maps spread out before him on a table, marking movements of troops, directing armies, fighting imaginary battles. . . . He often said it was the dream of his life to lead an army corps against an enemy." When his only son was an infant, the proud father once tossed him up and addressed him thus: "Boy, I am already rejoicing at the thought of seeing you with me around the bivouac fires in a war with Russia." Later on, it was his habit to keep this boy's mind occupied with military thoughts, to accustom him to military language. In taking walks across country with his three children he would keep the boy playing at soldier, addressing him as "Herr Leutnant," and ordering him to carry out evolutions with imaginary troops. His sister reports other walks on the old family estate at an earlier period, when the ardent young officer was there on furlough; he would at times halt the family party on the ridge of some eminence and unfold his plans for a battle there.

III

When Hindenburg was sent to East Prussia in August his mission was to defend it from two invading armies. It cannot be said that he adopted any novel principles in discharging his difficult task. He followed the well-established rule of German strategists that attack is the best defence. He knew that he was opposing an enemy who has traditionally shown a preference for defensive fighting, and that he could trust the Russian generals to take no bold aggressive steps. When Hindenburg arrived in East Prussia on August 23, two Russian armies had crossed the frontier, moving in the direction of Königsberg, evidently intending to effect a junction there and capture this stronghold. The Wilna army had crossed the frontier in the region of Eydtkuhnen, which lies on the main line of railway from Berlin to Petrograd; it had little difficulty, as it advanced westward, in shoving the small German *Landsturm* troops along before it. But, arrived at a line some thirty miles east of Königsberg, General Rennenkampf, its commander, grew cautious, intrenched himself, and awaited developments. The Second or Narew army, under General Samsonoff, had advanced from the south by way of Mlawa and Soldau, and had occupied Allenstein; but he too grew apprehensive lest he were pushing ahead too vigorously, retired his lines somewhat toward the south, and had taken up positions among the western Masurian Lakes.

Hindenburg decided to attack this army at once by a double flanking movement. While there was nothing novel in this strategy, it was a daring venture against an enemy outnumbering the German forces, as Hindenburg himself has assured us, by three to one. Another striking display of boldness and the readiness to take big risks is seen in the fact that he

drew away most of the troops that had been holding Rennenkampf in check, and brought them by forced marches to take part in the fighting. This left Rennenkampf in striking distance of the German columns moving to the east of Allenstein to turn Samsonoff's right wing, hold the northerly defiles between the lakes, and thus prevent him from saving himself by effecting a junction with Rennenkampf. Thus the German main attack from the south was able to crush in the Russian lines among the lakes, making it impossible for Samsonoff to deploy his troops effectively. The columns making this movement were also exposed to the danger of attack from fresh Russian troops from across the frontier; and they had, in fact, to beat off such an attack before completing the destruction of Samsonoff's army.

As soon as it had been disposed of, and before the immense booty had been fully garnered, Hindenburg began at once to move upon Rennenkampf, following the best German strategy of unrelentingly pushing an advantage once gained. As it was not possible in this case to repeat an enveloping movement, Hindenburg directed a part of his forces against the Russian left and attacked it vigorously. The main blow, however, was to be dealt elsewhere, and this direct attack was only designed to veil it. While the fighting was in progress another large force was swinging completely around the southern end of the lakes for the purpose of gaining access to the Russian rear to the east of Angerburg. The ruse was successful, but Rennenkampf soon saw his danger, began a hurried retreat across the frontier, and succeeded in getting away with much less damage than Samsonoff had suffered. The flanking movement in this battle too was attended with grave risks, and the German forces making it had also to repel a strong counter-attack from a fresh Russian corps that moved up from the south.

It was not a part of Hindenburg's strategy to push far into Russia then and there; his forces were more needed elsewhere. The Austrians had proved unable to hold their ground against the overwhelmingly superior numbers that the Russians threw against them in Galicia. Lemberg had fallen, Przemysl was invested, and the Russians were steadily pushing westward against Cracow. It became necessary to inaugurate a counter-movement to relieve this pressure. Hindenburg therefore transported the greater part of his forces by rail to the southwestern corner of Silesia; and already by September 28 he had moved eastward into Russian Poland, supported by new Austrian forces that had been assembled at Cracow. His purpose was to cross the Vistula, cut the Russian lines of communication, and capture Warsaw. At the same time the Austrian armies in Galicia were to assume the offensive, drive the Russians before them, and try to effect a junction with Hindenburg. These large plans, however, were based upon an underestimate of the Russian strength. Just as Russia's mobilization was far advanced before the war began, whereas the German military authorities

had assumed that the invasion of East Prussia could not develop serious proportions till at least a month later than it actually did, so now the Teutonic leaders again failed to take an adequate measure of her enormous armies in the field. The Austrians recovered a part of Galicia and raised the siege of Przemysl, indeed, but with that their offensive was exhausted. They failed by far to join hands with Hindenburg, and he was left alone to make the attack upon Warsaw. Even so he almost succeeded in capturing the city; just when success seemed to be in sight, however, the Russians, who had assembled a strong army at Novo-Georgievsk farther down the river, crossed the stream and moved upon his left wing. He was finally opposed here by forces which, according to a semi-official German statement, outnumbered his own army nearly fourfold. At the same time the enemy had greatly strengthened his forces farther up stream in the vicinity of Ivangorod, had crossed the river, and was threatening Hindenburg's right, the Austrian and German troops left to guard the river front having proved inadequate to that task.

It now became necessary for Hindenburg to order his first retreat. But how far should he retire? In answering that question he was evidently influenced more by strategical considerations. Even at the moment when he decided to retire before the Russians he was already planning to take up the offensive at another point; and in order to make this new movement most effective it was necessary to entice the Russians far to the west. He decided to fall back almost to the frontier, believing that his enemy, misled by the flattering urgency of the English and French press for a grand movement against Berlin, would follow him as far as he chose to retreat. He did not err in that calculation, and while the Russians were slowly plodding across a country where Hindenburg had thoroughly destroyed all the railways and bridges, he was assembling an army on the Polish frontier to the south of the Vistula. Before they had fully taken up their new positions Hindenburg made an unexpected thrust into their right flank, defeating an army corps at Wloclawek, November 14, and two others at Kutno on the following day. This movement soon developed into a promising new offensive. Lodz and Lowicz were occupied after tremendous fighting; and the Russian armies that had toilsomely pursued Hindenburg across southern Poland were now compelled to withdraw far to the east. The Polish campaign, however, ended rather indecisively in the winter's deadlock along the line of the Bzura, Rawka, and Nida rivers.

But stationary fighting from trenches is not in accord with Hindenburg's military principles and predilections. When in the Ministry of War, he issued tactical instructions to troop commanders, which contained a warning against relying unduly upon field fortifications. At Tannenberg he had discarded the field-works in which he found the troops entrenched when he

took command, and the result justified his tactics. He now continued indeed to pound away at the Russian lines on the Bzura, as if still trying to force his way to Warsaw; but while doing so he was preparing another surprise—transporting his troops back into East Prussia, where the Russians had returned and had again taken up strong positions on a north-and-south line a little to the east of the Masurian Lakes. This movement was further veiled by reinforcing the Austrians in the Carpathian Mountains and starting a vigorous offensive action there. The season also favoured the surprise, for who would have expected Hindenburg to gather a great army in midwinter in the rigorous climate of East Prussia and offer battle under conditions like those that made Napoleon's retreat from Moscow one of the greatest military disasters of history?

The plan of this "Winter's battle" resembled that of Tannenberg in embracing a double flanking movement, but on a much larger scale. When the two flanking columns began to move—the one around the southern Masurian Lakes, the other from a point about twenty-five miles to the northeast of Insterburg—they were nearly one hundred miles apart; and they converged toward a junction some fifty miles behind the Russian centre. The success of this joint action depended upon swiftness of execution. Speed was very difficult, however, in the face of furious snowstorms and drifts that blocked the roads, with the temperature so low that the soldiers' hands would freeze to the metal parts of their rifles. Artillery and ammunition wagons had to be placed upon sled-runners; and deep ravines had to be crossed, where it was necessary to let the cannon down on one side and draw them up on the other with ropes. Under these frightful conditions the troops advanced and fought for nine days, often continuing their marches till late into the night. Success crowned their exertions; in respect to the number of prisoners taken the "Winter's battle" stands without a rival in history.

From the foregoing paragraphs the leading features of Hindenburg's strategy and tactics can be deduced. It is his aim to keep ever on the offensive. Grant himself did not strike the enemy with greater vehemence and persistence than Hindenburg; and, like Grant again, the German field-marshal has the habit of shifting the blow to another point once he becomes convinced that the obstacles in his immediate front are too great. But Hindenburg is favoured by railways as Grant was not. Never before have railways played so important a part; and Hindenburg has probably employed them more extensively and with better effect than any other commander. He is ever searching out the weakest spot in the enemy's lines; and the railways enable him effectively to follow Napoleon's strategy of massing superior forces at such points and bursting suddenly upon the unsuspecting enemy. In planning his battles he shows a marked preference for flanking movements, and both boldness and skill in carrying them out. He takes care not to be outflanked

while himself trying to reach around the enemy's wings. By an unrelenting pursuit he seeks to win the greatest possible advantage from his victories; he is not satisfied with merely defeating the enemy, but strives to crush him completely.

From what has already been said it is evident that Hindenburg makes enormous demands upon his troops. Probably no other general ever required from his men harder marching and fighting at critical junctures. It is related of one regiment at Tannenberg that it marched one hundred and twenty-two miles in five days, and then went immediately into the fighting line; and Hindenburg himself has said that some of his troops marched ninety miles in four days during the battle of the Masurian Lakes. But his soldiers have unlimited confidence in him and are willing to endure hardships for the sake of the victory that they always confidently expect. For he inspires them with the belief—as a group of them said after the battle of Tannenberg—that "one German is equal to five or six Russians." The feeling in the ranks was well hit off by a wounded soldier in the following words: "We had to march and march, and we cursed and thundered; but when we reached our goal and everything passed off all right, we thanked God and Hindenburg." This confidence, shared alike by officers and men, is based upon the knowledge that the field-marshal is himself one of the hardest workers among them. He is usually at work till beyond midnight, and when important actions are in progress he not infrequently stays up all night. He has learned during the war to snatch a few hours of sleep at irregular intervals during the day. His hardy constitution—he has never been sick for one day—enables him to do this without impairing his health.

IV

Thus far we have seen Hindenburg only as a military man. Is he anything more than that? Has he wider interests than those of the professional soldier? The impression in Germany itself is that he has made himself a great general by strictly confining his intellectual interests to his military profession. Even his brother admits a "one-sidedness which is his strength," though he assures us that the field-marshal takes a lively interest in all questions, including art; and that, in his early years, he made water-colours that gave promise of a successful career as an artist. Of books that have exerted an important influence upon his character we hear nothing in the various sketches of his life. On the walls of his little home at Hanover hang reproductions of the Sistine Madonna and an antique head of Juno, as foils to portraits of the old Emperor William, Frederick III as crown prince, Bismarck, Moltke, and the present Emperor. Other pictures—paintings, copperplate engravings, lithographs—give a flavour of olden times to the small

rooms. The furniture is also of antique patterns, and not a few heirlooms bespeak his love for his line.

This last remark suggests one striking feature of his character. Born of an old noble family that has given many of its members to the public service, military and civil, he takes a reasonable pride in his lineage, yet without arrogating to himself any selfish advantage from it. Throughout his military career it has been his rule to treat officers and men without consideration of birth or family. He always cultivated kindly relations with the civilian element of the towns in which he held appointments, showing himself to be no worshipper of the mere uniform, and to be free from caste spirit. His family love is a part of his religion, and we find both sentiments mingled at times. In the letter to his parents written after the battle of Königgrätz, already quoted, he expresses his feelings when going into his first action thus: "A brief prayer, a thought of the dear ones at home and the old name, and then forward." The old home, by the way, does not belong to him, but to a near relative; yet he is still deeply attached to it. His parents and others of his line are buried there. One of these, his brother, Otto—the same whom he advised to adopt the military profession—died some six years ago as a retired general. On the first day of the Battle of Tannenberg Hindenburg found time to have this brother's body exhumed owing to the nearness of the Russian frontier, and because "the grave might be desecrated."

And he is a deeply religious man. Not Cromwell or Stonewall Jackson himself was more firmly convinced of being an instrument in the hands of God than is Hindenburg; and the optimistic fatalism begotten of this—just as with those two commanders—must be reckoned as an important element in his military success. Quotations from his letters in previous paragraphs have shown the reader Hindenburg's simple and unaffected manner of expressing his religious sentiments. Such expressions are by no means rare in his letters and army orders; but he never tires us with them, never multiplies them till they begin to seem unreal. There is never a formal confession of faith—only a word, and then to other matters. His creed is of a more orthodox type than that which has become prevalent in Germany; and we do not hear that he has ever been visited by any of the doubts of this doubting generation. His religion, so far as we know it, is of the oldest, simplest kind. When great crowds gathered in an eastern town to give him an ovation after the battle of Tannenberg he merely halted his automobile, for a moment, arose, pointed upward, and said: "Thank Him up there"; and he rode rapidly away. In a general order issued after the battle of the Masurian Lakes this passage occurs: "Give God the glory. He will also continue to be with us." The religious note is equally clear in another general order of December 30. This latter may be quoted in full here in order to show, not only his religious tendencies, but his simple, matter-of-fact style

of addressing his soldiers under circumstances which would have given some other great generals occasion for much high-flown sentiment and vainglorious bluster. The order is as follows:

SOLDIERS OF THE EASTERN ARMY!

It is my heart's desire to express to you my warmest thanks and my fullest recognition of what you have accomplished before the enemy during the year now closing. What privations you have borne, what forced marches you have made, what you have achieved in protracted and difficult fighting, will ever be accounted as among the greatest deeds in the military annals of all times. The days of Tannenberg, the Masurian Lakes, Opakow, Ivangorod, Warsaw, Wloclawek, Kutno, Lodz, Lowicz, the Bzura, the Rawka, and the Pilica, can never be forgotten.

With thanks to God who gave us power to accomplish such things, and with a firm reliance upon his further help, let us begin the new year. In accordance with our oaths as soldiers we will continue to do our duty till our beloved Fatherland is assured of an honourable peace.

And now let us go forward in 1915, just as in 1914.

Long live His Majesty, our most gracious commander-in-chief! Hurrah!

Although Hindenburg has always kept strictly aloof from politics home and foreign, he has on several occasions expressed himself briefly in regard to the political aspects of the present war. He has asserted his abiding faith in the justice of Germany's cause, believing that she is fighting only because it was forced upon her by Russia; and he holds that Russia was abetted by England to the extent that the war would not have broken out but for England's promise to help Russia. He has also expressed his unshaken faith that Germany and her allies will win. He believes in particular that Russia will soon be eliminated as an aggressive factor in the general situation.

Simplicity and directness in all that he does, fidelity to duty, devotion, to monarch and country, respect for his fellow-men, love for profession and family, unflagging industry, great persistence in carrying out his plans — such are the leading outlines of his character. He inspires confidence from his subordinates by reason of his moral qualities, as well as his military ability; they know that he is a safe man, that, though ever ready to undertake daring deeds, he possesses a sane judgment of what is possible. He takes big risks and obtains corresponding results, but there is nothing flighty about the man. He is willing to assume responsibilities and has independence of judgment. He consults much with his subordinates, indeed, in order to get possession of the facts upon which to base his decisions; but the decisions themselves are always his own. And he is not likely to be influenced by personal or any other considerations than the objective requirements in the given case. He does not court popularity, and he does not like to be lionized. "It is a matter of indifference to me," he has recently said, "what kind of conception people form of me, if I can but be of some service to my king and country."

Professor Vogel, the portrait painter, who spent nearly two months at Hindenburg's headquarters making studies for a portrait, has given us a first-hand description of the field-marshal in his daily life, with interesting observations on his character. He says he had to rise every morning at 6 or 6:30 o'clock; that Hindenburg tolerates no loafers around him, and is himself incredibly busy. He was found to have a keen knowledge of men; he was cautious in his speech, but at the same time frank and open. He showed no harsh or coarse sides. "His whole being beams with calmness, goodness, light. He is worshipped by all his men; and this is due not only to the fact that he is the great Hindenburg who won phenomenal victories, but much rather to the fact that he is a good and amiable man. Although he is loaded down with work and responsibilities, I have never seen him impatient or nervous. He finds time for everything, appears promptly at meals, his private correspondence is quickly disposed of, he sits for his portrait, and he finds time to do an endless number of things."

Vogel observed that Hindenburg made few calls upon the many servants placed at his disposal at headquarters, that the meals were of almost puritanical simplicity, consisting nearly always of one meat course cooked along with vegetables, and ending with a cheap grade of cheese. There was hardly any variation to this at any time; even when princely personages were guests at headquarters the only usual exception was a glass of champagne. Hindenburg found time to give the painter a daily sitting for seven weeks. Another visitor at headquarters noted that the field-marshal's door was marked only by the word "Chief"—written with chalk.

In personal appearance Hindenburg satisfies the common ideal of what a great general should be. He is six feet tall, has a commanding figure, and carries himself with ease and dignity. He has a deep chest, and broad shoulders, and the neck is rather short and thick. The chin and lower jaws are massive, giving the face a squarish appearance. The mouth, with the corners of the lips drawn sharply down, expresses firmness; and this effect is heightened by the moustache, which is allowed to grow out on the cheek beyond the corners of the lips. The blue eyes are deep-set, frank, and penetrating, and have a tendency to close when talking or smiling. The forehead is fairly high and somewhat flat. It is still surmounted by a good shock of hair, which is nearly white and is kept close-cropped. Standing erect, it completes the expression of energy and strength borne by his countenance.

The field-marshal is a man of few words, but he impresses the listener with the conviction that what he says is well worth giving heed to. He seems to be thinking while he talks, and the deliberate flow of his words leaves the impression that his mind moves slowly. The voice is a deep, rich bass. Among his comrades he is regarded as a companionable man, but he seems to have kept more to his family, when off duty, than is commonly the case with

officers. He has never even learned to play cards; his sister found it impossible to teach him "sixty-six," the simplest of German card games. Avoiding cards, he has also never gambled, thus escaping the temptations that have proved the undoing of many a young German officer. We hear of no diversions except hunting, for which he has a great liking. The walls of his cottage at Hanover are decorated with the antlers of stags slain by his rifle.

When Hindenburg retired to that cottage only four years ago he thought that his career was ended, and he began to write his reminiscences. They were intended only for his children, as he did not think that his life would interest a wider public. The war rudely interrupted his work. Probably he will resume his writing after it is over. Then all the world will be eager to read Hindenburg's own narrative of the part he is now playing in the Great War.

XV

THREE GERMAN CHIEFTAINS

By H. J. ELLIOT

I

LUDENDORFF, THE NEW MOLTKE

When Von Hindenburg emerged from obscurity, after his victory at Tannenberg, and became supreme chieftain of all the German armies in the field, he brought into public notice, as his henchman and *alter ego*, an unknown officer of parts, one Major-General Erich Ludendorff.

Not long before the war Ludendorff was an inconsequential colonel, assigned to the dull task of working out routes of march for the army in case of hostilities. He belonged to the obscure, colourless world of a routine, followed amid the stagnation of small garrison towns. Von Moltke had remarked him; but it was Hindenburg who thrust him into the blaze of fame.

Ludendorff soon began to bulk large in the German imagination by reason of his appointment as the First Quartermaster-General. This was a new office with manifold ramifications, which he coupled with his activities as Von Hindenburg's Chief of Staff. In fact without any clash of cymbals he speedily became more successful than even his weighty superior, in gratifying the German hunger for a demigod.

Legend, unmellowed by time, clusters thickly about his sudden fame, and weaves fantasies out of his prosaic achievements. Hindenburg is great; but Ludendorff is greater. He is the Kitchener of Kultur, the new Moltke, and if the prophets be truly inspired who read his horoscope, he may become another Bismarck.

Ludendorff's star has shone with the greater effulgence for suddenly blazing out from the void, without any premonitory sparkle to arrest the world's gaze. But his emergence is easy to understand. The war rescued him as it did many another warrior from the tedium of an inconspicuous career of routine, and afforded him an unprecedented opportunity to display his unrecognized gifts.

What manner of man is this military genius whom Germany acclaimed as the brain of her war machine, with Von Hindenburg as the lever? Neither his genealogy, social position, nor army career is specially enlightening; so let us turn to surer ground—his achievements.

At the war's outbreak he was appointed Chief of Staff to General Von Emmich in the invasion of Belgium, and he figured in the Siege of Liége as

the commander of a brigade. The city fell before his attack, and his successful entry therein brought him the *Ordre pour le Mérite* from the Kaiser. Presently he was withdrawn from further share in the Belgian campaign by being chosen as his Chief of Staff by Von Hindenburg, who was operating in East Prussia against the Russians. He repaired post haste to that province to aid his commanding officer in ousting the foe therefrom, and in invading Russia itself at a terrible cost to the Czar's armies. But the famous Battle of Tannenberg, of 1914, brought laurels only to Von Hindenburg. Ludendorff so far was in the background. He was merely a part of the war's machinery.

Yet the rise of Von Hindenburg soon exalted Ludendorff also. Perhaps Von Hindenburg praised his chief aid in high places by way of generous acknowledgment of his indebtedness to Ludendorff's wise counsel in effecting the triumphs of German arms in East Prussia. Certainly the word was thereafter bruited that Ludendorff was Von Hindenburg's thinking machine, the man whose ideas soon became reflected on all fronts. His unseen hand, for instance, has been credited with arranging the advance on Lodz, as well as the first German successes in Galicia, the invasion of Lithuania and Courland, and the successful Roumanian campaign.

These triumphs, if Ludendorff actually deserves the credit for them, more than warranted the critical attitude he adopted to the war policy of the General Staff, to whom his sudden prominence was not welcome. He was viewed as a rebel against established military formulas. The General Staff excommunicated him as a heretic. He had no reverence for corporate opinion. He scorned military sages with their conferences and their mass decisions. He challenged the Von Moltke theory of the science of war, which was that a campaign should not be conducted according to the initiative and will of a single chief, but rather should be devised from the multiple opinions of a staff of experts. A commanding general might issue orders evolved from such deliberations, and might accept responsibility for their outcome; but his troops knew the campaign plans were not of their chief's making and that he had fathered them without enthusiasm as the collective creation of other men's minds. This method of conducting the war was blamed by Ludendorff, according to his commentators, for whatever ill-fortune visited the German forces before his single mind had had its way. At any rate, soon after his *entrée* into military counsels as the radical occupant of a new office, boldly espousing a viewpoint alien to Prussian military traditions, Germany's fortunes in the field changed for the better. The efficacy of a single mind was demonstrated in Ludendorff's case, though it might fail in another's. Yet always, before Ludendorff, loomed Hindenburg. His were the orders, so the documents said, but not their conception. The voice was Jacob's, the hand Esau's.

Ludendorff's supremacy in military organization emphasized Germany's dearth of constructive genius in other directions. "This war lacks a genius," General Von Falkenhayn once complained at headquarters, and Von Hindenburg, hearing this lament, pointed to his trusted Chief of Staff. Ludendorff's services thereafter came to be requisitioned in numberless fields covered by the manifold ramifications of the war. Its entire conduct seemed at times to rest on his capable shoulders.

He stepped in to repair the errors made by Von Falkenhayn (when the latter was Chief of the General Staff) in the manufacture of munitions. A maximum consumption had been estimated, but it fell below the mark. Ludendorff set about increasing the maximum, of both production and consumption. Not only must the amount of guns and ammunition the experts deemed imperative be produced, he ordered, but also the maximum quantity of which the country's resources were capable. To this end he subordinated Germany's entire social and economic life and placed all her industries on a war basis, a change that also brought about the mobilization of national labour for direct service in the army. Coupled with this last innovation was the compulsory employment of Belgians in the face of objections made by General Von Bissing and the civil administrators of Belgium, who foresaw diplomatic complications if such a step were taken. But the "higher military authority" (which was Ludendorff) ordered the impressment of the Belgians and there was none who could gainsay him. "*Ludendorff ist dafür*" ("Ludendorff is for it") was a phrase that began to pass current as a foretoken of momentous decisions in German war policy. They included the unrestricted submarine campaign, and the tightening of food regulations to meet a scarcity which various food administrators had proved unequal to overcoming.

Outside the area of Germany he was no less paramount. In the occupied districts of Russia the full control of administration was lodged in him. Such varied questions as the new customs tariff for Poland, the regulation of the tobacco trade, the new municipal ordinances, came to him for disposal. Here was a vast non-military field in which Ludendorff could exercise his administrative ability. These things were outside Hindenburg's range, which was confined to the fighting fronts and their co-related organizations. In non-military affairs Ludendorff projected as Ludendorff without the transparent camouflage of Hindenburg's name.

A superman indeed, if all that was said of him represented the true measure of his activities! An administrative Cæsar had arisen, dubbed the real "boss" of Germany, a dictator whose utterances went immeasurably farther than the pompous rodomontades of the Kaiser.

The army was Ludendorff. His name filled the mouths of German officers; every mess room contained his portrait; young lieutenants deified him; his

commendation was deemed more of an honour to a division or corps commander than the Kaiser's favour.

From behind a barricade of silence he operated the ramifying wires of war and civil administration with his busy fingers. If much was said of his innovations and edicts, he did not say it; though he was not mute. He could speak in season. His speech, when drawn from him by events, revealed a well-ordered mind, with clarity of vision and sureness of conviction—a mind of German structure, it is true, but, unlike the massed mentality of his countrymen, intelligible to his foes.

Here, for example, is an exhortation aimed at home critics which is contained in a letter written before ruthless submarine warfare was determined upon:

"The hopes of our enemies, based on extraordinary simultaneous exertions on all fronts, can only be frustrated through mighty efforts on our part. We will prevail if the German people stand united behind us and do not demoralize the army by controversies over the expediency of various ways and means. Though to the outsider it may appear that the programme on certain questions is lacking, this does not prove that the programme is actually at fault."

Submarine ruthlessness having been decided and acted upon, he justified its operation before members of the Reichstag on the occasion of the passage of the abortive peace resolution. Flamboyant boasts of starving out Great Britain did not come from clear-eyed, practical-minded Germans such as Ludendorff.

"In starting the submarine warfare," he said, "the supreme military command was guided by a desire to hit the enemy's war industry, especially the production of ammunition."

This seemed soldierly and feasible. His next remark sounded like a mere "bracer" to drooping legislators:

"Through the submarine warfare, our armies in the West were greatly relieved. The enemy's production of ammunition was decreased; therefore our U-boats fulfilled their task. The coöperation of navy and army proved to be perfect."

Cold reason, not the hopes of a visionary, animated his next utterance:

"By lessening her tonnage, the supreme army command expects the submarine warfare to prevent England from making constant preparations for conducting the war."

Less convincing was his continuation of this same train of thought:

"Fulfilment of this wish will come despite America, and with it the end of the World War and the peace that is desired by the supreme command."

Before he thus hailed the submarine as a dove of peace, Ludendorff had scouted further pursuit of peace overtures. The Entente Allies had derided them as war ruses, a designation he denounced as an insult. The overtures

were, on the contrary, honourably and sincerely made, he said; and having been scorned, the only remaining way to procure a satisfactory peace was to pursue hostilities.

"We do not think of peace," he interjected in a conversation a Viennese correspondent had with him and Von Hindenburg in the autumn of 1916. "We are absolutely decided to continue the war. No way but war leads to peace."

At that time Russia's numerical strength loomed as a war factor and drew from him some apothegms expressing scorn of numbers and other obstacles to victory.

"Numerical superiority and danger exist only for the weak. Who rails against fate ought rather to rail against himself. A firm will commands destiny. There is no blind fate."

Such words from such a speaker were doubtless eagerly listened to in Germany. They contained psychological *stimuli* that were sorely needed, and they were endowed with a wondrous potency, coming as they did from a protagonist in the World War, a doer of deeds, who was recognized as no mere arm-chair theorist.

As a personality Ludendorff has been viewed from a variety of angles. The popular imagination is bent on picturing him as a Goliath, whether he really be one or not. H. L. Mencken, on a visit to Germany, found Ludendorff's countrymen estimating him as worth six Bethmann-Hollwegs, or ten Kaisers, or forty Kaiser Karls. The gossip of the cafés thus summed up his points:

"Ludendorff has what you might call a capacious mind. He has imagination. He grasps inner significances. He can see around corners. Moreover, he enjoys planning, plotting, figuring things out. Yet more, he is free of romance. Have you ever heard him sobbing about the Fatherland? Or letting off pious platitudes, like Hindenburg? Of course you haven't. He plays the game for its own sake, and he plays it damnably well."

Devoid of sentiment he may be, according to these chronicles; yet Hindenburg discovered to his astonishment that his aide was partial to poetry and a devotee of Strauss. This revelation provides a glimpse of an inner Ludendorff which his stern countenance successfully conceals. One sees there no trace of such spiritual excursions. It is rather the face of a policeman, a sentinel, a grim and vigilant watcher on the tower. It is a massive, rotund face, with firm-set, authoritative eyes, a high-crowned nose, a terrifying mouth, whose unmistakably forceful lines, curling to a ponderous chin of a deep indentation, the regulation Prussian moustache does not hide, but rather helps to accentuate. Hindenburg rejoices in the candidly brutal physiognomy of a bull-dog. Ludendorff's countenance, like Bismarck's, resembles that of the equally forceful but more intelligent mastiff.

Ludendorff plainly does not wear his heart on his sleeve. Therein doubtless lies an explanation of the confusingly various impressions recorded by his commentators. By one he is deemed a man of mystery. But is he? No one is credited with knowing him; yet his activities and utterances in the war seem to be self-revealing. He has been described as chilly, reserved, remote—as lacking charm and social instincts. Yet some visitors to his headquarters have found him certainly reticent and discreet, but withal suave, up to a certain point approachable, and endowed with a courtesy as unfailing as it is becoming. The chief trait they discerned in him was an unbending though good-tempered obstinacy, a pride of opinion. With a coolness never ruffled, he would listen patiently, show an intelligent curiosity, be amiably receptive, appear convinced, and then cling to his own view.

The ultimate impression is that of a capable, tireless, and self-contained administrator, efficient in every field, sure of himself, Argus-eyed and Briareus-handed, who, in ordinary times, would doubtless pursue his allotted task in the background without suspicion, either on the part of himself or his neighbours, that his performance of them merited any special notice.

His origin fails to explain him. Nature, to be sure, does not classify men; man's social system does this and often errs in the classification. Blood will tell—sometimes; but blood tells little of Ludendorff. It is true he hails from that breeding ground of genius, the middle class; but his family was of no outstanding distinction. It had not even any affiliation with Junkerdom. His name does not even boast the dignified prefix of "Von." His father, in fact, while of good Prussian stock mixed with a Swedish and Finnish strain, was a modest gentleman farmer of Posen, where the son first saw the light in 1865. His mother was Polish. In 1909 he married a wealthy widow who brought him a ready-made family of three sons and a daughter. Ludendorff himself is childless. So much for his family record.

His army career, if less featureless, furnished few high lights to distinguish him from numbers of his fellow officers—until the World War. He was a cadet at twelve (in 1877); a junior lieutenant in a Westphalian infantry regiment five years later; an officer of the German Marine Corps in 1887; a student of the Berlin War College (1890–92); a military observer in Russia in 1894 on a commission that earned for him a captaincy and a place on the General Staff. Thenceforth he figured in various military commands, was promoted from major to colonel, to major-general, and, after the war began, from major-general to lieutenant-general. A generalship of infantry also came to him as part of the war's guerdons. Probably the remaining honours, that of colonel-general and field-marshal, await him; and in due course the badge of nobility.

II

MACKENSEN THE INDISPENSABLE

The map to-day reveals Von Mackensen. The Pan-Germans, pointing to it, gloat over the exploits of this veteran leader of the German legions. Has he not raged through the neighbouring borderlands and chained them by links of cold steel to the Fatherland?

Alarmed by a sporadic movement for peace without annexations and indemnities, the Pan-Germans circulated a map among the troops and citizenry showing the German position as dominating three fourths of Europe. To the southeast this map was blotched by a blackened mass of occupied areas which almost obliterated the Balkans. A diminished Russia was shown maimed by the amputation of large sections of her western territory. Renounce this goodly domain which had been so heroically wrenched from their yielding foes? Let the German people consider the duty they owed to the conquerors. If they would honour the conquerors, let them hold fast the spoils won for the Fatherland. Mackensen and Hindenburg would then feel well rewarded. Did they not know well who Mackensen and Hindenburg were? Mackensen himself answered that question before a group of Austrian officers at Kovel:

"We are the two hands of the Emperor William."

Mackensen's handiwork is the greater. His name is writ large on Serbia, Roumania, Galicia, and sections of Poland; Tannenberg, the Masurian Lakes, Warsaw, and the invasion through Lithuania and Courland to Riga—these echo the name of Hindenburg.

Hindenburg assumed the overlordship of Germany's armies. From his remote tent his finger, motivated by Ludendorff, directed the disposition of his battalions. But Mackensen remained in the field, a seasoned and hoary warrior, the handy man of the German Empire. Was there a deadlock to be broken, a strategic advantage of the enemy to be overcome, a Juggernaut needed to impress the world with the invincibility of German strength? There was Mackensen, ready and able to ride hard and far to accomplish Germany's military will.

This "Archangel Michael with a flaming sword," as German prisoners captured by the Russians in the Carpathian campaign proudly called him, is not credited with the gift of devising a campaign from a broad strategic perspective. But in the execution of another's plotted and curved plan, which he subjects to his own variations in manœuvres and applied tactics, his reputation is unsurpassed. He is a great cavalry specialist, a supreme master of tactics, and has written much, with the authority of his special knowledge, in his chosen field of military science. In his operations he discloses the real commander's instinct for tricking a foe, luring him into untenable corners. He conducts a battle as a game of chess.

Mackensen has his own method of imposing the weight of his personality upon any territory in which he sets foot. When he assumed command of the wavering Austrian armies in the Carpathians, to check the Russian advance through the passes, he tendered the ineffective Austrian staff—with a lip of scorn—an object lesson in German efficiency. He showed how the mountain approaches could be made, as he boastfully phrased it, "as red hot stairs" to the venturesome Muscovites. The whole Carpathian district he declared to be in a state of siege, and he utilized its resources for making its defence impervious to attack. New roads and narrow-gauge railroads were built in the vicinity of the passes, for which purpose heavy reinforcements of German engineering troops were transported and set to work day and night, while old men, women, and children were organized into labour squads. The passes presently bristled with nests and barricades of an untold number of machine guns as part of a defensive equipment which the ill-supplied Russians soon realized they could never hope to overcome.

The Czar's armies retired beyond the Carpathians and were duly swept from Przemysl and Lemberg by Mackensen's legions. The Austrians were buttressed by his command; but he led them with an unconcealed disdain. At Kovel, on a front well in advance of his Galician and Polish triumphs, he presided at a war council attended by the Austrian high commands and their staffs, and assumed a complete mastery over its deliberations. He did not trouble himself to disguise the light esteem in which he held his *confrères*. They had better, he told them, submit to the German General Staff.

"If you have failed to defend your country from invasion," he said curtly, "the least you can do is to obey those who have saved you."

Afterward he had this comment to make of them:

"In the discussion of plans every one of them is a Machiavelli; but when it comes to execution, they have but straw minds and hands of clay."

This war council was marked by an incident which—if it be true as related—showed that Mackensen did not hold the views of even the Kaiser himself in deep reverence. His royal master had despatched a letter to him through a noble messenger, Prince Leopold of Bavaria, who waited for an answer. Mackensen read the letter to the conference, commenting critically on its terms as he did so. Then he became pensive, closed his eyes, and slowly shook his head. After betraying these symptoms of boredom and disapproval, he rolled up the letter spirally, ignited it at a gas jet, and held it till it burned to his finger tips. The Austrian generals looked on mute and awed. The princely messenger gasped with amazement. One of the generals finally asked why he did not elect to answer the letter.

"Because I am too old," he answered, "and because I have to look out for my reputation as a soldier; I am not going to answer anything."

Mackensen in the field was plainly a personage to be reckoned with and

one who would not be gainsaid even by royalty. He was not less so in his home commands before the war tested his powers. Once the Crown Prince, under the weight of his father's displeasure, was banished to Danzig, where Mackensen and his famous huzzar regiment, the Death's Head, were stationed. The royal heir was in disgrace, obliged to submit to a régime tantamount to being "confined to barracks." He found the ordeal irksome. It was Mackensen's duty to bear with the culprit and the plaints his restraint evoked; but while he treated his charge with the deference due to the latter's high rank, he would not relax the regulations. He took great pride in his Death's Head Huzzars, and so intimated to the Crown Prince, who, he added, should regard himself, not as an object of pity for being banished to serve in that regiment, but rather as an immensely privileged person. "There," commented the narrator of this incident, "was the Mackensen touch."

There is another Mackensen, according to those who know him best—Mackensen the man, not the soldier. He reveals spiritual fervour and regularly attends church; he has delicacy and is skilled in finesse; he can shed real tears for a soldier whom he has had shot for insubordination; he has a sweet disposition; he has a tendency to melancholy, ascribed to the death of his first wife; he has aloofness; he is not a courtier, as the examples cited sufficiently disclose; he can be sphinx-like, sheathed in an imperturbable calm; he is of a quiet and observing habit; he is unpretentious.

All of which is to say that Mackensen is not a Prussian. He has acquired nothing of the unenviable quality that reproachful term predicates, though he married into the Prussian Junker class. Saxony bred him, and he has the build and features of that race. He lacks the expansiveness of Falkenhayn, the remoteness of Ludendorff, and the picturesque fury which enables Hindenburg to reveal his soul. In Potsdam court circles he is supposed to be viewed as an outsider, probably by choice, if the temperament ascribed to him is any criterion. Apparently he lacks the Protean skill of Prussianizing himself sufficiently to fulfil the requirements of the Hohenzollern Court. Were he more of a courtier, more convivial, of a loud arrogance, less of a student, his triumphs would doubtless have made him the leading military personage of the war. But when all is said of Mackensen, he remains a field worker. He belongs to the fighting front. The army made him, not the court.

He received his baptism of fire long ago. The army claimed him in the dim days of the Franco-German war of 1870, when, a stripling under twenty-one, he left his studies to join the colours as a one-year volunteer, serving in the ranks of the Second Huzzar Bodyguards as a corporal. From the ranks August Mackensen, as he was then, the son of a Saxony country squire, rose to the top of the military ladder. He acquired the dignity of "Von" *en route*, and made his way without having attended any of the aristocratic army schools that produce the typical German officer. His first Iron Cross,

which he earned for a daring scouting exploit, dates from that distant period. After the war he resumed his studies, but returned to the army in 1873, joined the General Staff in 1880, commanded a squadron of dragoons in Metz in 1887, and became colonel of his old huzzar regiment in 1893. The year 1903 found him a lieutenant-general in command of the thirty-ninth Division, stationed at Danzig, and just before the World War he was the commanding general of the seventeenth Army Corps. The war brought him a field-marshal's baton. Mackensen was born in 1849. By his first wife he had three sons—they all served as officers in the war—and a daughter. He married again in 1908.

He was well over sixty before he earned his real laurels, beside which the honours of peace days faded to mere tinsel. The Kaiser regarded him as a Cerberus of the eastern front. With him and Hindenburg in charge of operations there, the All-Highest declared that no Russian could hope to set foot on German soil. Since the ill-fated adventure in East Prussia no Russian has done so.

III

VON FALKENHAYN THE ARISTOCRAT

Falkenhayn, predecessor of Ludendorff as the "brain" of the German war machine, was once counted a supreme master of strategy. Tributes were showered upon him in recognition of his reputed gifts. It was Falkenhayn's to plan, and Mackensen's, or Hindenburg's, or another's to do. He was to eclipse Moltke, whose shoes he filled after the abortive advance on Paris. In the heyday of his tenure of high places as a favourite of fortune, first as Minister of War, then as Chief of Staff, Germany looked to him, as she later looked to Ludendorff, to steer her legions to their goal. But destiny tricked him. German arms, under his guidance, won incomplete and costly successes or none at all.

While his star remained in the ascendant, Falkenhayn was heard of as disclosing a tireless capacity for hard work. From dawn till the night watches, chroniclers reported him as shackled to his desk in an old French government building which housed the German General Staff on the western front. Streams of officers passed continually to and fro with reports, and plans for his decision. He slept at headquarters with his hand near or on the throttle of the great war machine.

The beginning of 1915 found him thus absorbed. There was a German corridor to be driven through the Balkans to Turkey. He drove it, or at least the enterprise bore his signet. There was the great Verdun offensive to be inaugurated, with his protégé, the Crown Prince, at its head. He inaugurated it. But Verdun was to act as a boomerang. The summer of 1916 brought omens of imperial disfavour, and Falkenhayn stepped down, to fill a

lesser rôle as a commanding officer in the field, to exchange his paper excursions in strategy for applied tactics. As such he figured in the invasion of Roumania, his army providing one of the nippers of the pincers that closed on that country, Mackensen producing the other. Later he was identified with projected movements against the British in Turkey; but his activities in this direction, whatever they promised, evoked only a vague and fleeting prominence. They appeared to be the sputterings of a waning military light. Von Falkenhayn had receded into the background.

He had entered the graveyard of favourites. Such was the designation applied by a Bavarian officer to No. 6 Königsplatz, in Berlin, when the new Chief of Staff passed into that structure to receive from the supreme war lord the seals of Von Moltke's office.

A favourite of high degree, an aristocrat with a far-flung ancestry, a proud pillar of the superstructure of Germany's social system, had been discarded as a determining factor in the war's conduct. Presumably his voice was not hushed in military counsels, since he remained active in the field; but his name no longer was shouted from the housetops.

Perhaps his footing as a court favourite, rather than his military talents, determined his selection to fill a supreme rôle. This might explain his failure. A graduate of the War Academy, he had twice before been Chief of Staff, but not to the entire army. The only active service he had seen before the World War was as an aide to Field-Marshal Von Waldersee in the Boxer Rebellion of 1900, following which he remained for three years in China to instruct her army officers in German methods.

Falkenhayn's chief claim upon the Kaiser's notice as an army dignitary appeared to have been a trust of great delicacy and importance which he undertook. He was charged with the military education of the Crown Prince. At the war's outbreak, Falkenhayn, as Minister of War, saw that the Kaiser's heir was placed where he might gain the most credit, if any was obtainable, and the least blame, if strictures were to be visited upon any commander for mishaps. The vicissitudes of the German arms at Verdun must in consequence have clouded the record of many subordinate officers, since their royal chieftain was immune from reprimand.

An intimacy grew between tutor and pupil, close enough to suggest that the fruitless exploits of the pupil on the Verdun front could conceivably be taken as a measure of the tutor's military skill, since a student's performances usually reflect his mentor's guidance. The struggle at Verdun, in short, won no credit for either tutor or pupil. Caste, probably, explained the bond between the two, rather than any military affinity. Falkenhayn's superior birth distinguished him. No other officer in high command, said the genealogists, could boast so ancient a family. His noble lineage extended back for seven or eight centuries.

But not even his enemies could say that Falkenhayn was a mere court sycophant. On the contrary, he was bold enough to exhibit real independence of thought and sturdiness of character in his relations with the Kaiser. He was a courtier, it is true: but he was ever a soldier also. Firmness and decision, the outgrowth of his military upbringing, characterized his every pose and gesture. His was not the disposition which readily accommodated itself to another's. He dared to challenge the Kaiser's views and refused to surrender his own; and nevertheless did not antagonize his imperial master.

A goodly presence is revealed by his portraits, and his familiars have confirmed as a fact the pleasing personality they indicate. Picture a trim, active man of medium build, with all the prime robustness of youthful middle age, slender and shapely—in sharp contrast here with the unwieldy bulk of most German officers in their mid-years—with close-cropped, iron-gray moustache and hair, an alert eye, a winning smile. Ever tingling with energy and vitality, he is now agreeable, now irascible; but always intuitional, aristocratic to the marrow, venturesome, plunging into situations from which only a genius or child of fortune could extricate himself. Without a trace of dissimulation in his character, he is prone to explosions of hearty laughter in which his whole frank nature betrays itself winningly. He has a tumultuous habit of asking interminable questions when his interest is enlisted.

The picture is attractive enough to merit more than a passing glance. It reveals a rare combination of ability and honesty. Therein lay the secret of his power while he enjoyed military distinction. And if his plans went astray, they fared no worse than the projects of other capable men in the war.

Unlike Ludendorff, Falkenhayn was already notable when the war interposed to invest him with greater dignity. He was no unheralded Lochinvar. On the contrary, twelve months before the war, in July, 1913, the Kaiser chose him as his Minister of War. He was the youngest man ever to hold this post, he being then only fifty-two. As his military rank had to be raised to make him eligible for this office, there was then bestowed upon him the brevet of lieutenant-general.

Soon after his installation, the famous Zabern affair brought him to the front as the upholder of the vested privileges of the military against the hostility of the citizenry. An officer had chastised a cripple for declining to show conventional deference to the Kaiser's uniform and the affair caused sharp debate in the Reichstag. The army's right to ride roughshod over the commonalty was violently questioned.

So Falkenhayn made his first bow before the infuriated Reichstag in the rôle of a diplomat. The affair had shaken military Germany to its foundations, and on the War Minister was imposed the duty of defending the divine right of colonels in almost his maiden speech before the legislature. He faced the task with an unflinching vigour. Caught amid the Reichstag's roaring

indignation, he stood his ground like a real soldier, and refused to be cowed by the storm that raged round him. He displayed genuine parliamentary talents in his defence, and his unterrified espousal of the military caste's vested rights did much to bolster up the army's position after the Reichstag had registered a vote of mistrust against Chancellor Von Bethmann-Hollweg.

Altogether Erich G. A. S. Von Falkenhayn may be classed as a fine type of the Prussian officer of the higher grade. As for his personal life, he is mated to a domestic wife who conducts his household on lines conforming to the Kaiser's notions of the true functions of German women. He has two children, a boy and a girl, both young.

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